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MY STORY: Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold: Late Major-General in the Continental Army and Brigadier-General in that of His Britannic Majesty

By F. J. Stimson

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MY STORY: Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold: Late Major-General in the Continental Army and Brigadier-General in that of His Britannic Majesty

By F. J. STIMSON
(J. S. of Dale)

With Portraits and a Map

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BOOK I

CANADA

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CHAPTER I

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD

My family came of the best blood in England and were of the leading citizens in New England until an unbridled democracy forced her to sever all connection with her mother country. My ancestor William was of a high family in Monmouthshire, grandson of Richard, Lord of the Manor of Bagbere, Middleton, Dorset. Having some association with the fanatic, Roger Williams, he sailed from Dartmouth on Friday, the 1st of May, 1635, arrived in New England on June the 24th, and settled in Providence the leading town of the so-called Providence Plantations on Friday, the 20th of April, 1636. But on Friday, November 19th, of the same year, he left Providence to settle in Newport, where he arrived the same night; there he became the father of my grandfather and first namesake, the Governor of Rhode Island. This grandfather married Damaris—a pretty name, but I know little of her family—and became the father of another ancestor of my name, who in his turn was also Governor of Rhode Island, and that for many years, after having been a member of the assembly and having served his country in those leading offices which were adapted to his station and ability. I thus bore a distinguished name and one which I would leave untarnished to my grandchildren; hence I address these memoirs first to my Lord, the King and next to my posterity and the affection of a beloved wife.

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It is well known that the Providence Plantations, and Rhode Island in particular, were known for a greater tolerance in religious matters than prevailed in the neighboring Plymouth colony, probably because they were of gentler blood, or if not that, more willing to follow the lead of gentlemen. The intolerance of sectaries in Massachusetts was cause of the escape of many from that colony into ours, not always of the most desirable; but as they were especially intolerant of attractive women, it is possible that we gained in the long run. Many such of delicate nature were whipped at the cart-stair in hardly more than a shift from the town of Boston to the Providence line. This same intolerance has been a cause of much of my trouble in later life, the Massachusetts Puritans being unable to recognize a gentleman when they saw one, or indeed to take a broad and catholic view of any communities or circumstances not straitened to the narrow range of their own understanding.

Thus in 1724 Father Rallé, a Roman Catholic priest of saintly life and great learning, who had risked his life in missionary service to the Algonquin Indians in the Kennebec Valley (what was then a District of Massachusetts) suffered indeed no harm from them, but was killed and scalped by Massachusetts settlers, who left his mangled remains to be decently buried by the savages on the banks of the Dead River. I found his grave, as shall be later related; and was at the pains of erecting a proper stone monument not unmoistened by my own tears. This was on the very day when a contingent of those same Yankees, with the main supplies of my army, deserted our cause, their treason thus changing the fate of nations, —but more of this anon.

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To return to my own family, the second of my name after the Governor moved to Norwich, in what they now call the "Republic of Connecticut." So-called historians, writing in derogation of my family, have stated that he was a tradesman, that is, a cooper. As a matter of fact, he owned many vessels, some of which he commanded in person on voyages to the West Indies and elsewhere. He was always called "Captain" and was Selectman (that was what in England we should call Lord Mayor) of the important city of Norwich. From this the reader may judge of the truth of the statement of one of my detractors that his old age was one of poverty, intemperance and little respect. He lived in a house with a gabled roof, two and one-half stories high, with nine windows in front, six at either gable, besides a two-story annex. This in that savage country would be a mansion, the equivalent indeed of a lord's residence with us. It lay half-way between Norwich City and the upper town, at a place called Chelsea, at the mouth of the Shetucket River, where was the old port of Norwich. He married a Mrs. King, a young and beautiful woman, who thereafter became my devoted mother. She was of an affectionate disposition, which was inherited by my sister Hannah—dearest of sisters—nothing has more wounded me than the ingratitude that she and I have received not only from my misguided fellow citizens in America, but from people of high station in Canada and here, always excepting my Honored Liege, the King. She believed in me to the end—what do I say—her faith was matter of course, as it must be with all fair-minded persons; but, like them, familiar with the brilliancy of my exploits, she exceeded most in her appreciation of the lofty purity

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of my motives. Magnanimity, the first virtue of noble blood, is the virtue I have always found most deficient in America; and our mother was of more than noble blood, being thirty-third in descent from Egbert, the first Saxon King of all England. She was indeed a Puritan, and hence indifferent to such things; but she never denied her descent when jestingly alluded to by my father, and it was for this reason that at the common school I was forced to attend, I was termed "My Lord" and our house "The House of the Royal Family." Whatever malice there may have been in these epithets at first was soon changed to respect, by a proper use of those natural arms whereby spirited boys are wont to settle their disputes.

January 3rd old style, 1741—January 14th as we now reckon,—I was born, in the family mansion at Norwich, the fourth of a name already glorious; an earlier and more fortunate infant had been given the same name, but died in childhood. There were four other children that had died in childhood, leaving only my beloved sister Hannah who may, I pray, survive me. I was thus the child of old people; and it is recognized that such have peculiarities to which the fair-minded should be lenient. Moreover I was lonely and proud, superior to my neighbors in intellect more even than in station. I was sent to school at the age of twelve, to a school of sorts kept by one Cogswell, at the Village of Canterbury. There I was in receipt weekly of letters from my mother—"Pray my dear son whatever you neglect, do not neglect your precious soul, which once lost can never be regained." Needless to say that with such heavenly advice, I was not guilty of the petty malignancies charged in the recent writings of American Historians.

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The story for instance that I sprinkled broken glass on the sidewalk near the School that the bare feet of the other children might be wounded on the way to their respective homes! As Louis XIII remarked to his favorite courtier, this amusement would seem to me but mediocre. Moreover few of the children had bare feet, and they of course not of the most importance. One might stoop to wound an enemy, but hardly an inferior.

On the other hand, the fact that on some boyish wager I attached myself to the blade of the great overshot water-wheel of the mill near by, and holding to the slippery, green wheel, allowed myself to be carried around and down into the rushing torrent of the river, is possibly true; though I confess I cannot recollect such trifles at this late date. I was probably not so busy over books as my good mother wished, though an edition of Cornelius Nepos still extant shows in caricature considerable artistic talent. My good mother urged me "to keep a steady watch over my thoughts, words and actions, to be dutiful to superiors, obliging to equals and affable to inferiors." Needless to say I had plenty of opportunity to practise the last good quality. In the same letter my mother enclosed what was even more to the point—fifty shillings, with twenty shillings more from my father. This was the cause of some immediate popularity among my schoolfellows. It is remembered by them that on the occasion of some British success over the French, I brought a field-piece out and placing it on one end on the common emptied into it gunpowder nearly to the muzzle, two horns full, and then with my own hands dropped a blazing firebrand down the barrel.

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In 1755 when I was hardly fourteen, I fought with the constable who tried to recover some tar-barrels that we had taken for a bonfire on Guy Fawkes Day —this is to say the 5th of November. As a matter of fact, however, we thought it more amusing to set fire to the same on the evening of the 4th, which caused a general alarm in the town and the appearance of many of the good people including the young ladies, in a more summery attire than they had contemplated for the occasion. Possibly as a result of this exploit, although I do not remember, I seem to have left school about this time and entered into the business of Doctors Daniel and Joshua Lathrop, who were chemists in the city of Norwich. They were cousins of my mother and both graduates of Yale College, so that I was associating with gentlemen, and that for the purpose of continuing my scientific education. They had a large business importing their own medicines and we furnished stores to the English Army in the French wars. I made my home with the two brothers, which is sufficient answer to the charge that I was nothing but a boy employed to sweep out the office;—but alas, in this year my good mother died.

It must have been the following Spring that I ran away from home to enlist in His Majesty's Army. Whether I had had enough of commerce, or whether I already felt that the military calling was more that of a gentleman; whether it was the promptings of martial ambitions, or more possibly the beginning—or the ending—of a love affair alluded to in the following chapter—whatever the cause, I ran away from the two brothers and enlisted as a soldier at Hartford, Connecticut, with the troops who were about to start for Lake George and Ticonderoga, a

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country which was to be the stage of much of my life's drama. The first time I thus eloped was in my poor mother's lifetime and through the services of Dr. Lord I was restored full of repentance, so that I faithfully kept the promise during her life, never thus to leave home again. But the second time, my mother was gone and I felt a renewed longing for change and adventure. I was no longer a boy, as my adventure with Miss DeB—— will show! And this time I engaged in the campaign to Albany and the Lakes. General Philip Schuyler, then lately married, always my friend, was in command of our provincial Company which made a good record for itself; but having some difficulty with one of the subalterns and not getting the promotion I expected, I returned to Norwich. I was already skilful with the pistol and rifle, and strong in physique, so that I could vault over a loaded ammunition-wagon without touching hand or foot. Naturally, therefore, they sent after me. A recruiting officer came to town and my anxious cousins were fain to hide me in the hay-loft, although being but sixteen years of age, I naturally could not have executed a binding contract of enlistment.

About this time I went to Newport on a business trip; I was restless, yet I had enough of enlisting—to be a privateersman had been my dream, but I was ten years before my time—so I e'en came back and went to mixing jalap and salts and senna.

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CHAPTER II

MY FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

WOMEN may well be called the fair sex in a double sense, for their opinion of men is ever fairer than that of a man's envious compeers, and I have had no cause to complain in this regard. Exploits in love and diplomacy should never be alluded to; nay, one should rather go to a sacrifice than confess them; but in posthumous memoirs some excuse may be made for one, whose life has been thought to need the excuse, in adverting to the honest judgment of those who are as far above us, as we may hope to be above the meanest of mankind. A man loved through ill and good report by his mother, by his sister, by his wife, even perhaps by others, and who in turn has passed on that love to the destitute daughters of his friends or enemies,—and this the records shall prove when the printed words of my malignant detractors have crumpled into the dust from which the paper was made—can be no villain; but I can not more than allude to all this, fair reader, for fair indeed I hope you are.

Now in 1761 my father died—I a boy then twenty; he was known as the "Captain," as his father and grandfather before him had been known as "Governor"; of my grandmother Damaris, I have a miniature as fair as is the name, but after her death, when we had moved to Norwich, he found in that humble town too little company, and had recourse to spirits. It was said that he lived in a haunted house. Now this has some connection with what is coming, though I have little

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cause to deem it haunted by spirits other than his own. It is true the house seemed to bring bad luck. When he died, it was sold to one Deacon, William Philips by name, who occupied it until the British left Boston. He was father of Lieutenant Governor Philips and by him—or rather by me—it was sold to the Malbone family of Newport, Rhode Island, a family whose fortunes were famous and whose misfortunes have since given the house a weird reputation; and it was when travelling to Newport about this business that I met the fair Miss DeB——.

Her family was what they call of a more fashionable position than at that time was ours, although we had three Governors of Rhode Island in our immediate ancestry. It is hard for a man of good blood and little knowledge of the world to recognize that extraordinary thing called fashion. Rank and descent one can understand, but not the vogue of a momentary modishness. I did not at that time have much knowledge of the world, though I already had considerable knowledge of young women. To her on the other hand I doubtless appeared as a grown man already distinguished by adventure. My repeated escapades in the army at Crown Point and Ticonderoga may have covered me with a glamour then undeserved.

She was a blonde of about my own age, that is to say, twenty, though doubtless I appeared much older, particularly as I was there engaged in the business of transacting the sale of our property and the rental of the Malbone house; I adored blondes. I remember when I first visited the DeBs——, it was early in the afternoon, and the gentlemen were taking their Madeira on the veranda. I quickly noticed the young beauty in the corner on the lounge, but pre-

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tended to pay no attention to her, as I had already discovered that this was the best way with women; I talked to the elders about my campaigns, she overheard this and other conversations, so on the second visit I asked for a formal presentation. My life has been so full of more important adventures than this episode of youth that I hasten over it, although the matter has been so much magnified and the family of the young woman have so apparently attempted to put me in a ridiculous light, that I owe it to my own dignity to set forth the affair in its simplicity.

It is much disputed which is the better way with a woman. I think it was Solomon who speaks of the way of a young man with a maid; and it is possible that the two methods differ. Some say that a man should never commit himself by words, but only by acts; but the memoirs of those distinguished in that line are full of successful advances by the respective Lovelaces based upon flattery or flaunting language and artfully awakening the vanity of the fair one. Whichever method be adopted, one thing is certain—that the address must be bold. No man ever succeeds who lacks confidence in himself or who by false modesty or shyness—attributes the last a woman seeks to discover in a man—may give her a doubt of the safety or even the common sense of the proceeding.

Suffice it for me to say that on the third visit, it being by then candle light, we had some love passages in the hall. Beginning with her hand, our lips had touched before we parted, and then only because of the coming and heavy footstep of Mr. DeB——. This I did advisedly; for I knew that, short of a kiss nothing else matters; and after that a woman, at least a young one, considers herself bound. It was necessary

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for me to make no promises. She trusted to my honor; and I should have been the last to deceive her. Of course the girl was the heiress of large wealth, but this again was the last thought that concerned me at the time.

Now a man becomes easily fatuous who is at pains to describe the beauty of his conquests. I spare the reader details, therefore, other than to remind him that with her fair yellow hair and large gray eyes she was a child of surpassing loveliness.

It was quite evident to me when I next called that she expected me to declare myself to her parents. This was out of the question. I had reason to fear that they looked on me as an altogether common man or at least as a rough, runaway soldier; my father's financial condition was not then in a state to inspire them with a desire for the alliance, and the glories of my family in rank and title were already too far in the past to be remembered in a budding democracy and by people comparatively new like the DeBs——. Moreover I was under age; and a marriage between us would not have been legally binding (which in those days I was so much in love with the girl as to thoroughly desire) at least, not a marriage not followed by consummation. If on the other hand I could take her to another colony and be duly married before priest or magistrate, the matter would be an accomplished fact; and at all events it would have been without the power of the parents to take her from me. I was, and am, no lawyer, but this I supposed to be the case.

It took many visits—which however were by no means irksome—for me to bring the young lady to this way of thinking, many visits and many tears on her part; but I fear such tears were but the salt to the

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feast for one of my temperament. I gave her a ring, which I was at some pains to secure from Providence, as I feared the gossipers of a small town had I procured it in Newport; and she gave me one of hers. An open elopement with coach and four, etc., was out of the question. Had my means afforded it, it would but have advertised the matter to the town and country around. Saddle horses were safer, but even with them there was a risk, as Newport is on an island and the route from there around to my own town of Norwich was a matter of a hundred miles. It would have been necessary to cross the Providence Plantations again, and of course we might have been arrested anywhere within their jurisdiction. A boat was best; this I was able to pay for, and it had the added advantage of irrevocably committing the lady the moment we got to sea. A night would suffice with fair winds to take us through the sound to New London; and it was easy to procure two or three rough sailors who would ask no questions. The matter therefore was arranged in this way, though I did not think it wise to tell my bride of the boat, her sex having such a horror of the sea; and moreover there was something about so definite a step that my instinct forbade mentioning.

The actual method of conveyance from the house was ingenious. It was in the midst of the haying season. Mr. DeB—— lived near the outskirts of the town and had a large farm. The hay-carts and men were working continuously day and night, from the first ray of dawn in the morning. I suggested therefore that I should come by just after dark, apparently with a belated load of hay, that is, at nine o'clock or whenever the family might be safely in bed. Her window was in the second story fronting on the street.

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The load of hay would be so high as to make it an easy step actually from the window, and her descent or jump on the soft hay would have been noiseless. Even at the worst, that is, in case of discovery, it would have been easy to say that we were taking a last hay-ride, as such a diversion was by no means unusual among the young people of the town.

After the last light was extinguished in the house of the DeBs——, I climbed with a ladder, which I thought might later be useful, to the very top of the load of hay, and drove or rather walked the team of oxen from the farmyard to the street. It was hardly half a mile from her house down-hill to a creek of the harbor where my sloop was moored.

Now the whole truth of the matter is this. Many evil gossips have maligned me and sought to heap ridicule on me by saying that I was jilted. I do not know at what point a man may be jilted, nor say how far the young lady may have extended her favors to make such a definition inaccurate. The facts were simply these. I have omitted to say that the girl had several brothers considerably older than I. I cannot believe that she told them, though it is difficult to say how otherwise they could have been informed of our projects; but when I saw that the lights had all been extinguished, after waiting a few minutes and seeing the gleam of a candle-light in the girl's room and the blind withdrawn, I brought the hay-rigging as close as possible to the wall of the house, so that with my extended arms I was hardly a foot below the ledge of her window; I whispered her name softly and thought I heard her move to the window; but craning my neck as much as I could, I could not see into the room. Again I whispered her name and heard a *hist!* I called her

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to come to me fearlessly, and prepared my arms to receive their fair burden. What I received was something shining in the face, which rattled into the footboard of the hay-cart; I picked it up and saw it was the ring I had given her. At the same moment I heard the heavy steps of men descending the stairs in the house, probably her brothers. I must evidently wait for a more opportune moment. Leaving the hay-cart where it was, I descended the road to my sloop, and by the dawn was far on my way through Fishers Island Sound.

This is all that happened, and I have told the story truthfully as it was. I wrote to Miss DeB——, at that time, one or perhaps two letters; but her terror of the men of her family was evidently such that she did not then answer. It was obvious that nothing could be done, if indeed I had had the desire, until we were both arrived at the age of legal consent; and by that time other matters of greater importance, perhaps I should say, other ladies, more merited my attention. Unfortunately the ring which she gave me I have lost, otherwise I would have it to show as tangible evidence of the truth of this true relation of my rumored earliest affair with the charming Miss DeB—— of Newport.

I did not tarry in Norwich but entered on a business career in the larger town of New Haven.

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CHAPTER III

I MAKE A FORTUNE AND GET MARRIED

SAVE an uncle, Oliver—not prospering then or ever—I had but few acquaintances in New Haven; and on the principle of the unknown for the magnificent, I inscribed myself on the swinging sign-post above my shop

B. ARNOLD
DRUGGIST, BOOKSELLER, ETC.
FROM LONDON
SIBI TOTIQUE

I had advertised myself to deal in drugs because I knew something of the trade; and in books because I understood myself to be in a university town; and from London because I dared not say from Newport. The ETC. probably stood for horses, of which I became very fond; or possibly for the West Indies' goods in which trade I also embarked. In fact my business was that of general trader, merchant and exchanger. I purchased and shipped horses and cattle to the West Indies and dry and wet goods thence to the New England provinces. On occasions I sailed my own ships, being a good navigator, as the reader may have surmised, and I owned the ships in which I traded, as my father had before me. Now one of the large markets for horses was Quebec, and for cattle the fat bottoms of the Mohawk Valley. Thus

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I became familiar with those sections of the country, a knowledge which was to be of service to me and of more service to my country in years to come.

My house in New Haven was a large and handsome residence near the shipyard. Before I was married I was a favorite with the ladies (it is not so easy to be so afterward) and I floated in the gayest circles. I was always well mounted, as may be imagined, and a believer in elegant apparel, which, like good manners, are as a bulwark against democracy.

Among the slanders that have been spread against me since I returned to the home country was that I was a hard captain and a brawler. This is a lie. I would never brook insult, did offer to fight a duel with a certain Frenchman, and I certainly whipped a negro. About this time my only sister Hannah came to live with me, when my father died. I do not know that the facts or causes of this trouble are of any concern to the reader. It concerned her and the Frenchman, and I treated him as he deserved. Returning to New Haven from a trip to Norwich, I found him in the parlor. Retiring to the door steps, I bade my servant batter loudly on the door, and the Frenchman came flying through the window. I fired at him, but missed, and he left the town.

The only real duel I remember was one with a Britisher in Honduras. I may then have been thirty years old, possibly less, and was called a man of commanding figure, athletic, of more than middling height, dark-skinned and with black hair. My friend, Sam Downing, who so described me—than whom there was no better man in my regiment at Saratoga—added that I had no waste timber, but was a fighting general,

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a bloody fellow, would ride right in shouting "Come on Boys," not "Go in Boys."

The Britisher, to whom I refer, was a certain Captain Croskie in command of a merchantman at Honduras. He sent, or said he had sent, a card of invitation to me to come aboard his vessel to dine. I was busy loading, and, therefore, did not go. It is very possible I wrote no answer at the time, but I made a formal call on the next morning to apologize. The stores of a Scotch Ship Master in the tropical port of Honduras are not usually so fresh as to be wasted for want of a consumer, and I have every reason to believe that my absence had driven the fellow to devour more potations than he could get off before the next morning. At all events he received my apology with the remark that I was "a damn Yankee, destitute of good manners." I kept temper perfectly, more perfectly than I did a few years later with a real "damn Yankee" in the person of one Easton, as the reader shall later learn; but the provocation was here more serious, and a kicking hardly sufficed. I quietly drew off one glove and handed it to Captain Croskie. We met in duello the next morning, I duly equipped with a surgeon and seconds, he with six or eight natives black of skin and unclothed. Naturally I only permitted Croskie and his white friends to land. This did not improve his temper and he fired incontinently, that is to say intemperately; in other words, he fired first. I looked at him in some surprise and then wounded him slightly. My surgeon stanched the wound and after it had been dressed, I called on him to resume position and fire once more, and gave him notice that if he missed me this time I should kill him. Thereupon the doughty Captain

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apologized and I had to accept his company and return with him to the ship in my own barge.

It was also charged against me that at one time, like most men of enterprise, I met with business reverses. I was compelled to make a general assignment, and in time all my honest creditors were well paid. I have always sought to be generous with all and to be just even to my enemies.

Four years after I came to New Haven to live, I remember, the trouble about the negro sailor occurred. I was then twenty-five years old, and this man had presumed to lay information against me before one of the smug magistrates that infested the Connecticut colony, for introducing goods therein without payment of due revenue duties. My detractors have never stated the reason and cause of this. Though deficient in my duties to the oppressive English parliament, in patriotic duty I was never deficient. As a matter of fact this happened at the time of the objectionable stamp act in 1766. For less, there have been others lauded to the skies, the drunken roisterers who threw the tea into the Boston Harbor for instance; my loyalty to the king, which never failed me despite the actions of his ministry, placed me I must infer, in a different category. However, this is all there was to it. This drunken sailor made a charge against me of smuggling, and I of course thrashed him well as he deserved. I was fined 50 shillings, which I gladly paid, and the rest of the matter was left to my neighbor Wooster (since General Wooster) and another gentleman, who were of the opinion that the fellow was not whipped too much. It was this I suppose and the duel with the Frenchman that gave me the reputation of a devil of a fellow among the good

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people of New Haven, who circulated stories about my strength and daring; such as that I was shipping at one time a wild bull on one of my ships bound for Jamaica, that the bull breaking its chains, I held him fast by the nostrils until he could again be secured. This is possibly true, and I think I have some recollection of something of the sort.

It was during this period that I married my first wife. To be exact, as I find from the family bible (one of the few articles of personal property with which I was permitted to escape) it was on February 22nd, 1767. Her name was Margaret Mansfield, the daughter of the sheriff of the County, of good family, aged 22, interesting and accomplished. She bore me three sons, the older, of my own name, died young in the West Indies, where he bore a commission in the British army. The other two, Richard and Henry, are now residing with their Aunt Hannah, at York in Canada, where they received lands granted by the British crown in partial reward of my services. My wife was a good business woman, and attended to the insurance of my ship and cargo when I was absent in the West Indies. My first voyage after our marriage was to Santa Cruz for rum, and to try to collect some old debts, in which I was unsuccessful. I used to bring home fruit to her, when I could get it.*

It was about 1770, after the repeal of the stamp act, that I was in bankruptcy; but even the most hostile of my historians has not ventured to assert that I made money by it.

At this time I had ceased my activities in such

* A letter relating to this voyage is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society; he calls her Peggy and invokes for both the care of a kind Providence.—Ed.

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gayeties as the petty and academic circles of New Haven afforded, making myself diligent in business —those who are so, says the holy Scripture, shall (as I have) stand before kings—and my heart already fired by the injustice with which Lord A.'s ministry was treating the American colonies. I find a letter written in June 1770 to my friend, Mr. B. Douglas, in which I complain of "the most wanton, cruel and inhuman murders committed in Boston by the soldiers. Great God (I wrote) are the Americans all asleep, are they timidly yielding up their liberties or are they all turned philosophers that they do not take immediate vengeance on such misdemeanors?" The language was impassioned, far more than the occasion deserved; (for as I afterward learned) the persons killed were only negroes or longshoremen of low character and the British officer in command (who was afterward actually tried for murder and submitted himself to the jurisdiction of the colonial courts where he was eventually acquitted) had only given orders to fire to avert an imminent riot. Yet I had at this time every inducement to be a tory; for my affairs were mending, and my property was appraised at nearly 3,000 pounds. On the other hand, public matters were getting worse and worse. My now friend, the Reverend Sam Peters (with whom I have often laughed about it) writes in his appendix to the history of Connecticut, "In the year 1774, while I was being persecuted as a tory I went and applied to the magistrate James Hillhouse, who said 'I want protection myself against the mobs of Colonel Wooster and Benedict Arnold.'" This Wooster was the friend of my nigger trouble; and I believe there was a mob incited against Peters, who besieged him in the bar-

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ricaded house of the Reverend Dr. Hubbard. It is true that they asked me to take command; and I made the excuse which I thought might appear most natural to their tempers. "I am no coward" I said, "but I know Dr. Peters' disposition and temper and have no wish for death at present." As a result of this, however, Dr. Peters came home to England; where I was to join him some fifteen years later. He was and is a man of infinite humor, as little in agreement with the barbarous settlers of that wild country as I later became myself. Some of their manners or their customs indeed were hardly proper for these pages; for these I must refer the reader to his book.

Peters fell out with the Puritans, and with Yale College; fled to Boston and to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, then hid in a cave on Casco Bay in the district of Maine, where General Gage sent a ship of war with 14 guns to retrieve him. He always kept a tender heart for the revolted colonies, as indeed I would myself if they had permitted me. He left his daughter in a boarding school in Boston and early in the present century returned to England where he was received with open arms, but now I believe makes his home in the city of New York. He was willing to pray for them in their time of trouble,* but not to stay with them. So I was willing, while they were right, to fight for them; they are past praying for.

Matters went from bad to worse. At this time I was frequently visiting Canada, buying horses in Montreal or Quebec, as that was the principal article of traffic with which I could repay my purchases of tropi-

* This prayer may be found by the curious in the appendix to *Peters' History of Connecticut.*—Ed.

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cal goods in the West Indies, and it was to this legitimate business that I owed the name of horse-jockey, which was given to me by my enemies with Washington, seeking to prejudice that great man against me, and used to belittle me before the walls of Quebec; until indeed my storming of their battlements brought an end to their contempt. I used to sail direct from Quebec to the West Indies; and had to insure my horses at 10 per cent! Yet I found time to write Peggy at length about the education of our little ones; but she was ever a bad correspondent.*

Yet there was, in 1774, more disaffection with the British in that City of Canada than at Boston itself. After the passage by parliament of the Quebec act, Montreal too daubed with mud the statue of King George and hung a rosary of rotten potatoes around his neck, with the lampoon, "The pope of Canada—The English fool." The Continental Congress took advantage of this disaffection to address a manifesto to the people of Great Britain inveighing against the Roman church and expressing their astonishment that the British parliament should ever consent to establish in that colony a religion that had drenched the parent isle in blood, and to disseminate impiety, bigotry and persecution through every part of the world. This fool rodomontade, of a type too usual to that illiterate and futile body, the Continental Congress, was doubtless that which lost the great Province of Canada to the colonies; that, and the failure, by the treason of my principal officer, of my own attempt to deliver

* Letter of Oct. 5, 1773, Arnold to his wife in the possession of the Pa. Hist. Soc. shews that he was then in Quebec under arrest for debt, and had nearly lost his ship "through two of my own people who informed against me, had not my friends interposed, which, with the addition of ten or fifteen pounds to the villains, settled the matter."

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them. No one hath more suffered from that horrid crime than I!

All these matters are too recent to be recounted in detail. Whether right or wrong, I was in the forefront of the so-called patriots. Love of country was ever my greatest foible, and then at least while it still remained loyal, my country was America. I never contemplated nor countenanced independence, no more than did my great friend Washington, nor any but the base born agitators such as Patrick Henry in Virginia or Sam Adams in Massachusetts. The lawyer without a brief, the politician without a cause, the banker without a business, is ever ready to affix his signature in startling capitals to a manifesto which shall excite public attention and advertise himself.

Yet it is not my nature to be other than hot-headed. I threw myself into the cause with all the enthusiasm of which even I was capable; and for this I make no excuse.

On the evening of the 2nd of September 1774, Israel Putnam, farmer and veteran of the French war, wrote to Connecticut, New York and other colonies that the ministerial troops and ships at Boston had begun the slaughter of the people, and called for aid. Although this report proved premature, it reached Philadelphia on the 6th, where the first colonial—later Continental—Congress had met the day before; and was received with the ringing of muffled bells, and the indignation of the people, even Quakers, was general. It emboldened the factious party of disunion, as my later friend Livingston of New York wrote Laurens of South Carolina, to suggest in secrecy even independence, "Adams with his crew and the haughty Sultans of the South, juggled the whole conclave of the delegates."

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There was a banquet that night, at which a certain military officer, newly arrived from London, heard the toast, "No unconstitutional standing armies," and the next day mobs broke open the royal warehouses where sugar and tea were stored. The officer left that night by the "Flying Machine" stage for New York to see and study the true facts at Boston.

At Farmington, Connecticut, the Boston Port Bill had been burned by the hangman. At New Haven I was drilling the Sons of Liberty on the afternoon of the 7th when I noticed a British officer with two servants and led horses, watching our exercises.

I never met him again but once; but I have reason to believe he was Major—then Ensign—John André of the Royal English Fusiliers.

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CHAPTER IV

LEXINGTON

In March 1775 I was chosen to be the commander of one of the only two companies of Governor's Guards in Connecticut, that of New Haven, which already numbered fifty-eight men. We drilled daily, some of the young college students assisting us when necessary to fill out our ranks, particularly, as we should say, "for the fun of the thing," although some indeed later accompanied us as far as Boston and Cambridge. Such was the condition of affairs when on the 21st of April, only forty-eight hours after the event, a dusty horseman rode breathlessly to the college green and brought us news of the Battle of Lexington, and this is the message he bore (I copy the hastily printed hand-bill, with all its indorsements, exactly):

Wed. morning near 11 o'clock.

WATER TOWN.

To all friends of American Liberty, be it known, that this morning before break of day, a Brigade, consisting of about 1000 or 1200 men, landed at Phipp's Farm at Cambridge and marched to Lexington, where they found a Company of our Militia in Arms, upon whom they fired without any provocation and killed 6 men and wounded 4 others.— By an Express from Boston we find another Brigade are now upon their march from Boston, supposed to be about 1000— The Bearer Israel Bissel is charged to alarm the Country quite to Connecticut, and all Persons are desired to

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furnish him with fresh Horses, as they may be needed.— I have spoken with several who have seen the dead and wounded.

J. PALMER one of the Committee of S—y.

forwarded from Worcester April 19th 1775.

Brooklyn	Thursday	11 o'clock
Norwich	.....	4 o'clock
New London	.....	7 o'clock.
Lynne	Friday morning	1 o'clock
SayBrook	.....	4 o'clock
Shillingsworth	.....	7 o'clock
E. Guilford	.....	8 o'clock
Guilford	.....	10 o'clock
Bradford	.....	12 o'clock
New Haven	.....	April 21st

Rec'd and forwarded and certain Intelligence.

fairfield ..... April 22nd 8 o'clock.

Thurs. 3 o'clock Afternoon.

Since the above rec'd the following by second Express.

SIR

I am this moment informed by Express from Woodstock, taken from the mouth of the Express that arrived there 2 o'clock Afternoon, that the Contest between the first Brigade that marched to Concord, was still continuing this Morning at the Town of Lexington, to which Bridage had retreated. That another Brigade said to be the Second, mentioned in the letter of this Morning had landed with a quantity of Artillery, on the place where the first did.— The Provincials where determined to prevent the two Brigades from joining their strength if possible, and remain in great need of succor.

N. B. The Regulars when in Concord burnt the Court House, took 2 pieces of Cannon, which they rendered useless and began to take up Concord Bridge, on which Capt. ——— (who with

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many on both sides were soon killed) made an attack on the King's Troops, when they retreated to Lexington.

I am Sir

EB WILLIAMS.

Col. Obadiah Johnson, Canterbury.

P. S. Mr. McFarland, Plainfield, Mass., has just returned from Boston by way of Providence, who conversed with an Express from Lexington, who further informs that about 4000 of our Troops had surrounded the first Brigade who were on a Hill in Lexington. That the Action continued and there were about 50 of our men killed and 150 Regulars as near as they could determine when the Express came away— It will be expedient for every man to go, who is fit and willing.

It was not an hour before I had assembled my company on the common, had professed myself ready to lead them to Boston, and had called for volunteers.

It is incredible to all but Americans what excitement the death of these few peasants caused their compatriots. The military results of the British foray (for it was no more) may best be summed up in the words of Dr. Franklin:

You will have heard before this reaches you, of a march stolen by the Regulars into the country by night, and of their expedition back again. They retreated twenty miles in six hours.

While Washington wrote to Fairfax sadly of "the engagement in the Massachusetts Bay between the ministerial troops (for we do not, nor can we yet prevail upon ourselves to call them the King's troops) and the provincials of that government"—"a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast."

The news from Boston was unexpected, but we welcomed it with enthusiasm, for it put His Majesty's magistrates in the wrong, as they began the fighting. I do not think we then knew how far it would lead us.

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We were certainly determined to get rid of His Majesty's troops in the colonies, or at least of military rule; but I do not think, speaking for myself, that we had any dream as yet of a permanent revolt from His Majesty's authority.

Nearly all of my troop turned out upon my call, and after my short address a large majority of them offered to go to Boston. Some Yale students joined, so that the company was brought to an effective force of more than sixty, and we were ready to start on the next morning. I called upon the Selectmen of New Haven for ammunition and was pained and surprised to meet with a refusal from my old friend General Wooster. He cocked his great wig at me, screwed up his countenance into what he supposed was the semblance of shrewdness and said "we had better wait for regular orders!" Who was to give the regular orders? the Continental Congress as yet non-existent? or should we take them from our psalm-singing neighbors of the Massachusetts Bay? I told Wooster that our own orders were sufficient and that I was chief in command. Still getting no satisfaction, I marched my men to the magazine, demanded the keys of a very scared janitor, and told Wooster that none but Almighty God should prevent my marching. And so we were off that very afternoon, and I may fairly claim the glory, if it be one, of having been first to proclaim a general war. Before starting I had all my men sign the covenant of good behavior, disavowing any intention of rebellion against your Majesty, and binding them to discipline and good behavior, as patriots serving without pay, not mercenaries fighting for plunder.

This document I signed, with fifty of my men. Our flags and drums bore the arms of Connecticut with its

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motto "Qui Transtulit sustinet." Our uniform left little to be desired. I had been at some pains to prepare our equipment, and when we got to Cambridge we so outshone the others as to attract the attention of the professionals, Lee and Gates, and the envy of the provincial General Ward. Indeed the New England troops were then generalissimo'd only by this corn-field marshal—Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury—a fellow spirit to old Put—this gentleman disappeared from view upon Washington's appointment to the command only to emerge in a manner to be related later.

Near the town of Pomfret I was joined by Major Israel Putnam, fresh from his ploughing, and with something of the soil still upon his hands. He brought a few men with him, but they were not drilled like ours and gave me some trouble. On the 22nd we had passed through Hartford, and there I was in consultation with the Provincial Assembly of Connecticut and gave them the plan of attack upon the fort at Ticonderoga and the Lakes, principally for the purpose of obtaining the great store of military supplies of which I knew we should soon be in need. They appointed one Edward Mott and Nathan Phelps as Commissioners to proceed to this frontier at once and ascertain the strength of their garrison. This was under my advice; and a substantial advance was made to them mainly out of my pocket. Although they thus went at my suggestion and with my aid, their conduct was not as loyal as might be expected of gentlemen. But of this anon.

For an hour or two, in the town of Brooklyn, we stopped at a tavern with the sign of General Wolfe; but its proprietor Putnam was already collecting vol-

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unteers. There we found other hand-bills giving account of the fight at Lexington. They were embellished with deer skins; and contained a list of the Americans killed and wounded, then came twenty coffins, and then the title, Bloody Butchery by the British Troops, or the Runaway Fight of the Regulars.

Then first it came to me, with I confess something of a shock; the people, of New England at least, were really contemplating independence,—for this hand-bill purported to give the particulars "of the victorious battle fought at Concord, twenty miles from Boston in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, between two thousand regular troops belonging to His Britannic Majesty with a few hundred Provincial troops belonging to the Province of Massachusetts Bay. It lasted from sunrise till sunset and was decided greatly in favor of the latter." And it closed by terming the fight "that important event on which perhaps may depend the future freedom and greatness of the *Commonwealth* of America."

On the 5th day after leaving Hartford, we arrived in Cambridge, having marched the entire distance, though I had brought all my horses, and used them to relieve the tired men. I advertised for more—for "a carload of fat, genteel horses"—in a New Haven newspaper. These were meant for our West India trade, to replace the ones I had devoted to my country's service; and I was never paid for them. Cambridge was a mean-appearing town, far less populous than New Haven, with some fair houses; one of these, the property of the loyalist Governor Oliver, who had fled, I appropriated to my own use. We had not been in Cambridge a day before my company, well uniformed and drilled, was chosen as the guard of

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honor to deliver to General Gage at the bridge of Boston the body of a British officer who had been wounded to death at Lexington.

I had already spoken of my plan of the Ticonderoga expedition to Col. Samuel H. Parsons on our march to Cambridge, and had a discussion of it with members of the legislature at Wethersfield, and given the plan for Mott and Phelps; and now I had hardly brushed the dust from my travel-stained clothing before I waited on the Massachusetts Commission of Safety at Cambridge and proposed the scheme. On April 30th I wrote them a letter to the same effect:

CAMBRIDGE, April 30, 1775.

GENTLEMEN:

You have desired me to state the number of cannon, etc. at Ticonderoga. I have certain information that there are 80 pieces of heavy cannon, 20 brass guns, from four to eighteen pounders, and 10 to 12 large mortars. At Skenesborough, on the South-Bay, there are three or four brass cannon. The Fort is in a ruinous condition, and has not more than fifty men at the most.[b] There are large numbers of small arms and considerable stores, and a sloop of 70 or 80 tons on the lake. The place could not hold out an hour against a vigorous onset.

Your most obedient servant,

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Honourable Joseph Warren, and the honourable Committee of Safety.

For once they acted promptly. But Connecticut was already on the way.

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CHAPTER V

TICONDEROGA

MATTERS being ripe for our movement on Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and Dr. Joseph Warren, a gentleman of considerable influence with the people of Boston, having cordially approved my scheme, they appointed me Colonel and *Commander in Chief*,* and authorized me to raise 400 troops. I was instructed to leave a garrison at Ticonderoga and return to Cambridge with arms and stores if I was so fortunate as to capture any. I was supplied with a little money, £100, a fair store of powder, lead and flints, ten horses, inferior however to my own, and authorized to procure suitable provisions and stores for the Army and draw upon the Committee of Safety for the same.

Thus equipped, I set off on my expedition to raise men in western Massachusetts. When I arrived at Pittsfield in the Berkshire Hills, I found that Mott and Phelps had arrived a few days before with an inconsiderable force of 16 men of a sort that they had secured in Connecticut. Here in this town they had laid their plans before "Col." Easton and a certain John Brown. "Col." Easton had 40 similar volunteers of his own. They had marched at once, apparently under his orders; but at Bennington, in the New York grants, or what is now Vermont, they met one Ethan Allen, an uncouth border chieftain, at the head of 200 ragged mountaineers who had given themselves the grandiloquent title of the Green Mountain

* *Am. Archives*, May 3, 1775.—ED.

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Boys. I heard of this on May 6th when I arrived at Stockbridge. Mott and his party had left some men behind to raise further recruits, whom I found more than ready to join a regular officer like myself, and I pushed on as rapidly as possible after them, but it was too late, as at Castleton, Vermont, they had joined this Allen and appointed him to the command. Naturally this did not tend to retard my steps, and on the 9th of May, I managed to overtake Ethan Allen himself. I showed him my commission and claimed command. His raw recruits from the mountains naturally preferred him as officer, being well aware that under him they would be subjected to no discipline. I am sorry to say that the men from Connecticut as well as Col. Easton took sides with Allen, Easton having been appointed second in command and one Warner third. Here was a quandary. What was I to do? I hardly hesitated a moment. Putting my country above all selfish motives, I yielded my commission and told them I would join as a simple volunteer, insisting only on my rank as a Colonel of the Massachusetts Commission.

Allen and the main body marched to Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, guarded by Nathan Beeman, then a boy. Capt. Herrick with thirty men went to Skenesborough, and Capt. Douglas to Panton beyond Crown Point, where they were fortunate enough to capture some boats. Thus at dawn on the morning of the 10th of May we reached the shore of Lake Champlain itself, only four days after I left Stockbridge, with my commission not yet a week old already disavowed by the army I was to lead. We had so few boats that it was night before the officers with 83 men had managed to cross the Lake.

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Now, not distrusting my own memory, but to convince the carping critic of what took place, I transcribe the letter of an unknown correspondent signed Veritas, procured for me by a kind friend from the files of the American Congress itself:

Col. Arnold was voted to joint command with Col. Allen (Col. Easton not presuming to any)— Col. Arnold with difficulty persuaded about 40 men to embark—he swore he would enter the fort alone if no man had the courage to follow him. This had the desired effect—he with Colonel Allen, headed the party—the sentry made a precipitate retreat—he was pressed closely by Colonel Arnold, who was the first person that entered the fort and Colonel Allen about five yards behind him—I was an eye witness—I do not recollect seeing Colonel Easton until about nine o'clock and was told he was the last man that entered the fort, and that not until the soldiers and arms were secured, he having concealed himself in an old barrack near the redoubt, under pretence of wiping and drying his gun, since which I have often heard Colonel Easton, in a base and cowardly manner, abuse Colonel Arnold behind his back, though always very complaisant before his face.

As Veritas says, I led with Ethan Allen, our differences all buried before the enemy. The regulars were not so early. One sentinel was awake and snapped his fuse. He missed fire and ran in through the sally port. One other sentinel made a thrust at Easton, but Allen gave him a blow on the head with his sword. We then went up to Major Delaplane's door where I rapped three times with my sword. Capt. Delaplane emerged in his shirt and drawers with his pretty frightened wife leaning over his shoulder. The story that Allen commanded him to surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress was a pretty one to tell in later years. As a matter of fact the Continental Congress had not yet met, but convened for the first time upon that very day;

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but Allen was a very profane man and I do remember that he swore considerably despite the presence of Mrs. Delaplane, for which I had to reprove him. This is the truth of his surrender into the hands of "Ethan Allen, the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"! He had about as much respect for one as the other, as has been commented: what he really said was, "To me, by God!"

We captured the great fortress of Ticonderoga, for which many thousand regulars had fought in vain with the French, with our two or three companies of troops, of whom only mine could be called soldiers. With the fortress we captured 120 iron cannon, 50 swivels, 2 mortars, 10 tons of balls, 10 casks of powder, 2 brass cannon, boats and much war material and equipment.

It was natural after this victory, all danger being removed, that I should once more insist upon my rights. I had showed Allen my Massachusetts commission, and again insisted on the supreme command. Fortunately I have still with me my note-book, from which I can find exactly what took place. On the 10th of May I found that some of our soldiers were committing plunder and other depredations on the property of the English, or even of the local peasantry who were largely Dutch. I forbade this in peremptory terms, at which Mr. Ethan Allen took umbrage and assumed the entire command, so that I was not consulted for four days. All this time I spent in the garrison. To show that my memory is not at fault, though the matter happened now more than forty years ago, I transcribe one sentence literally. This is in my diary of May 10th, still in my possession. "N. B. As a private person often insulted by him

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and his officers, often threatened with my life, and twice shot at by his men with their Fusees." As I look back over the many years, little incidents occur to me from which I can now date the beginning of the tragedy of my life. Ingratitude, intrigue and treason, I had more than any other man to contend with. It will be remembered that although I had been refused the command of the enlisted men from Connecticut, to say nothing of the green mountaineers, no one questioned my commission as Colonel from the Congress of the Colony of Massachusetts. But on the 10th of May, Colonel Easton, who was from Massachusetts and had admitted himself to be under my orders, chose to take offense at my refusing him a Lieutenant Colonel's commission and set off for the Continental Congress with the announced intention of injuring me all in his power; he at once proceeded to collect signatures, and got three others to join him in an address from a so-called Committee to the Massachusetts Congress:

This is to certify that *previous* [this was a lie] to Col. Arnold's arrival to the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, a Committee sent from the Colony of Conn.—had with the assistance of 70 men from Mass. and 200 from the New Hampshire grants marched within a few miles of Ticonderoga and this morning at daybreak took possession of said fort and have given the command thereof to Col. Ethan Allen. And said Arnold refuses to give up his command—

[of what, then?]

—which causes much difficulty; said A not having enlisted one man—[a lie]

—neither do we know that he has or could do it. And—said committee—think said Arnold's farther procedure in this matter highly inexpedient—

JOS. EASTON EDW. MOTT
EPRP. BULL NOAH PHELPS

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Ethan Allen wrote the Albany Committee, May 11th, saying "Colonel Arnold entered the fortress with me side by side." I wrote a long letter, giving him due credit; and I leave the unprejudiced reader to judge between Easton and me.*

Thus on the very day after the capture of Ticonderoga and of the first session of that same Congress, the intrigue against me began. This Easton with a number of Connecticut subalterns presumed to call upon me at my headquarters to protest against my intentions to command them! True enough, they were not under the command of Massachusetts, whence I held my commission, but I was the ranking officer and in actual possession of the post, which I had captured largely on my own effort and with my own money. This "Colonel" Easton presumed to insult me. I took the liberty of breaking his head; and on his refusing to draw like a gentleman, he having a hanger by his side and a case of loaded pistols in his pocket, I kicked him very heartily and ordered him from the Point immediately; and his man, John Brown, ran at his tail. Thereupon, it was that Brown went to Philadelphia to bring first report of our success to Congress; mentioning neither Allen nor myself, as I have said. Easton at the same time hurried East, and reported to the Massachusetts Congress at Watertown (May 18th) that he (Easton) had clapped the commanding officer and told him to surrender "in the name of America" (lucky Ethan Allen didn't hear this).

Meantime, the Massachusetts Congress, after hearing Easton, merely wrote to that of Connecticut, stating their imminent need of the cannon captured

* This letter, too long to print, is in *Am. Archs.*, 4th S., vol. 2, p. 558. —Ed.

See at P. L.?

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to invest Gage in Boston, and suggesting "that the appointment of Colonel Arnold to take charge of them and bring them down in all possible haste may be a means of settling any disputes which may have arisen between him and some other officers."

What became of this Easton? On the 16th of July, 1779, the Board of War reported to Congress that James Easton had been appointed a Colonel, with pay to date from the 1st of July, 1775; and that such pay would be due him "until he should be discharged, which it was declared ought to be done as soon as a court of inquiry should report in his favor, a charge having been made against him and Colonel Brown (then Major) for plundering the effects of prisoners at Sorel, or if he did not insist on such court of inquiry, that he himself should be tried by court martial; that no such court of inquiry was ever called, and though it was the duty of said Colonel Easton long since to have procured such court to sit, or to have informed Congress thereof, that it does not appear that he has done or attempted to do either, but has contentedly drawn his pay all the time." Whereupon *Resolved* that Colonel James Easton be dismissed from the service of the United States. As for John Brown, the Board of War reported on May 23, 1777 that my character "had been cruelly and groundlessly aspersed by him in handbills circulated at Pittsfield April 12th, the same year," and on the very same day it was reported to Congress that Colonel Moylan, President of the court martial on John Brown, "had found him a Spy and Traitor and sentenced him to Death." They made no recommendation to mercy as they said there was no reason for any except possibly on account of his ignorance and illiteracy.

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These were the persons who opposed me at Ticonderoga and whose charges were taken up by the citizens from Connecticut and the Adamses of Massachusetts!

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CHAPTER VI

CROWN POINT

AND four days later I wrote to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety:

TICONDEROGA, May 14, 1775.

GENTLEMEN:

My last was the 11th instant per express, since which a party of men have seized on Crown Point, in which they took eleven passengers, and found sixty-one pieces of cannon serviceable and fifty-three unfit for service. I ordered a party to Skenesborough, to take Major Skene, who have made him prisoner, and seized a small schooner which is just arrived here. I intend setting out in her directly, with a batteau and fifty men, to take possession of the sloop, which, we are advised this morning by the post, is at St. John's, loaded with provisions, etc. waiting a wind for this place. Enclosed is a list of cannon, etc. here, those imperfect, as we have found many pieces not included, and some are on the edge of the lake, covered with water. I am with the assistance of Mr. Bernard Romans, making preparation at Fort George for transporting to Albany those cannon that will be serviceable to our Army at Cambridge. I have about one hundred men here, and expect more every minute. Mr. Allen's party is decreasing and the dispute between us subsiding. I am exceedingly sorry matters have not been transacted with more prudence and judgment; I have done everything in my power, and put up with many insults to preserve peace and serve the publick. I hope soon to be properly released from this troublesome business, and that some more proper person may be appointed in my room; till which, I am, very respectfully, Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

P. S. Since writing the above, Mr. Romans concludes going to Albany to forward carriages for the cannon, etc. and provisions which will be soon wanted. I beg leave to observe he has been

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of great service here, and I think him a very spirited judicious gentleman, who has the service of the country at heart, and hope he will meet proper encouragement. B. A.

I would still remind the reader that this was not all vanity on my part, or even proper pride. It was necessary for me to have command at Ticonderoga in order to comply with the instructions of the Colony of Massachusetts to send the stores to Cambridge. Had I not sent on the cannon, Bunker Hill could not have been defended. The Governor of New York was on the point of making demand for them on the plea that the stores had been captured within its territorial limits, while Allen and the ragamuffins had informally appropriated most of the gun powder and bullets. My experience was and is that nothing that goes into the City of New York ever comes back; and I was more than anxious to get rid of Allen, whose undisciplined followers were now of no benefit.

Leaving Ticonderoga to them, I, with Major Warner, took Crown Point without bloodshed on the 12th. There could be no question that I was entitled to command here. But I had more important things on hand.

Already I had my eye on St. Johns in Canada, a strong post, with the impregnable fort of Chambly at the foot of the rapids. Our people had been fighting on this line of approach for generations. Indeed, the little cemetery at Chambly* is full of headstones dedicated to the memory of the brave Bostonnais (they called all Americans Bostonnais, without distinction in those days). Indeed the Dutch were too fat and

* Indeed it is: and the chapel of the Fort one of the most interesting military historical museums in America; kept by a courteous old French Canadian when I visited it, 20 years since.—Ed.

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fond of comfort to move far from their beloved Hudson; and the Philadelphia people (the only city in the colonies which can lay any serious claim to civilization and refinement) were too happy at home to care what went on on our rude frontiers.

Though seemingly inactive in the garrison, I had not been idle. My messengers, men that I could trust, were sent in all directions; and by one of them I was informed that a reinforcement of 400 British and Canadians had arrived at St. Johns. At once I began to collect vessels and prepare to meet the enemy there, as I had already met them at Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

There was much doubt as to the attitude that would be assumed by New York itself on this occasion. Wolcott and others wrote from Connecticut to the Massachusetts Congress (May 16th), substantially withdrawing from the campaign, and leaving its further prosecution by Massachusetts unaided:

We were yesterday informed of the success of an expedition undertaken—by some individuals of this Colony in a secret manner against Ticonderoga and Crown Point—we understand an expedition against the same place hath been undertaken under the authority of your Province; but the adventure being set on foot by some private gentlemen in this colony [*Note*, they claimed no military rank for them] and success having attended their enterprise before the forces from the Massachusetts Bay came up [a lie] some question arose about the right to command—We consider all the Colonies as brethren united together in one joint interest— Some parts of your Province are more conveniently situated for furnishing men, etc. to maintain possession—we hope the City of Albany and the Colony of Connecticut will co-operate with you, but of this we cannot assure you, as our calls are very many.

P. S. We hope you will not omit anything you can do as 'tis uncertain what New York will undertake without the consent of the General Congress.

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Massachusetts responded (May 22) throwing the responsibility back on Connecticut; and so wrote me. So much for Connecticut; now for New York. On the 25th they wrote Connecticut saying they would take charge of the cannon and stores we had captured; and that was the extent of their assistance. Naturally I held on to the cannon, and sent them to Washington at Cambridge. And they won the battle of Bunker Hill.

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CHAPTER VII

ST. JOHNS AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Now there was no one in the army that had any knowledge of naval affairs. Even the presumptions of the swash-buckler Easton and the cateran Allen did not go so far as that. I was for once, therefore, left to pursue my plans unmolested. Brown and Oswald had captured a schooner at Skeenesborough, which we christened the *Liberty* and fixed her immediately with four carriage and six swivel guns, and without asking by your leave of Allen, I proceeded at once to Crown Point with this schooner and one Battoe carrying two swivels, despatching Mr. Brown to Albany for provisions; and on Tuesday the 16th we left Crown Point for St. Johns and beat as far as Split Rock that night.

It sometimes seems that strange forces, though far distant, work together and in unison. Not only did this Captain arrive with fifty Massachusetts troops undeniably under my orders and paid by the Congress of that Commonwealth, which under Providence I may say, led to the ultimate success of the American arms in America; but on that very day my friend Joseph Warren wrote to the Connecticut authorities demanding that they appoint me to take charge at Crown Point and Ticonderoga and bring down all the supplies with all possible haste (the last of this is obvious—they were needed at Bunker Hill) to which Warren added— "This may be a means of settling

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any dispute which may have arisen between him and some other officers, which we are always desirous to avoid." I do not know of any particular dispute, for I had waived my right to command at Ticonderoga; unless it be that I kicked Easton out of the tent as has been related. Nevertheless as I was later told, the Connecticut authorities were obdurate and appointed, not indeed Easton, but Colonel Ethan Allen commander at Ticonderoga until further orders. This, however, mattered little now, as Ticonderoga was safe and I had got the stores shipped to Boston and was off with the only disciplined part of our forces to meet the Canadian followers on the border.

I am unwilling to blow my own trumpet and will, therefore, merely quote my Regimental Memorandum Book for Wednesday the 17th. "Wind being fair, proceeded within thirty miles of St. Johns at Point Au Fare, when being cautioned we manned our two Battoes with 35 men and after rowing all night arrived at St. Johns six o'clock Thursday morning, where we surprised and took a Sergeant and his party of twelve men, the King's Sloop of 70 tons, 6 brass six-pounders, and seven men, 9 large Battoes, 4 of which, being out of repair we destroyed, the others brought away. The wind springing up fair at 9 o'clock we weighed anchor and stood up the Lake." I am not greater than another man, yet Royalty has said that this despatch of mine reads like a paragraph in Cæsar's Commentaries.

Fort Carillon lies in the river above St. John; and we took this first. A Canadian historian has asserted that I surprised this Fort Carillon, as well as two others,—the great fort at Chambly built by Vauban himself where Allen later spent a month—by the classic

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expedient of causing a few of my men to enter with casks of rum. This is as true as his assertion that I hammered down a door myself and captured forty-five men with two hundred. As a matter of fact, I captured twelve with thirty-five, exclusive of the commandant, one Captain Laplace, who hardly counted. He admits that it was a bold enterprise,* but ascribes its success to inhabitants of St. John, who had entered the evening before to invite the garrison to drink—they may have done so, for aught that I know, but I hardly think they would have been so wasteful of their liquor—and says, which is true, that the capture of this fort was the one thing which made the New Yorkers think of a possible capture of the province of Quebec.

Leaving in this fort a small garrison, I went with the rest of the Company to the fort of St. John itself, nine leagues from Montreal. This was taken as stated, and also his Majesty's ship, *The George;* then we retired up the Lake. Immediately upon our departure one Hazen, a retired officer living in the neighborhood (this Hazen afterward turned traitor, and accepted a Colonel's commission from the Congress) fled to Montreal to give the alarm, and thence to Quebec. A hundred and forty men under Major Preston were sent back to St. John, and had hardly arrived there when Allen's Company appeared on their "gleaning expedition," as they called it, for they already knew of my success. I had met them on the Lake, and advised against the foolish venture; but as they would go, I gave them provisions and God-speed. Preston was captured alone, and spent the night as Allen's guest; but that strategist passed the night in disposing his

* See *Invasion du Canada*, Verreau, Montreal 1870, p. 26.—Ed.

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men along the trail through which the hundred and forty regulars would come, by way of ambuscade. Unfortunately, they all ran away in the night. I am told, however, that he gave great alarm to the citizens of Montreal, who assembled the entire militia in the market-place to choose their officers, as was the Canadian custom. But this is anticipating.

On Friday the 19th, while we were crossing Cumberland Bay, I wrote my letter to the Massachusetts Congress giving a full account of what had happened, and doing full justice to Ethan Allen's belated attempt, also sending a memorandum of the hundred or more cannon captured: "I shall send to Cambridge the 24 pounders, 12 and 6-pounders, howitzers, etc., as directed by Colonel Gridley; and of the ordnance stores —some 4000 ball, 28 barrels powder, 906 grenades, 166 13-inch fusees, etc."; and at 8 A. M. with my sloop and schooner, we anchored at Crown Point, stopped there only two hours, and then proceeded to Ticonderoga in all triumph; having done what we set forth to do. We arrived at 5 P. M., and having saluted the fort, came to anchor and spent Saturday the 20th in arming and equipping the captured schooner. And the Canadians say that it was this capture of Fort Carillon by me that caused the whole invasion of Canada. For, to anticipate again, General Guy Carleton issued proclamation on the 9th of June mobilizing the entire Canadian militia, and armed the savages, all except the Iroquois du Sault St. Louis, who made objection because they had several Bostonians adopted in their village; and indeed one of them (and a friend of mine) was chief. This man, as the reader will find, started at once for Cambridge, Massachusetts. Colonel Johnson, who was their superintendent, was so fright-

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ened, that according to my French-Canadian historian, he did not even think it safe to sleep in Montreal, but took up his quarters aboard a frigate in the river. And on the 24th of September, Allen, envious of my success, and perhaps hearing of my march upon Quebec, for I had already at that time left Cambridge, with one hundred and fifty men crossed from Longueuil to Ste. Marie, only a league or so from Montreal. Although Colonel Johnson was so alarmed that he ordered all the women and children with the officers to be put aboard ships, and the citizens to the extent of three hundred Canadians and thirty English tradespeople assembled in the market-place, after a brief skirmish, the doughty Allen was captured with thirty-six of his Green Mountain boys, the rest escaping without pursuit; so that Allen's attempt had only the effect of rousing the country and putting it in a posture of defense. And this defeat of poor Allen was due to the cowardly desertion of the same Major Brown who was my enemy at Ticonderoga and in Congress—he having agreed to cross the river above Montreal with the main detachment and join Allen before the walls of the city. He simply failed to do so, never alleging any reason nor even giving Allen notice. So the poor highland chieftain was captured and sent in chains to London.

The fact is, our whole treatment of Canada was bungled by stupidity and ill breeding. Just as the common Yankees could never get along with the Indians, who are natural born gentlemen, if there ever were such (for I suppose really a gentleman is rather a product of breeding than of birth) so our Continental Congress, composed mainly of boors from Vermont, shoemakers from Connecticut and Yankee attorneys,

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even with the intelligence of Franklin (who, after all, was not a gentleman himself) could never treat the Canadians properly, especially those of French blood and catholic faith. These *had* been in ardent sympathy with the colonies. In July 1774 the French and English inhabitants of Quebec jointly shipped 1040 bushels of wheat to the suffering Port of Boston. This was at the time that Washington headed the subscription paper in Virginia with 100 pounds.—Washington is a really great man, and I have no desire to detract from his glory, yet it must be remembered that it is customary or at least frequent, to give the post of honor to the largest contributor of money, as it is to appoint on a Committee the man who makes the motion.—Your Majesty had generously responded to their absurd proclamation by emancipating all the catholics in Canada and annexing all the northwest territory from Ohio to the River Mississippi and the head of Lake Superior to the Province of Quebec, thereby freeing that vast country from the vexation of local assemblies and governing it solely by the royal executive power; and the catholics had wisely chosen the clemency of a king rather than an exclusive protestant parliament, like that of Ireland. Your Majesty in your wisdom had restored French law to the owners of estates, so that no complaint was made, except indeed by the English themselves, for, as the nobility of New France had been offered equal rights with them in the army and in office, they complained of the absence of trial by jury in civil causes and the loss of their favorite writ, habeas corpus—ever the refuge of a demagogue against the royal hand of justice. Whereas these continental sages, with the one hand, appealed to the Roman catholic French, and

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with the other, to the English; saying to the latter that the Roman Catholic Church dispersed impiety, bigotry and irreligion throughout the world.* Mr. Dickinson indeed endeavored to smooth this over, urging that Roman catholic and protestant might well live together in civic affairs, and invoking the example of the Swiss cantons; but unfortunately for the colonists, the French catholic had too much experience of "Les Bostonnais." It was only about fifty years since the horrid massacre of Rallé, the missionary, to whose grave the reader shall shortly accompany me. One Sanguinet, whom I met in Canada, failing entirely to see the Constitutional principle at stake, thought our whole revolution was caused by an impost on tea! But even he based his loyalty on your Majesty's promise of a free religion, full English citizenship and entire exemption from taxes—would that the Royal ministers, doing this for Canada, where it was not necessary, had done it for Massachusetts, where it was! Now I return to my own affairs.

So far, this war had been conducted with a curious lack of formality, almost with indifference. I omitted perhaps to mention that on the very day before we successfully stormed Ticonderoga, I had despatched one of my officers into that fortress on the pretext of getting a shave! and it was the lack of discipline which this man observed that emboldened Allen and myself to make our somewhat foolhardy summons; for a corporal's guard well armed and disciplined might well have repulsed us at that time. And now, when overhauling the ship, in the hold of our schooner, we found the dead body of a woman; which upon

* A curious anticipation of the Reverend Mr. Burchard.—Ed.

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investigation appeared to be all that was mortal of Major Skene's first wife. Major Skene, Lord of the Manor of Skenesborough, it appears had never buried her; but kept her above ground in his own cellar for an annuity! and lest she should be decently buried, was attempting to remove her in the schooner when Oswald and Herrick made their attack. So on this day, the 20th, we gave her decent burial—with what result to the annuity I never heard; and I ordered the Schooner *Liberty* "to cruise on the Lake and defend our frontier till men, provisions and ammunition are furnished to carry on the war."

On the 21st I rode out two miles to the mills to engage a quantity of plank for carriage boards and Battoes to carry the cannon over Lake George. When at the landing I received word of Colonel Allen's first repulse at St. Johns, and his return with a loss of three men, which did not in the least surprise me. The difference in the two expeditions was that I returned with three vessels of war and he returned without three men! But at this time he abated somewhat of his arrogant conduct toward me, at least so far as concerned maritime matters. The morning of the 22nd I returned to Ticonderoga. I was indeed preparing a lake navy and no one questioned my command in that capacity. On the 19th of May I had written the Massachusetts Congress recommending the expedition to Montreal and Quebec and promised that I would capture Canada with six hundred men. This indeed could have been done at that time, though with the shilly-shallying and delay and I may add the pompous incompetence of the worthy burghers then wearing swords, we failed later with nearly double the number. Yet posterity will observe (though I

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can expect no justice from my countrymen, at least in my own country) that these historic documents show that the credit of the conception was mine as had been the invention of the move to Lake Champlain.

Beyond all others, I understood the value of rapid action. I sent spies in Canada. I equipped ships. I learned that Carleton's recruiting officers had been stoned by the wives of the men they sought to press for militia service against us. I knew that the people were with us; so I resolved on a campaign against Canada one day, and I started it the same evening! I learned of the intimacy of the French and Canadians and sent one Hort with an Indian interpreter and three Stockbridge Indians with a belt of Wampum to the Caughnawagha Indians above Montreal; and the information I derived in these ways, I forwarded to the Continental Congress, when that party existed, with the result which usually attended the efforts of those who sent valuable messages to that pack of intermeddling interlopers.

On May 23rd I wrote to the Cambridge people telling them of Allen's repulse, and that I was determined to make a stand at Crown Point: "Colonel Allen's men are in general gone home." I asked for more supplies, telling them of £160 found in the sloop, "but as it was the Captain (Skene's) property, do not choose to make use of it"; and I begged for powder, closing thus: "I hope some gentleman will soon be appointed in my room here, who is better able to serve the public than I am."

And on May 26th I wrote again; and the Massachusetts Congress wrote the New York Congress, "You cannot fail to observe that Mr. Arnold, for the

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defense of this colony, is endeavoring that such ordnance as he judges can be spared from that quarter should be transported to the army in this colony." Thus these new states fell to quarrelling over the spoils!

By this time my force was consolidating; whether the effect of my success or my ability to command impressed the simple rustics about me, I had 150 well trained men, I had armed three vessels with six carriage guns, and twelve of lighter weight on the sloop, and four and eight respectively on the schooner. The heavy cannon and mortars with gun-powder I had sent by Lake George to Cambridge; and it was this last that saved the cause of the Colonials, when otherwise it had been lost, at the first battle fought on the hill in Charlestown. All this was done by me; and Dr. Warren had written— "My worthy friend, Colonel Arnold, not having had the sole honor of capturing Crown Point and Ticonderoga, determined on an expedition to St. Johns, in which he happily succeeded." In the meantime the Legislatures of Connecticut and Massachusetts were deluged with letters of complaint against me by those whose incompetence I had shown, or whose orders I had supplanted; and I was visited with a commission of inquiry from the Government of my own State. No man is a prophet in his own country; for on June 1st, it was the Massachusetts Congress passed a resolution and wrote of their "Great satisfaction at the acquisitions you have made . . . of their greatest confidence in the fidelity and good honor I had shown," and they desired me to dismiss all thought of quitting my important command at Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Lake George. "You are hereby requested to con-

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tinue the command over the forces raised by the colonies at these places."

Despite one's dislike for the Puritans to-day, there is something broader-minded about them, I have learned, than the picayune grocers of my own Province of New Haven. Moreover, they sent me one hundred pounds sterling, which was more than welcome, and permitted me to draw on their Committee of Safety for the balance already due of seventy-seven pounds. On the 27th of May the Massachusetts Congress wrote me: "We return our hearty thanks for your exertions in the publick cause— You inform us that you have had intimations that some persons were determined to apply in order to injure your character— You may be assured we shall be so candid as not to suffer any impressions to your disadvantage, until you shall have had opportunity to vindicate your conduct," and by Colonel Henshaw sent me word to stay in command at Ticonderoga unless the Assembly of Connecticut undertook to secure and maintain that fortress. But they ordered Colonel Hinman there with one thousand men, on the 31st; New York, by a letter from Livingston, May 27th, having gracefully resigned in Connecticut's favor. On the 29th I wrote the Continental Congress of the capture of Ti under joint command of Allen and myself, of the capture of St. Johns, and of Allen's repulse; but for the sake of 500 loyal families north of Ti, in Vermont, besought them not to abandon that post; and Allen wrote a long letter from the same place (Crown Point) and on the same day, to the same effect.

On the 22nd I wrote urgent letters to the Albany Committee for seamen, carpenters and powder; to the Connecticut Assembly reporting Allen's "precip-

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itate retreat" and begging more powder; and to Noah Lee at Skenesboro begging him to rouse the countryside and bring them to Ti or Crown Point with arms and pickaxes. On the 1st of June Congress wrote me a letter of thanks! and ordered me to continue in command, to use the £160, and to raise 400 men. But Allen and Easton kept writing letters to Congress. On the 13th of June I wrote them that we could easily capture Montreal, and that my Indian friends, the Caughnawaghas had in tribal meeting promised death to whoso gave aid to the English. I sent them a complete plan of campaign on Chambly and Montreal; detailed accounts of the British forces, and offered to take command myself and guarantee the capture of Montreal and Quebec with 2000 men. This plan I intrusted to my good friend Oswald, and he brought it to Congress, which later adopted it. I wrote Trumbull to the same effect.

This in a sense was the end of my first campaign. I had originated it and carried it through to a successful issue. I had mounted my own troops with my own horses, and I had spent (as the actual accounts admitted) two hundred and twenty-seven pounds sterling of my own money. The value of the powder and shot I had secured could not from a national point of view ever be estimated. I had borne with the insults of my inferiors, had waived my rank where necessary, and had done the service of a private soldier; and for this outlay, for these efforts, for these achievements, I was to be visited by a court of inquiry of the little colony to which I had moved.

My first wife died while I was at Crown Point. She was buried before I got the sad news from my sister

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Hannah. The duties of patriotism are more imperative than private grief. I was soothed by the unsolicited testimony of a large number of the inhabitants. They prepared and presented to me what they called a memorial "for great service." As I have quoted above, they commended me for yielding to Allen, particularly when I had the best legal authority, even over the Green Mountain boys. About the same time Barnabas Dean wrote to his brother Silas— "Colonel Arnold has been greatly abused and misrepresented by designing persons, some of whom were from Connecticut. Had it not been for him, everything here would have been in the utmost confusion and disorder—people plundered of their private property—no man's person's safe who is not of the Green Mountain party. Colonel Arnold has been twice fired at by them. Colonel Webb and myself had arduous task to reconcile matters between the two commanders at Crown Point." I do not know how much they had to do with any reconciliation, or indeed that any reconciliation took place, except that I yielded to Allen when it was necessary for the public good, as he later submitted himself to me when he saw that he knew nothing about the business. General Schuyler himself wrote about Allen's impatience and subordinacy, but this was after his second attempt upon St. Johns and unfortunate dash at Montreal, where he was taken prisoner. There indeed, we will leave him, for I have yet to learn that he amounted to anything else during the entire war, and he is living now somewhere in the District of Vermont in the obscurity of a common farmer.

On the 17th of June—I would I had been elsewhere

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—Colonel Hinman made his first demand of the command at Crown Point upon me, but without his promised 1000 men and without any regular order for the same; so I, of course, refused to give it up to him and his "merry men in Buckram," and he also embarked for Ticonderoga; where I had placed Colonel Herrick in command. On that eventful day Bunker Hill was fought—with my powder—and George Washington appointed by Congress Commander in Chief. John Adams told me it was he himself "at his earnest desire" who had Lee and Gates appointed, next after old Ward,—Lee and Gates who were to be his bitter enemies and mine—and Lee was still drawing his half-pay from your Majesty!

On the 22nd I wrote Congress that we were repairing the fortresses; that the south end of Lake George was too far to go; Ti and Crown Point were needed to guard Berkshire and the Grants; that we would hold the Lake, and that I heard Col. Hinman was coming with 1000 good men. Meantime Easton's traitorous mission bore fruit. On the 13th of June they appointed one Spooner with Foster and Jas. Sullivan a commission of inquiry to proceed to Ticonderoga with orders to retain me in command or discharge me and ask for my accounts! When they came they ordered me to place myself under Hinman. Naturally I thereupon (June 24th) saved them further trouble and discharged myself. I wrote Major Herrick that he might give the command up to Hinman, and applied to the Committee for cash with which to pay off the Regiment. This they refused, and my men were in great distress. What I had, I had given them from my own pocket, and now with the Congress Commissioners in camp, I feared we should have

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trouble to pacify them and prevent disturbance. At first they mutinied and refused to serve save under my command. At noon we went aboard the schooner I had captured to have dinner, where I did honor to the Commissioners; and after they had left for Ticonderoga, I was insulted by being seized by people who had manned and sent a boat after this Committee from the Congress. They assured me they bore me no personal ill-will, but were determined to stop that Committee and oblige them to pay off the Regiment, or at least such part as would enable them to go home to their families with honor. Seeing that my heart was with them, they departed; and that night came on board Captain Sheldon and Captain Bigelow, with rumor of "an engagement at Cambridge between the Regulars and the Provincials, in which it is said there is many thousand killed on both sides."

The extent of their mendacity may be seen from a letter Mott of Connecticut wrote Governor Trumbull in which he actually said, after my refusal to yield command to Hinman, that I, "with some of his people were gone on board the vessels, and threatened to go to St. Johns, and deliver the vessels to the Regulars — The English were still so called — after they came away in a batteau they were fired upon with swivel guns and small arms by Arnold's people . . . he confined three of us aboard each vessel, men sat over us with fixed bayonets—Colonel Sullivan was much insulted while we were aboard, chiefly by Mr. Brown, one of Mr. Arnold's captains." And the Massachusetts Committee wrote "As soon as Col. Arnold was removed, some of his men became dissatisfied and mutinous." They did indeed!

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The exact truth is shown in my letter to the Commissioners:—

CROWN POINT, June 24, 1775.

GENTLEMEN: Your instructions of the 14th instant from the Provincial Congress of the Massachusetts-Bay, in regard to my conduct here, being now before me, I will answer in course.

In the first place, I observe you are appointed to examine my conduct, and in what manner I have executed my commission. I look on this instruction at this juncture as unprecedented, and a very plain intimation that the Congress are dubious of my rectitude or abilities, which is a sufficient inducement for me to decline serving them longer.

Secondly, the Congress have authorized you to judge of my spirit, capacity, and conduct, and determine whether I shall continue in commission and if so, that I shall be under the command of a person appointed by the Colony of Connecticut. In answer to the first part it appears to me very extraordinary that the Congress should first appoint an officer, and afterwards, when he had executed his commission, to appoint a Committee to examine if he was fit for his post. I think the examination should have been prior to the commission, and that after executing that commission they should order a younger officer of the same rank to take the command of the fortresses, vessels, etc., conquered, plainly indicates the loss of their confidence, and is a most disgraceful reflection on him and the body of troops he commands, which is a sufficient inducement to resign, not to mention the very great hardship on the private men, who, having served well near two months, are now to be mustered, and if, by sickness or hard labour, they are reduced and not fit for service, and of course do not pass muster, they are to lose their former time and service, and reduced to the distress of begging their bread until they can get home to their friends.

I add Probable

The last objection I have to make is, that I have so far lost the confidence of the Congress, that they have declined sending me money, as was promised by Captain Brown, to discharge the small and unavoidable debts I have contracted for necessaries for the use of the Army, for which my own credit is at stake, and I am reduced to the necessity of leaving the place with dishonour, or waiting until I can send home and discharge those debts out of

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my private purse. The latter of which I am determined to do, though I have already advanced one hundred Pounds, lawful money, out of my private purse. All which reasons I believe will be thought a sufficient inducement for me to decline holding my commission longer.

I am, Gentlemen, your most humble servant,

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Messrs. Spooner, Foster and Sullivan, present.

The incompetent Hinman was left with Easton in command, and Schuyler a month later reported nothing done; no defense, no discipline. He himself (he wrote to Washington on July 18th) found all the country asleep and "could have cut off the guard with a pen-knife, taken the pickets and then set fire to the block-house!" I proceeded to Albany and reported (July 11th) the condition of affairs to Congress, and the disbandment of my regiment, "The enemy at St. Johns on the other hand are indefatigable at fortifying, and are building a vessel." Thus I foresaw the Lake campaign of the following year.

I wrote to my sister Hannah to take care of my three little boys, then all under ten years old, and that my duty lay at Boston; and reported at once at Cambridge. My sister Hannah wrote me that my wife's end had been painless; and congratulated me on my late success and on my Christian-like resignation to the will of God. What touched me more even was her saying that the men who had been under my care from Boston to Ticonderoga had returned and gave me—I quote her words—"the praises of a very humane, tender officer."

During this time at camp I had been busy with preparations and discipline whereby others might well have profited, but our work was so well done

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that more than a year elapsed before a British soldier dared show himself in the valley of the Hudson or the Lake Champlain. I had kept the garrison employed getting timber and ore, making cartridges and rigging the vessels. I had bought sheep, cattle and oxen for the use of the army, and requisitioned Albany for 20 seamen, 2 armorers and 2 gunners; and sent all the ordnance captured to our main army.

This is the end of my Diary, and was the end of the expedition to the Lake Champlain. For I returned from Albany to Cambridge and nothing more was done that year.

The cannon I captured at Crown Point were removed by the skill of good Harry Knox, formerly a bookseller, but the best artillerist the rebels had in the Revolution, from Crown Point to Cambridge in the nick of time. They were loaded on forty-two strong sleds and dragged slowly across through the green woods by eighty yoke of oxen from Fort George to Kinderhook and then to Great Barrington and Springfield. Thus the cannon I captured at Crown Point did service at the siege of Boston. They were placed on Prospect Hill and the nearest one on the Charles River at a low point at Cambridge, so that the west of the town became untenable to the British soldiers.

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CHAPTER VIII

MY PLANS FOR CANADA

WHATEVER my sister Hannah's lack of physical attractions, she was a good business woman. General Wooster, a Martinet, had been angered with me ever since I took the stores at New Haven without his red tape attachment, and it was probably due to his intrigue that I was not awarded recognition by my own State; but through Silas Deane, Hannah procured a settlement of $800.19, due me for my expenses and disbursements in the taking of Crown Point and at Ticonderoga. Deane wrote "I shall ever consider the opportunity I have had of serving your grand brother, among the most happy incidents of my life and his friendship and confidence as a particular honor"; and Deane was one of the few who did not turn on me after 1780; he is my friend in England to-day.*

All this Hannah wrote to me, and it was very pleasant; and then, at my instructions, she replied to Mr. Deane, giving her thanks and mine, and asking him to obtain for her liberty to ship a cargo of lumber to

* As early as 1781 he was of my opinion and wrote to Col. Duer and Robert Morris of the folly of continuing the war and doubting the prosperity, nay the happiness of your Majesty's subjects under a democracy founded by French mercenaries—although he himself, in 1776, was in favor of replacing Washington and offering the generalcy-in-chief to that bantam-cock the Duke de Broglie. Indeed De Kalb actually came over for that purpose, but had the sense to write back to de Broglie that the proposition was impracticable, for Washington did "every day more than could be expected from any general in the world in the same circumstances by his natural and acquired capacity,

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the West Indies.* Some have condemned my thus combining business with patriotism—but how could I serve my country without the wherewithal? The money derived from these same shipments, and more, was devoted by me to the purchase of supplies for the Quebec expedition.

Under these circumstances I returned to Cambridge. My wife was dead and buried. My children were in safe hands. I could best bury my grief in my country's troubles. Moreover, my mind was full of a great invention, greater than the taking of Crown Point and Ticonderoga (although that had protected the Hudson and made Bunker Hill possible) a strategy indeed complementary thereto, namely the invasion of Canada and the winning of its French inhabitants from their unnatural alliance with the Protestant English. Much of my time and thought had been devoted to this during the past three months. Profiting by my experience in the other affair, where I had prematurely talked at Hartford and thereby given to others the credit, I made a confidant of no one until I had a General in Chief. I had not then met him, but I believed him to be a gentleman and a man of honor. Moreover, I took precaution to embalm the business in communications addressed to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. At my suggestion

his bravery, good sense, uprightness and honesty." Poor Deane, having got all the ships and supplies from France at the critical time, was charged by Congress with peculation—that band of hungry attorneys who would pawn the dirty linen of their souls for a guinea a day could not conceive how a gentleman used to thousands could handle a guinea without taking it—all investigation denied—and he died miserably on the Boston packet in 1789. I called on the poor wretch once or twice in London in 1783; but after that he changed his lodgings and I lost sight of him.

* *American Archives*, p. 1775.—Ed.

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they prepared an address to the French of Canada, seeking to wean them from the political and Protestant persecution they might expect from the Scotch ministers of German George.*

This appeal was in some respects badly drawn up. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was partly responsible for it, was a man of ability, but his best friends never would have claimed that he was a gentleman; and tact and good manners were especially needful with the proud seigneurs in Canada, who were descendants of the *noblesse*, better bred, if less educated, than our colonists. Moreover, under the King's wise guidance, a counter proclamation had been published commanding religious liberty and protection to the Roman Catholic Church.

These were the circumstances when I rode again into Cambridge, still at the head of my proudly uniformed and well drilled little party of mounted troops, presenting thus a happy contrast to the ragamuffin motley there. Their drill and discipline was at once recognized by Washington, to whom as General in Chief, I immediately proceeded to pay my respects, and a very brief interview with Dr. Warren sufficed for complete vindication, nay commendation, at the hands of the Legislature of Massachusetts. My bills were promptly audited and duly paid.

On the 3rd of July, Washington assumed the command of the American Army under an elm tree near

* So alas, I felt at the time of the generous monarch, who happily is still my King! Or so I affected to feel. All is fair in love and war. As a matter of fact, I was a General then, and nothing else. The capture of the great fortress of Quebec and the control of the St. Lawrence, would have ended the last vestige of English control on the mainland of America—save indeed Manhattan Island, which never was truly part of America. Dutch in ancestry, its Gods were commerce, and it cared only for the dollars.

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the College corner. Many of the troops were quartered in the halls of the Colleges, but the officers generally in the houses of the gentry. The Marquis of Wellesley once said to me—"Establishing a seminary in New England at so early a period of time hastened your revolution half a century." But a hundred years before that, it was said by the Commissioners of Charles the Second, in I believe 1666,—"It may be feared this collidg may afford as many scismaticks to the Church, and the Corporation as many rebells to the King, as formerly they have done if not timely prevented." And in 1707, under William and Mary, the Acts of the Province for enlarging the privileges of Harvard College by allowing a clause in the charter for its visitation by the king or his governor, were disallowed in the Council owing to the opposition of Sir Henry Ashurst.

The students had mostly enlisted, save those who were Tories, and we occupied the college buildings as barracks. (The students actually in college had been furnished with arms by the Colony, and were drilling —but as it was found they made rather a toy of the same, were on the 18th of May ordered to restore them.) Many of the troops preferred their own tents or even little huts of boards. The Rhode Islanders were the best equipped, that State or Colony always providing its soldiers with every comfort; while the Maryland troops were the greatest fops in dress. Two thousand troops were sheltered in the five college buildings that year, Harvard Hall holding six hundred and forty, Stoughton two hundred and sixty, while Massachusetts was used as a place of general meeting.

As early as 1768 the seniors of Harvard College unanimously agreed to take their degrees at Com-

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mencement dressed only in the black cloth of their native country; and the earliest works made by the Americans in the war were thrown up on the College Green in 1775, extending from the yard to the river. The Common in Cambridge was the grand parade of the army. Here every morning were formed the guards for the various positions. Lechmere's Point, Cobble Hill, White House, North, South and Middle Redoubts, Lechmere's Point *tête du pont*, and the main guards for Winter Hill, Prospect Hill and Cambridge. There were already more than eight thousand recruits in Cambridge, but no cavalry and little artillery. Each regiment had a different uniform, some homespun, some of fine red cloth; but red was prohibited by Washington as a color soon after. (To anticipate: Paul Jones captured in November, 1776 ten thousand complete sets of uniforms intended for Burgoyne's troops in Canada—rather a pity he captured them, because otherwise we might have gotten them ourselves,—the American Tories who joined the British soldiers were clothed in green, and we called them the Green Soldiers; Washington first appeared in Cambridge in a uniform of buff and blue; and gave orders early in July that every General should wear a sash diagonally across his breast, in order to distinguish him,—he as Commander in Chief a light blue ribbon, and the Majors and Brigadier Generals a pink one, their Aides-de-Camp green. The college boys wore anything they could get.)

I had every reason to suppose that I was second in command, and I selected a large and beautiful mansion opposite the College Yard, which belonged to a Tory named Vassall, who at the outbreak of the trouble had fled the country. But the same day

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appeared old Wooster—the superannuated survivor of Braddock's retreat—whose stores I had taken to take Ticonderoga—bringing a letter from Roger Sherman, the shoemaker statesman, stating that at his recommendation the Congress had named him Brigadier! So my enemy was placed above me by a tradesman and townsman exactly qualified to lace my shoes. I at once sought an escape. Now at the Vassall mansion I kept open house and received generously the General and commissioned officers; also one Daniel Morgan, who came at the head of a troop of riders from Virginia, equipped in buckskin and with coon-tail caps. They looked to me more workmanlike than any other Company in the so-called army. Also one or two young gentleman volunteers, notably this Mr. Aaron Burr, then seventeen years old, who had run away from Princeton College and came there with a companion, Matthew Ogden, a little older than he, half preceptor and half a participator in his pleasures, both bearing a letter for Washington from John Hancock highly commending their liveliness! Young Burr had the courage to speak openly and complain bitterly of the policing of the camp, the dirt and disease, and (this from him!) of the camp women. (Indeed I must confess the Yankee people, as represented in their soldiers, were not cleanly in their habits. So delicate a lady as the Baroness Riedesel complained of the vermin which covered them, and their lack of manners; and the Southern officers were much struck with this. And the officers—social equals who even ate with their men—were fearful of enforcing a rigid discipline lest the men go home!) The fact is, my English readers must remember, that they were but provincial peasantry; yet independent and impatient

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of discipline. There had been no time to uniform them; and they could not be bathed weekly, under general orders, as might be done with those who were used to the discipline of slave-holding countries. There were practically no slaves in Massachusetts, except a few body servants in the household (a fact which may not be known to your Majesty).

The reader will remember that—save my Massachusetts colonelcy—I had as yet no recognized rank. I therefore had at this time no military duties; and after the evening's duty to my guests, or in the morning when Wooster, Putnam and the rest were sleeping it off, I ransacked the Vassall library, and there I found the journal of one Montresor giving account of a through water-way from Quebec to Boston, with accurate distances and plans. I knew Quebec; I knew the woods; I was a "voyageur" in the rapids. Washington was already corresponding with Schuyler about a movement on Montreal overland, from Ticonderoga to St. Johns and Chambly. I dreamed of another Hannibal's attack, overland, on the enemy's supposed safe side—I proposed to Washington to secretly lead an army through the wilderness of Maine and down the boiling Chaudière to the very walls of the citadel!

Now the rebel colonies geographically were composed of two hilly districts of vast area, divided by a great level water-way, navigable in the most part for ships of war, and reaching from your Majesty's possessions on the north to the high seas (which are ever your Majesty's possession) on the south. New England, comprising three colonies and the turbulent district of the Green Mountains, was the most densely populated of the colonies, with a people proud and

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stiff-necked, if uncouth and rude, and was the cradle of the rebellion. Its capital, Boston, was soon recovered from the regulars and never menaced again. Indeed, there was no permanent possession of any part of New England soil by the English, after their enforced evacuation of Boston.

The other disaffected area, vaster in extent and far more thinly populated, was made up by the southern colonies. Indeed, it is not too much to say that had it not been for Virginia and Massachusetts, there had been no rebellion—certainly no successful revolution.

Between the two lay the rich and highly cultivated Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Here were the sinews of war. Hence were drawn many of the generals and most of the financiers who aided in establishing the independence of the colonies; but here also was a vigorous loyal opposition, hardly perhaps in the minority. Had proper overtures been extended to these at the outbreak; had your Majesty established a sort of colonial capital in the great city of Philadelphia, social as well as political (which indeed I myself afterward endeavored, but too late, to do) the history of America might have been changed. But the Continental Congress itself sat in the city of Philadelphia and their leading citizen, Dr. Franklin, made successful advances to the French King, England's eternal enemy.

Now these two great areas were separated, as I have said, by the great valley of the Hudson, cut, by some convulsion of nature, from the sea level at New York Bay, almost to the lake waters of Lake George, which practically communicated with tide water on the St. Lawrence River. Could this great

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water-way have been captured and retained, New England might have been isolated. On the other hand, if the colonists could capture Canada, they made such control forever impossible, besides holding the one impregnable fortress in America (with the possible exception of West Point) Quebec.

Pondering on these things during my enforced leisure at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, I had sent messengers, Indians, through the Indians of Canada, for Indians made excellent spies;—one to Montreal and Caughnawagha, to ascertain the attitude of the Canadians and of the Montreal Indians, and the force of General Carleton; one up the valley of the Mohawk, among the Indians of the Long House, who ever remained loyal to your Majesty. I had also sent letters and messengers to the citizens of Montreal and Quebec, with whom I had had mercantile relations; and in mid June I wrote to the Continental Congress communicating all the facts I had collected, and expressing a conviction that the whole of Canada might be taken with 2000 men. I had expressed my readiness to lead such an expedition.

Washington, it seems, had approved of this scheme, and when I arrived in Cambridge, I immediately took up the affair. But Congress had appointed (before a battle) all their generals—Ward and Schuyler, Lee and Putnam, major-generals—of the last two one a traitor the other a farmer—Montgomery, Sullivan, Greene, Heath, Pomeroy, Thomas and Wooster brigadiers—here, save the last, they did surprisingly well! Naturally I could not serve under them. Yet "the issue of the struggle," as Washington said to me, "would turn upon the conquest of Canada." So we agreed that General Schuyler should mobilize 1500

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men at Albany,—for in him I was willing to trust. But this, being the obvious path of invasion, was not the best, and was now blocked by the great fortress on the Sorel or Chambly River, upon which Allen had already made two unsuccessful attempts, the latter ending in his captivity, while I had taken St. Johns only for him to lose it again. This was the broad highway to Canada; but the element of surprise was lacking. Moreover, I have ever found that mere daring inspires dread among those who are incapable of it; and nothing so unnerves a common British brigadier, as an attack that is not according to the rules of war. This, therefore, I proposed:

Far to the eastward of the Hudson and Lake Champlain lay a great unpeopled district, full of rivers and swamps and traversed by mountains, populated to the south by hardy settlers from Massachusetts, and to the north by Canadian "habitants," not speaking English, ignorant, illiterate and not even yet aware that there was a war. My plan was to attack Quebec, not Montreal, and to appear suddenly from this wilderness on the heights of Levi. Even here there were three possible routes—one by Great River, Salmon River and the St. Francis, now the boundary between the revolted colonies and your Majesty's possessions; one by the St. Johns and the Madawaska to Kamowraska one hundred miles below Quebec; here, it seems, there was some apprehension, for the regulars had outposts. The third and much the shortest, was by way of the Kennebec and the Chaudière. This I urged upon Washington and wrote to Congress a letter describing the route in great detail,—from the mouth of the Kennebec to Quebec, only 210 miles, of which 38 miles was navigable for sloops in the river,

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22 more for flat boats, then by canoes (for marching through the tangled wilderness on a spongy floor of moss interlaced with brambles and full of quaking quagmires, was not to be thought of) with carries over falls and across lakes to the great Megantic Pond, just across the divide at the head of the River Chaudière. A large part of this, possibly twenty miles (and it turned out to be fifty), was in still water —the Dead River; but much of it was quick.

Matters were at this juncture when under my secret instructions, a mission appeared from the Indians of Maine. For months they had been carefully conciliated by my agents; and now Paul Higgins, so-called White Chief of the Norridwocks, with his whole tribe of fighting men, walked all the way to Cambridge to offer Washington their services. They brought late news from Quebec. The citadel was said to be in decay, with only fifty regulars left, and the garrison could only rely on one hundred and thirty loyal townsmen to support them in case of siege.

Here was my first mistake. To convince the Commander in Chief of the feasibility of this plan, I thought it necessary to write to the Adjutant-General, Horatio Gates,—the very man who turned out to be my persistent enemy, robbed me of my glory, and did what he could to deprive me of honor also. August 25th, this Gates wrote to me at headquarters (I was then in Watertown near Cambridge) saying that he had laid my plan before Washington, who talked with him about it, and signing himself "Your affectionate and humble servant, Horatio Gates, Adjutant General." I suppose it was necessary for me to forward communications through the Adjutant-General, but would to God I had never seen the man. However,

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Washington at once chose me as the Commander of the expedition, of equal dignity with Schuyler, and Congress formally confirmed (thank them for nothing!) the Colonel's commission I had already received from the Massachusetts Congress.

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CHAPTER IX

WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND

GEORGE WASHINGTON was appointed Commander in Chief of the Continental Army, and took command on Cambridge Common at noon on the 3rd of July. He was tall, very young looking, and of an easy soldierlike air and gesture; he did not appear his age, then forty-three, eight years my senior. He spoke modestly, but with a determined accent. On the 15th of July the army mustered in Cambridge heard President Langdon of Harvard College read the declaration of The Continental Congress for the taking up arms.

General Artemus Ward, of Shrewsbury, Mass., was at that time in command of the Continental Army. He had not thought it advisable to be present at the battle of Bunker Hill, however, which bloody fight was fought by the companies in their shirt-sleeves without a general officer; and when he had to hand his command over to Washington, he did it with an ill grace and soon resigned. He assigned as a reason some posterior ailment which prevented his sitting on a horse. Possibly it was this which suggested the large insult he had a chance years later to inflict on his great Commander in Chief, for Washington had spoken to many others doubtless as he did to me of the contempt he felt for the fat-breeched General Ward, his conduct during the siege and the manner and method of his resignation. In 1798, when Wash-

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ington visited Boston, he did not await Washington's arrival, but promptly left for his farm at Shrewsbury, so that as a matter of fact I never saw him. But others have told me that Ward, hearing of these remarks, before this had taken the trouble to go to see the Commander in Chief when he was in New York, and asked him if it was true that he had said things of that sort concerning him; Washington, then President, replied that he did not know (though he doubtless remembered well enough, for even I did twenty years later) but said he kept copies of all his letters and would look,—in the hope that Ward would not press the question. But in the next session of Congress, of which Ward was a member, he again called on the President, with a friend; whereupon Washington had to tell him that he had written as alleged and was of the same opinion still. Washington fully expected a challenge, though he was already President of the United States; but Ward's reply was to say, "Sir, you are no gentleman," to turn on his heel and quit the room, as he had before quit in Cambridge. He had however one more opportunity to get even with his great Commander in Chief, as I say, when Washington, as President of the United States, made his almost royal progress through Massachusetts on his way to Boston. The exact facts, kept secret for very shame, are as follows: The high road between New York and Boston passed through the village of Shrewsbury. As Washington with his suite, accompanied by guards and by cavalry, and the high officials of the commonwealth, with the head of the procession came in front of a house on the road belonging to General Ward, they noticed that it was not dressed with flags and bunting as were all the other houses in the village.

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They further noted that the window above the front door was wide open and they further noted the posterior of what was evidently a large and prominent gentleman projecting from the window over the veranda. This was the method of reception and the mode of revenge that this finely dressed gentleman from Massachusetts took upon the great Virginian.

I hardly felt like calling on Washington the night of my appointment, but did wait upon him before breakfast the following morning. I was invited to dinner on the following day, at half past two o'clock. Here I met for the first time Benjamin Franklin; and the others were Lynch of Carolina and Harrison of Virginia, who were discussing the new establishment of the Continental Army. Washington had a French cook and black servants. We dined at two, having an extensive dinner consisting of eight or ten large dishes of meat and pastry with vegetables, followed by a second course of pastry. There was plenty of wine, and then a great deal of madeira; and he used to end up with tea, for we sat long at table and it was five o'clock before we left. He was particularly pleased with the appearance of my troops, for he laid great stress upon cleanliness in the soldier, and he requested that particular attention be paid to the choice of such as were neat and spruce.

Major Moncrieff of the British army, of whose daughter I shall have more to say later, was there attending to the exchange of the prisoners made at the battle of Lexington; for up to Bunker Hill both parties looked upon the Lexington fight as a mere collision of persons of the same sovereignty, as it was not supposed yet that there would be a permanent war, and the exchange

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of prisoners was carelessly conducted, the principals being more concerned in adjourning for a good time at Mr. Faulkner's tavern, where Dr. Warren and "old Putt" kept it up with Major Moncrieff well into the night. Washington did not take command as of a national army until the 3rd of July, as I said; and there is a curious coincidence in dates here: In cases of homicide, the law deems it a murder only when the person dies within a year and a day of the wound. Just one year and a day after Washington took command, the Declaration of Independence of the colonies was made.

Putnam was only a tavern keeper and his customary serving costume was a waistcoat without sleeves; so he appeared somewhat out of place at a dinner party. His quarters were in the Moreland House on Main Street, which curiously enough had for its next tenant John Burgoyne, Esq., Lieutenant General of His Majesty's armies in America, Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Light Dragoons, Governor of Fort William in North Britain, one of the representatives of the Commons in Great Britain, and commanding an army and fleet on an expedition from Canada. This was the way that gentleman described himself, a Gascon indeed. He is far better described by Robert Burns:

"Burgoyne gave up like spur and whip, till Fraser brave did fall there,
Then lost his way, a misty day, in Saratoga shore there."

To show that neither Washington nor I lost any time, in spite of the intermediating of this Gates, it is sufficient to quote from his Orderly's Book of date the very next day.

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Head-quarters, Sept. 5th, 1775. Parole Waltham; counter sign York . . . . . A detachment, consisting of two lieutenant colonels, two majors, 10 captains, 30 subalterns, 30 sergeants, 30 corporals, 4 drummers, 2 fifers & 676 privates, to parade to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock upon the Common in Cambridge, to go upon command with Colonel Arnold of Connecticut. One company of Virginia riflemen & two companies from Colonel Thompson's Pennsylvania regiment of riflemen to parade at the same time & place, to join the above detachment. Tents & Necessaries convenient & proper for the whole will be supplied by the Quartermaster-General immediately upon the detachment being collected. As it is imagined the officers & men sent from the regiments, both here & at Roxbury, will be such volunteers as are active woodsmen & well acquainted with bateaux, so it is recommended that none but such will offer themselves for this service. Colonel Arnold & the Adjutant General will attend upon the Common in Cambridge tomorrow, in the forenoon, to receive and parade their detachments. The Quarter-Master-General will be also there, to supply tents, &c. . . .

There was a great passion for this expedition on the part of nearly all the Minute Men and quite all the men from the south when they heard that I was to take command. The question was, whom to take with us; and it was decided to be necessary to select the Companies by lot. This was, of course, a fearful mistake, but was necessary to avoid jealousy and ill-feeling. The army gathered under Washington's command already numbered eighteen thousand men, mainly comprised of New England volunteers. And these for the most part were precisely the gentry I did not want. What use to me was a periwig-maker from Providence, or a cattle-fair militia colonel from Vermont? Morgan with his coon-tailed caps and leather jerkins and long rifles from the mountains of Virginia, I wanted; "curséd, twisted guns, the most fatal widow and orphan makers in the world"; and "shirt-tail

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men" the British came to call them. I managed in some way that Morgan drew the long straw; but for the most part I had to leave it to chance; and fate would have it that one battalion was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Roger Enos of Vermont. This man professed to having seen service in the British Army,—the last thing I wished, as no regular officer would have hazarded a league of our extraordinary journey—moreover, I have never been convinced that there was not malice in it, arising from my recent dispute with the Green Mountain Boys. Morgan himself had been a wagoner in Braddock's army in 1755, and for knocking down a British Lieutenant, he received five hundred lashes without flinching. He was with me at Quebec and he was with me at Saratoga; where I got Washington as a personal favor to send his company to the assistance of Gates, to counteract the fear inspired by Burgoyne's Indian allies,—for not an Indian could be brought within sound of a Morgan rifle shot.

However, I had to take Enos, and with him one Major Return Jonathan Meigs, a tradesman soldier, who, however, was not so bad; while the other battalion was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Cristopher Greene, who was first rate, and his Major, Timothy Bigelow of Massachusetts. But Dan Morgan was the man on whom I relied, with his Company from Virginia, and two others, mountaineers and frontiersmen from Pennsylvania. Morgan had marched his Company six hundred miles from Winchester in the valley of the Shenandoah to Cambridge in three weeks, without losing one man from sickness or desertion. These men were trained to fight the Indians and had a contempt for the British red-coat. As to marksmanship,—loading and firing on the run, they would

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pierce a seven inch target at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards! But they had no taste for camp life, and were already wearying of Cambridge, despite the swarms of loose women that already infested that camp.

I had one thousand and fifty men in all, of whom two hundred were Scotch-Irish, the best fighters in the world. The officers, with the exception of Enos, were all under forty. I myself was in my thirty-second year.* Morgan was thirty-eight, more than six feet high and two hundred pounds' weight. He had been a teamster in Braddock's army, and a contemptuous witness of his rout. He wore fringed leggings and a cloth, but most of them wore buckskin coats, and not much of anything below. The principal and exceeding difference among them was in discipline, dialect and dress! But each man of the three companies bore a rifle-barrelled gun, a tomahawk or small axe, and a long knife (called scalping) served all purposes in the woods. The underdress, by no means in military style, was a gray hunting shirt or one of coarse linen, which the Canadians who first saw us called "toile"; this word was passed on to Quebec as *tôle* (stove pipe) and the word went that a horde had burst on them from the forest, all clothed in armor! I had some trouble with Morgan, because he refused to serve under the New England officers or recognize any command but mine, on the ground that the rifle companies were raised by an express order of the continental congress, and were hence National troops, not provincial militia; and I had to get Washington (Oct. 4) to write him a letter to straighten this out—though I could not much blame him.

There were others I should mention—Smith, well-

* Here Arnold underestimated his age. He was then thirty-four.

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known by the so-called massacres at Conestoga and Lancaster Jail; Thayer, the man of the periwigs, had yet been already a member of Rogers' Rangers, and barely escaped from the massacre at Fort William Henry; Captain Dearborn, and Christian Febiger, a young Danish emigrant, with a military education; my secretary Oswald; Samuel Spring of Newport, who was chaplain, and last of all, a youth who has since become famous—Aaron Burr—who (as I did not then know) had been Spring's "chum" at Princeton.

As before stated, this young gentleman had introduced himself to me; and adopted me as a kind of father. He was engaging and vivacious in manner, and flattered me, I presume with his gentle breeding. Moreover he had a letter from one T. Bellamy, a rather high young attorney I had slightly known at Norwich. He knew no one in Cambridge and his so-called tutor, Ogden, was little older than himself. His one desire seemed to be to get away from parental discipline and the narrower walls of Princeton College. In fact, like myself, he had a mania for running away—he had run from Dr. Shippen at Philadelphia at the age of four (this the good Doctor later told me); he had run from his uncle Edwards (no wonder) at the age of ten and signed as cabin-boy in an outward bound vessel, and when his uncle came aboard to reclaim him, had sought refuge on the to'gallant mast, whence he had refused to descend but on terms; and he was already a libertine and associated in his amours with one William Paterson, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States!

> "They are amorous and fond of billing,
> Like Phil and Mary, in a shilling.—"

as Paterson himself wrote to Burr in Cambridge.

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When Paul Higgins, the white chief of the Norridgewocks, had been presented to me by Washington the day before, I had noticed among the women of his tribe, of whom there were several that had marched with them to Cambridge to carry the baggage of the braves, one slender maiden not burdened with such duties. Indeed, it was easy to see that she was of mixed blood, doubtless the daughter of the chief. Her slender figure like a willow wand and her flashing eyes marked her in sharp contrast to the other squaws, or for matter of that to the somewhat blowzy beauties of the Yankee town; and I noticed with amusement that Burr was not insensible to her attractions. Not only this, but I came upon him walking under the elms that evening with the maid aforesaid. Indian courtship is rapid, like the course of a rifle bullet, and as true. I was by no means adverse to having this affair go on; not only that I had the natural sympathy we all feel for young lovers, but that I well knew that an Indian bride would be truer to her husband than to her tribe, or to her cause, and while I had no reason to doubt the loyalty of the Norridgewocks, it was just as well to have this trivial means of piercing the curtains of their council chamber. When young Burr volunteered with the others, therefore, I to his great delight accepted him—yet he too turned upon me like the asp, as he later did on Washington himself.

On the 6th of September, orders were given to draft or select men for Quebec, and on the 8th Washington issued the following order:—

The detachments going under the command of Col. Arnold, to be forthwith taken off the roll of duty, and to march this evening to Cambridge Common, where tents and everything necessary is provided for their reception. The rifle company at Roxbury

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and those from Prospect Hill, to march early tomorrow morning to join the above detachment. Such officers and men as are taken from Gen. Green's brigade for the above detachment are to attend the muster of their respective regiments tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock upon Prospect Hill; when the muster is finished they are forthwith to rejoin the detachment at Cambridge.

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CHAPTER X

OUR VOYAGE TO THE KENNEBEC

It was, however, not until the 11th of September (Monday) that the men were paraded; and even then some of them refused to move without a month's pay, despite the eagerness they had professed for the expedition. However, we made short work of this; and by Wednesday, they had nearly all started. I always like to make the acquaintance of my subalterns; so, leaving Cambridge with the First Division, I rode with each Captain in turn, the first being Meigs, "Return Jonathan." I could not help asking him as to this extraordinary name, and he told me that his father had courted a fair quakeress who had steadily rejected his suit, and after laying siege for nearly the whole summer, he had taken his departure from Salem, expecting never to return; but as he rode down to the gate she sweetly called after him, "return, Jonathan!"—which accordingly he did. He told me that he was born at Middletown in Connecticut and had marched a company of infantry to Boston after the Battle of Lexington, when he was made Major.

My private secretary, Oswald, I had brought with me from New Haven. He was ever faithful to me and a splendid soldier.* I am proud to say that Oswald led a regiment of artillery in the French war

* This Oswald, so highly praised, wrote Lamb after the treason, "He, Arnold, is as base a prostitute as this or any other country ever nurtured to maturity."—Ed.

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for freedom, twenty years later, and the military skill he had acquired with me helped him to win the Battle of Jemappes. I had also with me the chaplain, Sam Spring. He later became the founder of the great American Society for Foreign Missions. The Indians marched with us, and I noticed that young Burr was more often with them than with the regiment to which he was attached.

I suppose to the regulars we might have seemed a motley crew. None were there to witness; for they were safely shut up in the hospitable town of Boston, not even now occupying the heights of Bunker Hill, nor of course Cambridge, where Washington, on the point of marsh-land nearest the western point of Beacon Hill, had a small earthwork commanding the town; which being friendly, was of course never bombarded. Had any of the British been there to see, they would have noticed a difference among us, not only in arms and dress, but in discipline and dialect. My battalion was the best equipped and best drilled. They had been mounted; but to put them on an equality with all others, as ours was to be a marine expedition, I had caused the horses to be given to the General in Chief. The musketeers wore the uniform of whatever continental regiment they had been detached from. The riflemen wore a tomahawk, knife, hunting shirt and leather leggings and moccasins.

The weather was hot and sultry, and after riding as far with them as Medford on the Mystic, I returned hastily to Cambridge until the morning of Friday the 15th. I was anxious to have the latest despatches from Schuyler, who had written Washington that Montgomery was to leave Crown Point August 31st. On the next day I rode to Newburyport, stopping

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only at Salem for dinner, where I arranged for the forwarding of 200 pounds of ginger and 270 blankets. I found the men quartered, some in the Presbyterian meeting house, some in the rope walks, some at Davenport's Inn; and the riflemen spread their tents in a field. Mr. Nathaniel Tracy and Mr. Tristram Dalton entertained the officers. I learned that they had received an ovation upon their arrival, and the patriotic citizens of old Newburyport were lavish in their hospitality.

Nathaniel Tracy was an old friend of mine. He was generous and patriotic and a good entertainer. When in 1782 Monsieur de Chastellux and his aides, among them the great Montesquieu and Talleyrand, came to stay with him, he gave them madeira and sherry and home-brewed punch. The latter, unwonted to the guests and always at hand in a large punch-bowl, proved too much for Montesquieu and Talleyrand who, although Bishop of Autun, succumbed; and both were carried drunk to bed. Tracy's servants, it is said, were in the habit of drinking choice wines from large pitchers. He carried on a great shipping business, which developed into privateering under the name of Tracy, Jackson & Tracy; and Martin Brimmer, the suitor of my Miss DeB—— was their agent in Boston. Tracy fitted out the first private armed vessel that sailed from an American port, and during the duration of the war owned more than two score of private cruisers. At the end of 1777, he told me that he and his brother had lost 41 ships, and that he had not a ray of hope or fortune left but in a single letter of marque of eight guns of which he had received no news. As he was walking one day with his brother discussing how they should do to avoid failure and

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procure means of subsistence for their families, they perceived a sail making for the harbor, which proved to be a prize taken by this last little letter of marque, and it sold for twenty thousand pounds sterling; so that in 1781 he was able to lend the State of Massachusetts five thousand pounds without security.

I had already sent men to the mouth of the Kennebec, to start at once the building of the 200 batows that were necessary to thread the waterways of the wilderness; and Mr. Tracy, already a large shipowner, had at Washington's request prepared the transports, ten or eleven in number, hardly more however than ordinary coasters or fishing boats. On Saturday, the winds being contrary, I sent off three scouting vessels by the Isle of Shoals with instructions to spy for British cruisers. Sunday there were head winds and thick weather, so I had the men go to church and held a dress review in the afternoon. I took advantage of the sermon to open the letter of instructions handed to me by Washington at the last moment,—which had seemed hardly necessary, as we had had plenty of conversation,—but it contained detailed orders outlining my duty—with unnecessary detail—and a large supply of printed hand bills addressed to the people of Canada, both in French and in English.* His personal letter was dated at Cambridge, September

* This address "To the inhabitants of Canada by His Excellency, G. Washington, Esq., Commander in Chief of the army of the United Colonies of North America" was couched in somewhat grandiloquent terms and besides the sentiments indicated in the text, reminded the habitants "that gratifying the vanity of a little circle of nobility would not blind the eyes of the people of Canada." He urged them to "join in an indissoluble union" and gave the highest possible authority, a sort of general letter of credit, to me, promising that the colonies would pay for all that I required or took, and urging them not to fly, but rather to join me or place themselves under my protection.

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14th, and warned me that on the success of my enterprise not only my own honor but the safety and welfare of the whole continent might depend. He adjured us to consider ourselves as marching not through an enemy's country, and to check all attempts at plunder or insult to the inhabitants of Canada, authorizing me to inflict punishment even to death itself,—which by the way I very soon came near having to do,—and so he remained "My most obedient, humble servant." He also urged me to look after the son of the great Lord Chatham, who was known to be at that time travelling in Canada. "You cannot err," he said, "in paying too much honor to the son of so illustrious a character and so true a friend of America." As a matter of fact, however, I never had the good fortune to meet the young gentleman, at least not at that time nor in that country.

So on Tuesday the 18th, the scouting boats having returned and reported the coast clear, about ten o'clock the ships weighed anchor; and with colors flying, drums and fifes playing, we sailed; "the hills all around being covered with pretty girls weeping for their departing swains,"—so says the historian; but I did not see them,—and as a matter of fact found many of these swains neither ready nor willing, at the last moment, to embark, even to the point of being compelled at the flat of my sword. I, myself, on the flag ship, the *Commodore;* then followed the four schooners and four sloops, one of which ran into a reef just outside the harbor and had to be relieved of her burden before she could be got off. This delayed us until two in the afternoon. We ran along shore until midnight and then in response to a signal, hove to near Wood Island. The night was rough, and I suppose

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never so many brave men were all sea-sick at once. So we proceeded to Parker's Flats, near Georgetown, where we were met by armed men, and saw some pretense at a fort; also by the Georgetown minister, one Emerson, who came aboard and prayed steadily for one hour and three-quarters. Meantime three of our vessels had gone astray during the storm and I was anxiously in search of a pilot, not a sky pilot. He was soon provided. We were also joined by twenty recruits under McCobb, who had fought behind a rail fence at Bunker Hill and was a delegate to the Provincial Congress. It was not necessary, nor indeed possible, to keep in close order up the river. Meigs, "Return Jonathan," got up as far as Pownalboro, and Stocking as far as nearly to Fort Western, the end of our sea voyage. I got my own vessel under way before dawn next day, and opposite Bath the two missing vessels appeared from the Sheepscot River. We sailed on through Merrymeeting Bay by Swan Island to Gardinerstown. Here on the left we saw the remains of Fort Richmond; on the right was Pownalboro with its court house and jail and a block house for defense against the Indians.* Here we found that 200 of the batows were nearly completed, very creditable haste, but I fear more creditable than wise, for the wood was so little seasoned that they warped and split and gave us endless trouble all through the journey. All the country to the west of the river belonged to one "Dr." Sylvester Gardiner, who had made money as a druggist in Boston, and being a strong loyalist had acquired not less than 100,000 acres on the Kennebec River, hence the name of Gardinerstown. But although we anchored below

* This block house is still standing, 1913.—Ed.

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his mansion, he was careful to have no communication with us, and I accordingly stopped with Major Reuben Colburn on the east side of the river, two miles below Gardinerstown. It was this gentleman to whom I had written about the trip and about the building of the bateaux. I had urged him to get me information about the carrying places and the depth of water. Each batow was to have four oars, two paddles and two setting poles, and under Washington's express orders he had further engaged a company of twenty men consisting of artificers, carpenters and guides, had purchased 500 bushels of Indian corn and acquired a store of pork and flour, besides 60 barrels of salted beef. He was paid 40 shillings for each batow with its oars, etc., included; certainly cheap enough. I found however that although the ribs of the boats were of oak, the sides and bottoms were of green pine, heavy but thin and weak, and as several of them were under the standard size, I ordered twenty more to be ready in seven days. But we had not used them four days before they began to go to pieces, and Capt. Morison swore that if he could reach the fellows who constructed them, he would take his vengeance for the crazy things.

During this necessary delay, I permitted the men to be distracted by festivities. Hunting was permitted and they held a great barbecue. It appears that Jacataqua, the halfbreed Indian girl already mentioned, had been on several hunting trips with young Burr in one of which they had killed three bears. These were roasted whole in frontier style, and the neighbors contributed corn, potatoes and melons from their gardens, smoked salmon from their store houses and pumpkin pies from their kitchens.

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The notables, Gardiner of Cobosseecontee, Major Colburn, Mr. Oakman of Gardinerstown, Judge Bowman and Colonel Cushing, Captain Goodrich and Squire Briggs of Pownalboro, were invited. All, with the exception of Gardiner, came with their wives. The soldiers were marched up to the loaded tables to the sound of fife and drum, and Dr. Senter and Dr. Dearborn, being surgeons, were drafted to carve the bears. Many toasts were drunk in rum punch, and at the end the pretty little Indian French girl Jacataqua gave us one of her native dances.

But here also at Fort Western occurred the first tragedy. One James McCormick of Capt. Goodrich's company, having a quarrel with his Sergeant, Reuben Bishop, on parade, entered his tent by night and discharged his musket into his breast. I was called upon, but too late for more than to order a court martial, under which McCormick was condemned to death; but under my orders he was sent to Washington in Cambridge for final judgment; but I believe the man died in prison on the day set for his execution.

Meantime I was receiving news from my emissaries in Canada. Many traders had been despatched under the pretense of purchasing corn among the inhabitants, all furnished with the letter of Congress from which I have already quoted, and we were informed that it had made much impression on the minds of the country people. They were persuaded that their salvation lay with the "Bostonnais." Some of my old agents for buying horses had been holding secret meetings with the French merchants in Quebec and Montreal, and both places, despite the counter-proclamations of General Guy Carleton, were filled with

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our emissaries; who met with such success that in May the populace of Montreal had attempted to throw down the bust of King George, as I have related. This had led to disturbance in the streets; which Carleton was persuaded had been perpetrated by the Jews. I do not think I had ever heard of a Jew in America at this time; but Carleton's solemn proclamation states that certain wicked and evil intentioned persons during the night of the first of May had impudently and wickedly disfigured the bust of his Majesty by placing thereon a defamatory and scandalous libel, tending to diminish the respect owed to him by his subjects, to weaken his government and to cause distrust between his Majesty and his people! Personally, I think a potato-chain rather a reassuring symbol.

This had happened about the time of my attack upon St. Johns; and I now first learned of the sensation which that bold sally had caused in Montreal.

Of more interest to me however was the detailed report of George Getchel and Samuel Berry, both of Vassalboro, who under Washington's orders had been directed by Colburn to proceed as scouts along the proposed route. They gave me detailed reports of the state of the water and the distances, making the necessary corrections to my itinerary, which was based on that old journal of the English officer, Montresor, who in 1760 with a party of Indians, under the orders of General Murray, had traversed the whole Chaudière Valley and its communications with the Kennebec. He drew up a map, and that draft of a journal I had found in Cambridge.* Copies of these

* Curiously enough this map and draft of Montresor's journal at the time of the treason at West Point, fell into the hands of Aaron Burr, as administrator of Pierpoint Edwards.—Ed.

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plans duly corrected by Major Colburn and myself were forwarded by us to Washington and by him submitted to Congress. Berry and Getchel also reported that they had met an Indian who told them he had been commissioned as a spy by Governor Carleton with instructions to warn Quebec of any hostile movements on the part of the colonists from that direction, and he told us that there were more spies, both white and Indian, stationed near the headquarters of the Chaudière, who had threatened to inform against them if they pushed any farther up the river. They were also informed that at Sartegan, the highest settlement on the Chaudière, there was a great number of Mohawks who were hostile and that all their young Indians had gone to Johnson. This was natural enough, for the Indians of the Long House were ever favorable to the English, yet I was surprised that the Mohawks were so far to the east. Now this spy was named Natanis, and I regret to say that I wrote to Washington that he was a noted villain and very little credit must be given to his information. As a matter of fact, like an invisible angel he hovered about us along the way. In a moment of doubt when the men were mostly starving and the waterways came together and our true path was uncertain, we found a careful map drawn on a clean piece of birch bark, in a cleft stick on the fork of the river, as only an Indian knows how to do. This map proved an accurate guide for the rest of our way to the Chaudière and may have been the means of saving our whole detachment.

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CHAPTER XI

ON THE FRONTIERS OF MASSACHUSETTS

I HAVE always loved the woods and waters of New England, and this perhaps was why I was able to conceive and lead an expedition unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. Even Xenophon travelled in a way familiar to his soldiers and through a country not unlike what they had known in Greece; but I had to lead a small army mostly composed of mere townsmen, through a wilderness, and in conveyances to them unknown. Few had handled an oar and still fewer a canoe. With the exception of Morgan's men and the Vermonters, who however shortly left me, I had to teach them the business not only of fighting but of getting there to fight.

My friends will remember that at the age of 15, unguided and alone, I had found my way from the army at Crown Point back to the City of Norwich, Connecticut, almost unarmed (for my flintlock was too heavy to carry, aside from the fact that I was technically a deserter and had felt it the part of honor to turn in my equipment). I had always loved horses and boats. The former knowledge was of no use to me on this trip, but the latter was essential. I should have preferred transporting my entire army in canoes made of birch, as the Indians do, and, easily repaired with the natural pitch of the woods, they are far better calculated to the rapid navigation of the Chaudiere River than the clumsy square-ended batows

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which my mechanics had provided. These were well enough at the beginning, or, rather, after we had got above the falls, in the still reaches and swamps of the Dead River; though even there they were so leaky that many had to be abandoned.

I shall never forget the fine fellows (with the exception of the Vermonters) who were under me on this famous expedition. The friendly reader—and I trust I have none other—must pardon me if I say too much of this, as occasion warrants, but these were all my good friends. Would they had been with me later, would they were with me now. First place to the clergy! The Reverend Samuel Spring was a good soldier and a sportsman; and he lived to found the great British Missionary Society. Major Thayer, whom I may have made fun of for being a periwig maker, made afterward the heroic defense of Fort Mifflin, near Philadelphia, where many periwigs were on the green! He it was who was concerned in the unfortunate murderous affray of this man McCormick, who, though he killed poor Bishop, hardly could have met a tougher customer than Captain Thayer. Some dispute had arisen between the soldiers—I am afraid it may have been in consequence of the merrymaking already described—or possibly the bright eyes of the Indian Jacataqua—though I fancy young Burr looked after that—and Thayer, who was messing with Captain Topham of Rhode Island in a neighboring house, came into camp to stop the dispute, and ordered the men to lie down. He saw a flash in the priming, and Topham was fired at and missed. Thayer went back and went to bed, hoping he was well rid of the rogue; but the fellow came again to the door and lifted the latch and fired into the room and killed this Bishop,

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who was lying by the fireside, and got away across the river when Thayer caught him. On the 27th of September I find a copy of a letter I wrote to "His Excellency George Washington" giving him a full account of the affair and saying that the criminal appeared to be very simple and ignorant, and hoping that he might be found a proper object of mercy. I took occasion also to hand Colonel Nowell, who took the message down, a letter to my friend Mr. Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport, thanking him for his many favors and taking occasion also to compliment Captain Clarkson for his vigilance and activity.

This Indian girl, on the march so far, had been clad in fringed deerskins and leggings like a man, and it was only when she appeared at the ball in feminine garb that her full attractions became apparent. Strange how the defects of character will appear in youth. This same young Burr—an engaging rascal—who had made her his first conquest, destroyed his reputation and indeed his military career in the war by similar and repeated lapses of conduct such as brought him to the notice of the Commander in Chief himself, no Puritan in such matters. Now it happened that I was sending forward scouting and exploring parties; and with one of these I despatched young Burr; retaining his pretty little mistress in the camp. But I had then every reason to believe that she thereafter escaped; I saw no more of her at that time; but I know that some weeks after she was with Burr when he was on his trip to Montreal under my orders, and travelled in the disguise of a Catholic priest. He was ever clever at disguises.

The first exploring expedition went off on the 23rd of September under Lieutenant Steele; he had with

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him Captain Henry of Pennsylvania who volunteered (a good man, I shall say more of him later); the Dane Febiger, a trained soldier; Quartermaster Hyde of Massachusetts, Dr. Senter of Rhode Island, and Chaplain Spring. These four were all of Smith's corps; then from Morgan's there was Matt Ogden and young Burr, McGuyer and Porterfield of Virginia. Ogden and Burr were both Princeton graduates. There were two guides, McGetchel, a respectable man, and J. Horne, an old Irishman. This party left Fort Western on the 23rd of September in two canoes, with a barrel of pork, a bag of meal and 200 pounds of biscuit in each. Henry wrote me that he exchanged one barrel of pork for smoked salmon at Fort Halifax and was also foolish enough to swap some pork for beaver tails, which were not of much use to him on the trip, save that, as I believe, they were ultimately turned into soup. On the 25th Morgan left with his three companies as sappers and miners, with orders to go to the great carrying place to clear the woods. On the 26th went Colonel Greene, Major Bigelow and three other companies. On the 27th Major Meigs with the third division, of little use save as stomachs,—would they had had stomach enough to get to Quebec! They were supplied with 45 days full rations, and I afterward much regretted it.

The English reader may be as ignorant as was my good friend Henry of Pennsylvania about canoes. They are made of birch; and are so light that a person of common strength may as he wishes carry one of the smallest kind many hundred yards without halting. A broad stave with two holes in the middle through which passes a thong of stout leather is bound to the central crossbar of the canoe. The carrier then

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swings it by a sudden jerk upon his shoulders, throwing the hollow side upon his back, the stave resting principally on the nape of his neck, and with his hands upon the gunwales he may carry it clear from the ground through all but the thickest bush, and his passage makes more room for the others.

For food we hoped to rely upon deer's meat, but were much disappointed. It appeared that in the preceding few years the moose had so increased in numbers as to practically drive the red deer from this neighborhood; and the moose is a lonely creature and hard to hunt. Still I did not suppose that my poor men would suffer so much as they did. I had thought them better sportsmen.

On the 29th I embarked myself, with my loyal Oswald, my private Secretary, and got as far as Fort Halifax, the first carrying place, on the next day. Here were falls, around a curious flint rock made entirely of blue arrowhead, at least 10 feet high and scalloped by the Indians to the water's edge. Henry, to my amusement, did not understand how the rock could have been chipped without tools of steel; but the man was unused to savage arts or to hardships of any sort; for at this place they made division of their meat and stores, and each man drew each piece by lot; while the surplus was alloted for the day, and this McConkey, the cook, boiled it for supper. "By God," said he, "this is our last comfortable meal," and he struck the meat with his hands. I suppose hands are never too clean upon a trip in the woods, but says Thayer, "the indelicacy of the act, the impiety and the grossness of the expression deprived the company of appetite." I fear they were not so queasy later on.

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At this place was an Indian village, but deserted; and shortly beyond, after a day's wading through the rapid water, we came to Skowhegan Falls, wading and towing the boats. Here in the fresh woods that I knew so well my people breathed the spirit of liberty. The air was exhilarating; and though at night their clothes froze, they made little complaint. We made large fires, however, partly to warm those who were in, partly to guide those stragglers who had lost themselves already in the woods, preferring the woods to the colder work of wading and towing the boats. And that evening I wrote a despatch to this Lieutenant Colonel Enos, to give the man for once his full title. As this is historical, I may as well quote it in full:

FORT WESTERN, 29th Sept. 1775.

LT. COL. ENOS:

Sir— You will forward on Capts. Williams and Scott's companies, with the remainder of Capt. McCobb's and any others left behind, as fast as possible. Order them to follow the route of the army and join at Chaudiere pond. You will bring up the rear and order on all stragglers, except those sick, which you will send on board the Broad Bay, Capt. Clarkson. Leave two or three men with the Commissary to assist him, and hurry on as fast as possible without fatiguing the men too much. Bring on with you all the carpenters of Capt. Colburn's Company, and as much provision as the batteaux will carry. When the Indians arrive, hurry them on as fast as possible.

I am Sir, your humble servt.

B. ARNOLD.

I have never known the cause of this man's behavior. Whether it was mere poltroonery, or whether the jealousy of his master, Ethan Allen, now happily in jail, had lingered in his breast,—whether indeed he had not been secretly advised to cause my expedition to

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Quebec to be a failure, now that his master was detained at St. John,—I never knew. I shake such bitter memories from my mind, and I trust they may not have soured my heart; but the course of history would have been different had Enos obeyed my orders. Your Majesty may indeed rejoice, but it was a blow to me at the time. With Enos and his powerful detachment I would surely have captured Quebec. With the fall of that citadel your Majesty's dominion over all continental America would have come to an end; indeed the consequences would have been even more far reaching; for there is sure to be jealousy between the northern and southern parts of the present republic —the North is composed of tradesmen and peasants, the South of self-professing gentry, who will do no work with their own hands, but found a precarious aristocracy on the institution of negro slavery. Sooner or later these two elements must clash; their powers and resources will be nearly equal and the conflict prolonged. Undoubtedly the South will win, but the North will never submit, and civil war will result. Whereas with the great domain of Canada, the Northern faction would have been so aggrandized as to overbear the South politically without recourse to arms; while now your Majesty, or your Majesty's successor, may live to see this unnatural "republic" rent in twain! Yet this Enos went back to his Vermont; and lived, with honor, for doing *successfully* and from motives of mere *poltroonery* or *jealousy* what I from motives of highest *loyalty* and *patriotism* only *tried*, and did not accomplish. Such are the rewards of this world!

On the 5th of October, General Washington wrote to Schuyler:

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CAMBRIDGE, October 5, 1775.

. . . I have been informed that your illness has obliged you to quit the army, and General Wooster, as the eldest Brigadier, will take rank and command of Mr. Montgomery. General Wooster I am informed is not of such activity as to press through difficulties, with which that service is environed. I am therefore much alarmed for Arnold, whose expedition was built upon yours and who will infallibly perish if the invasion and entry into Canada are abandoned by your successor. I hope by this time the penetration into Canada by your army is effected, but if it is not and there are any intentions to lay it aside, I beg it may be done in such a manner that Arnold may be saved by giving him notice, and in the meantime your army keep up such appearances as may fix Carleton and prevent the force of Canada being turned wholly upon Arnold. He expected to be at Quebec in twenty days from the twenty-sixth of September, so that I hope you will have no difficulty in regulating your motions with respect to him. Should this find you at Albany and General Wooster about taking the command, I entreat you to impress him strongly with the importance and necessity of proceeding or so to conduct, that Arnold may have time to retreat.

And again on the 26th:

My anxiety extends itself to poor Arnold, whose fate depends upon the issue of your campaign. . . . Colonel's Allen's misfortune will, I hope, teach a lesson of prudence and subordination to others, who may be too ambitious to outshine their general officers.

Allen had hoped to be appointed Generalissimo of Vermont, but on July 26th, had been defeated by Seth Warner of Bennington, whereupon, as has been related, he joined Schuyler without holding a commission, raised a company of Canadians, attacked Montreal and by Major Brown's defection, was captured.

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CHAPTER XII

RALLÉ'S GRAVE

As I look back upon those weeks in the woods, full of anxiety as they were at the time, they seem of the happiest in my life. The New England Autumn, all blue and gold—the sweet sound of the pines,—the rush of quick water through the narrows,—the canoe sliding over the green rock and settling through the white foam to the hard water beneath,—the anxious yet exciting roar of the distant rapid down the bend,—the white goosenecks giving warning,—and we but left to wonder how heavy was the fall, until at a deeper note, like thunder, we made scramble for the shore—all of these come to mind as I lie here in the London fog on the bed of an invalid—with the strong breath of the balsam fir, and the russet glory of the ferns in the light of the American October sun.

But I must write more of my good men. I cannot linger too long over these loyal fellows. There was Captain Ward, the youngest officer in the expedition, and son of Governor Ward. In 1783 he made a voyage from Providence to Canton in the ship *George Washington* which first displayed the republican flag in China seas. There was young Merchant, who was later captured as a sentry, a tall fine fellow of Morgan's company. He was sent to England as a prisoner in his Virginian hunting dress to show him off, but home he came the next year. There was handsome Tom

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Gibson. He was sent to the hospital with a high fever, later at Quebec, to the good nuns. Here the sick boy was nursed through by a young nun and dismissed by her with a new suit of clothes and 24 pence in his pocket. There was John Tidd, my good boatman; Lieutenant William Groas, a handsome little Irishman, always neatly dressed. Lastly there were two ladies, Jemima Warner "beautiful though unpolished." She and another, wife of a Corporal, whose name I have now forgotten, made the whole voyage with us, and though in wading the streams (for it was necessary for all to get out of the canoes in the shallower places) they both had to lift their skirts well above the knee, never so much as a rude word or disrespectful comment was made. Poor Jemima's husband got lost in the woods, and was supposed to be left for starving, indeed as it appeared, she had propped his head against a tree and left him with half a loaf of bread and a pail of water. Notwithstanding she appeared in a camp at Quebec some weeks after, fresh and rosy as ever.

The reader will remember that after our barbecue of the three bears, with William Gardiner of Cobosseecontee, Colonel Cushing, the other local notables, rum punch and Jacataqua's dancing, I had learned from her that she had French blood, which accounted for her bright eyes and white skin. She was the half-breed daughter of a Frenchman who had become the sachem of a tribe on Swan's Island, and she came on to Quebec with the wives of Sergeant Warner and James Grier (as the name comes back to me) but she was hardly in need of their chaperonage. Though thus free of bearing, she was well able to take care of herself, and I got well snubbed. Indeed, what chance

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has a man of 35 against a boy of 18?—for though I had despatched young Burr for scout duty, I could guess that his scouting was not always solitary.

Well, on the 25th, as I have said, Morgan embarked, the fumes of the rum punch encouraging; on the 26th the second division of five companies, on the 27th five more, and on the 28th, as I ordered at least, the four companies under the man Enos. Our canoes proved very leaky, so I exchanged mine for a Pettiauger and lodged about 4 miles below Fort Halifax. At Fort Western all the stores had to be packed. I heard the accounts of my spies, and wrote again to Washington that I designed Chaudière Pond as a general rendezvous, giving him good cheer and reporting the greatest harmony among my officers. On the 30th I passed Meigs's division, who had made only 7 miles. They were creeping and dragging their canoes half in water, half on shore, like amphibious animals. I passed them at Ticonic in my quick Pettiauger, lunched at Crosiers, the last place that could be called a farm, where I was enabled to hire a team and drive around the five mile ripples through which I saw the boats still toiling. It took four men to push and pull a loaded batow, and four in the relief on shore; and there were 16 of these crews to each company. The later divisions, however, found the rivers and paths cleared and camps made. On the other hand, the foremost companies had taken only two or three barrels of flour and casks of bread, while the last division (Enos's) unfortunately had 14 barrels of flour and 10 of bread to a company. We attempted to use oxen to tow the boats at Three Mile Falls, but they were no good. For fear of wet, we had to portage all our barrels of ammunition, kegs of powder,

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pitch, muskets, carpenter's tools, etc., to say nothing of the salt, flour and perishable food.

Now the weather became cold; and at Skowhegan Falls, where the river is divided by a forest-crowned island, separated from either shore by 23 feet of perpendicular ledges, all the batows were leaking, and the men slept in frozen uniforms; indeed the crews were always wet. Each crew consisted of two squads, four men each, the relief squad marching on shore while those on duty hauled the batow. When the boat grounded the men jumped over and lifted it up on hand-spikes stuck under the flat bottom, and this happened frequently, for they could not pole the clumsy craft against the swift current, and had to take to the water.

I had not only to act as general guide, but instructor in the arts of woodcraft as well. Deer was scarce, but there were ducks enough and partridge drumming on the distant logs. In the streams were chub, or Fall fish, trout, pale with pink spots in the lower brooks, but dark with deep crimson spots in the spring-head. There were diver ducks, bad to eat; and "cranberries" standing 10 feet high, with fruit as large as cherries—or so Henry reported. There were no deer, but we soon killed a moose, and the men made themselves sick of the flux, eating moose meat without bread or salt. They knew no better, and the Indians had to teach them both how to pitch their canoes or boats, and other arts, such as the finding of edible herbs or funguses, the method of applying balsam from the fir tree to the tongue by a knife, a cordial and heating liquid, according to Henry, and very sanitary!

On Sunday, the first of October, we mounted the

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river about 12 miles over several Rips and swift water, dined at one Western's three miles from Skowhegan Falls, and lodged with the widow Warren; then to Norridgewock Falls, where I got the next day, joining Morgan. We found the land good and fertile, still well settled; but here we left the English settlers. The next day I got to the deserted Indian village, passing "Bombazee" Rips. This was the name of a great orator of the Kennebec tribe, who was shot in the early times, for here was the scene of that horrible massacre by the Puritans from Massachusetts. In 1724 an expedition from New England brutally slaughtered the Reverend Father Sebastian Rallé, Missionary of Jesus, with his whole congregation of converted Indians. I found the remains of the town still visible, with a fort and chapel and signs of intrenchments and a covered way leading to the river, as well as the unmarked grave of the holy man, who, after a life spreading civilization among the savages and the message of the gospels, had fallen a victim to the bigotry of the Bostonnais. This Catholic priest had spent his life among the Indians in the wilderness of this northern district, which unfortunately was under the dominion of the sectaries of Massachusetts Bay. He had explored and mapped the country, written its history, studied its language (his Indian grammar already referred to, is I believe in the library of Harvard College) and taught them the arts of healing and of simple life. His little chapel they had built for him of the fir branches, the stumps of which still remained. He had taught the Indians (some of them still survived) to make wax lights of bay-berries for the altar; and they told me that he had a choir of 40 of these youths in cassocks, though hard it is to

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teach an Indian to sing. Besides the altar to the Virgin above the rapids, there was an altar to the Holy Father below; so that the traveller might give thanks for his deliverance and pray for his safe escape, either way. This good priest was shot by the men of Massachusetts at the very foot of the cross, and the seven so-called savages surrounding him they also killed. None made effort to escape, nor would give blood for blood on holy ground. I caused a cross, cut from the hard hackmatack timber of the forest, to be erected over his grave.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE TREASON OF ENOS

FOUR days we passed at Norridgewock, drying the bread and damaged stores, caulking up the boats and waiting for the other divisions to arrive. Then our baggage was not over the portage until the following Sunday, though we had two oxen constantly at work, and that day a heavy storm prevented our departure; though Major Meigs with his division had gone forward on Thursday the 6th, on which day the worthy Enos consented to arrive. Meigs had afterward the special thanks of Congress for his expedition on Long Island, and was with Mad Anthony Wayne at Stony Point.

All my time was taken with matters which might be called educational. Captain Henry for instance, had never seen a birch canoe, and called it the "most ingenious work of natural man"! He was also much amused by the spruce fir beds which I told the Indians to teach his company to make; "the night," he wrote, "is spent, not on feathers, but on spruce"; he did not know the use of the balsam fir, and likened the boiled beaver tails to the "May butter" of his own country. He kept climbing on the old fallen tree trunks, and falling to his middle in the "punk"; he had no sense of humor and invariably lost his way! Montresor reports in his diary that he had blazed this whole line and portages years before; but unfortunately the marks were all covered. Morgan and

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Steele and my other pioneers however, made it easier for the men like Henry and for the Rhode Islanders who came behind.

So on Monday the 9th of October we struck our tents, our baggage all across the portage, and embarked fairly on the Dead River. You would be surprised to see how fertile and well wooded this country was, with oak, elm, ash, beech, maple, pine and hemlock, all save the maple and pine just like an English park, only that the ground was spongy, and covered deep with the damp gray moss, called reindeer moss, on which the reindeer and another, called the caribou, are said to feed; but if these were ever in this country, we saw them not. Henry, not understanding the gray moss, jumped out of his canoe and went through it into ten feet of cool water, whence he had to be fished out by his command, when they could stop from laughing. Then his leather breeches had dried on him, attached closely and coldly to the skin. Modesty prohibited a disclosure, until the sense of inconvenience observed by his seniors caused "a disclosure," and they were stuck upon a pole to dry! "The laugh of the company was against me" (he writes) "but it was borne stoically." The following day he purchased a new hat of Nichols, and so maintained his respectability. My good Henry also went out hunting one day and returned to say that he had seen a moose 18 feet high to the horns, 17 hands to the shoulders, white and with red spots. He is now, I am informed, a Judge in the "State" of Pennsylvania!

Already we saw snow upon the distant mountains. Steele, who was in advance, sent word to me that he had found the deserted camp of the Indian Natanis.

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This was the man that we had thought an enemy; but Steele found at the fork of the stream in a cleft stick of birch, a good map, drawn on the bark, signed by Natanis with his totem, and telling us where to go. He was a good friend to us all the way, but carefully avoided our company, until we got among our friends on the Chaudière. If he wished us to know anything, he would send the message by the girl Jacataqua. Indeed, I have reason to believe the country was full of Indians, not unfriendly, but we never saw one on the way, save of course our own. We were now in "The Million of Acres," so-called, between the Carratunk Falls and the Dead River itself. Here Steele had left the oldest of his company, one Clifton, who was a good shot, with the cook McConkey, to rest and perhaps get a bit of game. The McConkey man they never saw again.

The Dead River is really an extension of the Kennebec, but makes such a bend to the southwest as you proceed up stream, that it repays one to leave the main river below and cross the neck of land. This we had now done, and found the Dead River still and deep, quite 250 yards wide. Most of the men changed their shoes for moccasins. The balsam fir already mentioned and the balm of Gilead, besides their medicinal use, could be fired at night and would blaze to the heavens in a fountain of flaming sparks, for all the world like a Roman candle. I, however, forbade the practice, and even the making of a smudge, for fear of giving notice of our approach to the English in Canada, as the whole success of our enterprise might depend upon a surprise. Despite the wet weather and the low, damp ground, none of the men were sick, which Henry attributed to his cordial of balsam fir,

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and I thought it wise to encourage them in this belief, particularly as it tended to keep them from the use of liquor, of which there was a greater store than I could wish; though Henry assured me that the drink good Christian Febiger gave him from the wooden flask on his return from his advance expedition contained the last spirits in the army! Myself, I have always been a total abstainer.

Half a biscuit and half an inch square of raw pork now became the evening meal. We passed several ponds, and then came to rapids again and found some fruit the men called cranberries, but growing high upon a bush.* The weather grew colder as we approached the height of land and came to a lake surrounded by high and craggy mountains; the water of the lake quite yellow and surrounded by blue joint grass. "This height of land," said Meigs, "runs through all the colonies as far as Georgia." We came to some falls and I sent Sergeant Bigelow and a few men up to a high mountain near by to see if they could discover settlements in Canada. I raised my flag—the pine tree flag of Massachusetts, we had as yet none other—near where I thought was the boundary. From the 5th and last height was a well defined Indian trail crossing a bit of mountain, and a swamp near by which was the head of Chaudière. I asked if any one could climb a tree, for a high pine, 40 feet or more, was near the summit of the land. One Robert Cunningham did so, and shouted that he could discern a winding river as upon a map, and a lake far away, which was indeed the Chaudière or Megantic. The men of the advance companies were already hard pressed for food. Steele told me that his men

* *Viburnum oxycoccus.*—Ed.

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had shot one diver duck, which, at a loss how to divide among so many, they boiled in a kettle with each man's piece of pork, marked by a private skewer; and their usual dish they called "bleary"—flour boiled in water without salt! Yet the men were very faithful and full of enthusiasm,—but how silly are the untaught people! I have heard that in the famines of Ireland, men do starve without thinking of the fish in the sea; and so here, those who were not city-bred, caught a prodigious number of salmon trout, nothing being more common than one man taking 8 or 10 dozen in one hour's time, which generally weigh half a pound apiece.* This, as I find from my diary, was near the second portage. A large hemlock house was built on the carrying place to accommodate our sick, 8 or 10 in number whom we were obliged to leave behind. I ordered Steele to go on with Church and 20 axe men to survey and clear the portages to the Chaudière Pond. On the whole the men were cheerful. We had had remarkably fine weather since we left Cambridge, but for one snow storm and a little rain. Only one death had happened (that being a murder) and very few accidents by water, which is the more remarkable, as there seldom passed a season without some people being drowned in the Kennebec, which is very difficult and dangerous to ascend.

On Friday the 13th, I made my great mistake. Instead of getting Jacataqua to bring in our ever present but invisible friend Natanis, or his brother Sabatis, I took one of our own Indians, one Eneas (I never could abide that smug namesake of his, or pardon his behavior to Dido) with letters to some gentlemen that I knew in Quebec and to General

* These are Arnold's own words—not Henry's.—Ed.

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Schuyler. One white man went with them with orders to proceed as far as Sartigan, and after discovering the sentiments of the inhabitants and procuring all the intelligence he could, to return to me at the Chaudière. But this Eneas carried my despatches straight to Gov. Cramaha at Quebec.

Now that we were indeed to cross into Canada, I wrote also from the boundary mountains, a despatch to the General in Chief at Cambridge. On Tuesday the 17th, finding that Colonel Greene's division were short of flour, I ordered one subaltern, two Sergeants and 29 privates out of each company, under Major Bigelow's command, to return and hurry up the rear guard and assist them to bring up their provisions, the remainder of the advance division being employed in making cartridges. On Wednesday Captains Goodrich and Dearborn arrived, and Major Meigs with the last of his division. I was glad to see him—"Return Jonathan" indeed—but where was Enos? On the 19th, Thursday, it rained nearly the whole day, but Meigs went forward, and the storm continued Saturday, raising the river three feet. We started and soon caught up with Captain Morgan's division, where we camped in our wet clothes, having paddled up nearly 4 leagues through incessant rain. At 4 in the morning, we were awakened by a freshet, which came rushing on like a torrent, the river rising 8 feet practically in 9 hours. With our baggage all in the flood, no possibility of finding our way, provisions almost exhausted—a melancholy prospect—the camp was still in high spirits. Morgan started off in the morning and Meigs in the afternoon, and on Monday we started ourselves, but unluckily upset 7 batows in the rapid stream, losing all the provisions.

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Here, as the river continued high, our provisions short, and no intelligence from Canada, I made the mistake of permitting a council of war.

It is true that the rank and file of my men had had great hardships, and were unbuoyed with the knowledge that we leaders had of the fact that we were already in Canada and communicating with Quebec as well as Washington. It is not true as charged by young Burr (who was hardly ever in camp himself, but scouring the forests with his dusky mistress and being fed by her people among the Indians) that I did not share every hardship of the commonest private soldier under my command. I ate of their food, which then consisted only of soup made of stewed moccasins, and a bit of bread; for their lack of woodcraft made them peculiarly susceptible to the maladies and discomforts caused by living in the wilderness. I myself could have gone from Fort Western to Quebec with a couple of Indians in a canoe and made it but a pleasure trip; but some of the men who unfortunately formed part of my command, and the sulkers from Vermont (it will be remembered that unluckily we had had to agree to a selection of the companies in the main by lot) either could not, or pretended that they could not, suffer the hardship of a little cold and wet and lack of fresh food, which the most ordinary skill or even courage might have remedied.

I would not be understood to criticise the men that I saw, the advance guard, Steele's companies and Morgan's, and those who were with me and stayed with me to the end. They had indeed had a laborious month. To recapitulate, there was cold and continual wet; there was starvation; there was hard labor dragging the clumsy boats, first up the river

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and then through the tangled forests, all their food had been wet, the codfish spoiled, the pease burst. As we came to the end, the troubles increased; carry succeeded carry, and between them was a spongy, almost impenetrable swamp, the water grew rapid, then dangerous; and the tempests and the floods descended. The men had dysentery, and there was no medicine. Steele's party was wholly without food on the 10th of October, and on the 11th he lost his canoe, but fortunately the day after shot a moose. Out of 1100 men mustered at Cambridge, only 950 remained fit for service. There was now much sickness; Captain Williams was dying. Yet on the next day I find that I wrote Washington that the men were in high spirits,—and this was not untrue. That was the day when I felt most assured of the success of our enterprise; for we had reached the height of land and I was in communication with the settlements of the French on the Chaudière who were now known to be friendly. I wrote to three friends in Quebec, Manir, Gregory and Maynard, that I was on my march for that place with two thousand men (this was stretching it somewhat) and expected to have the pleasure of seeing them soon, that I was co-operating with General Schuyler to frustrate the unjust and arbitrary measures of the ministry and restore liberty to our brethren. This was the letter I gave to Eneas asking them to return to me information of the number of troops in Quebec, etc. I enclosed a letter to General Schuyler, which it is needless to say he never received, telling him that I hoped to have the pleasure of meeting him also in Quebec, and offering to co-operate with his army. In my letter to Washington I told him where we were and that I

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had ordered 100 barrels of provisions we had left behind carried forward to the great carrying place to secure our retreat, if that event should unfortunately occur. "The expense will be considerable, but when set in competition with the lives or liberty of so many brave men, I think it trifling, and if we succeed the provisions will not be lost." They were not lost indeed, as the man Enos gobbled them up on his return. I also sent Washington a copy of my journal.

On the 15th I wrote to Enos from the third carrying place telling him again to forward the oxen, and on the 17th again, telling him that I had ordered Bigelow and 31 men to return and meet him and bring up the provisions, which *were to be divided equally among the three companies.* "I shall keep the men here making up cartridges, and I have no doubt that you will hurry on as fast as possible. I am, Dear Sir, your h'ble servt." And I wrote him on the 27th, "I hope soon to see you in Quebec."

Now to come to this council of war. The last bog, small spruce and cedar in a morass, neither penetrable nor supportable, had exhausted everybody. The rank and file were literally starved, I had lost 7 batows, the map was useless, the river was untraceable, reaching out into continual "boguns" which the boatmen once followed for several miles until they found it was not the true way and had to return. Captain Morgan was upset and nearly drowned, I myself was on a hillock—a serpentine mound, such as Indians love—just above the flood. Smith had his camp with the equipment entirely swept away. Here we found Sabatis' deserted wigwam, and hidden or preserved in bark cages in the trees, kettles, pots and some

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dried meat, which was a very grateful help, and was shared carefully by men and officers. I knew we were only 20 miles from the Chaudiere, but the footmen in the third division had got upon a false trail and I had to send a boat's crew to turn them back. No less than five batows were lost in the falls. No more trout could be caught. In the spruce bog was a meadow with grass waist high, which was all the men had to use for blankets, and this meadow ran to the foot of a mountain. And in this condition, the expected supplies arrived from Enos, two barrels of flour! I had asked for such supplies as he could spare, to be divided equally among the three companies, and this was what he sent. The other 200 barrels he kept. Still I did not suspect the worst; I was already in advance; and Col. Greene called the council of war. A queer party they were when they assembled! Of their smart uniforms, which had evoked so much admiration in Cambridge, well accoutred and well disciplined (as poor Montgomery himself had said) only the discipline remained. Morgan himself, though wearing like the rest leather leggings about his lower limbs, had the habit of walking with the thighs uncovered; and they were scarred and bleeding, roughly handled by the bushes. Most of the men were in moccasins, many wore wisps of hay for shirts and all were starving. Major Bigelow and Captain Topham were still proud of the soup they had made the last night; it consisted of a broth made from the boiling of rawhide moccasins too old for the men to wear longer, and the entrails of a duck boiled on coals. Still, had I been at that council myself, all might have been well; my council, far ahead and only 30 miles from the Chaudiere pond, had voted *that very day* to

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proceed, only sending back the sick and wounded. Their's was called under the orders of Colonel Greene. It consisted of Colonels Greene and Enos, Major Bigelow, Captain Topham, Thayer, Ward, Williams, McCobb and Scott, Adjutant Hyde and Lieut. Peters, Major Meigs, Captains Morgan and Smith; Hanchet, Hubbard, Goodrich, Hendrickson and Dearborn were absent on duty. Had Dearborn been there, the result might have been different. Nevertheless the majority were faithful. Ward, the youngest, called upon first as is the custom in councils of war, voted to advance, so did Major Bigelow, Colonel Greene, Captains Topham and Thayer—who cursed them for "sippling" timorousness and meanness—but the three Captains of Colonel Enos' regiment, whose names should go upon the roll of infamy, voted to retreat, and Enos himself, as the man afterward explained, "reluctantly" decided to go with them. Reluctantly! Squier (a Connecticut man who had belonged to a company that had refused to start from Cambridge without a month's pay) himself testified how Enos had *ordered* seven men out of each company to return that morning, and had added that all might return who wished. From the first, it was apparent to the council that Enos's men were determined to turn back. Enos threw a pretended vote not to retreat, but he had arranged with his precious trio—McCobb, Scott and Williams—to swear they "would not lead their men to certain death and starvation." But Greene's men (who had borne such hardships as Enos had not even witnessed) were unanimous to go forward, and their indignation was unbounded. Yet all their reproaches and entreaties only prevailed upon them to give up two more barrels of flour. "The

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Grimacers" (said Senter) "or rather, as I called them, Hydro-phobers, preached the doctrine of impenetrability and non-perseverance—Adjutant Hyde and Lieutenant Peters joined them—we received the two and a half barrels, quit the few tents and the other camp equipage, took each man his duds to his back, bade them adieu, and away."

This was the treason that broke my heart. But for this the war might have ended then and there. The reader shall see how nigh we were to taking Quebec as it was. With my army doubled, my time of arrival made sooner, and the starvation and disease caused by the spoiling of our food avoided, the walls of the citadel would surely have fallen. I was thirty miles away, or over the watershed on the rapid rushing Chaudière, where every chip I threw into the stream would flow in a day or two beneath Quebec's frowning citadel, when I first heard this news. That I have been intemperate in habit and in language has been stated, that I have fumed and raged until ordinarily men were afraid of me has been urged by my enemies, that I have been vengeful of insult (which is true) and intolerant of opposition, has been charged even by my friends. And I admit that when I first heard of this retreat I cursed this County Fair soldier, this Vermont politician, with all the language I could muster—as the good Washington later cursed Charles Lee. Had he been within reach, his miserable life would have been forfeited; at least in an honorable duel, if the word honor can be applied to such. My last letter to him on the 27th of October ends with the sentence, "Pray make all possible dispatch." On that very day I issued a general order to the field officers and captains in the army to encourage them,

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giving them the good news that I had with my command reached the Chaudière, and met my express from the French inhabitants, who told me they were rejoiced to hear we were coming and would gladly furnish us with provisions; and he said there were few or no regulars at Quebec, which might be easily taken. I wrote back to what remained of my army that I should proceed at once with Steele and Church with four batows and 15 men to the next settlement, and send back provisions, expecting to be there in three days, and urging them to keep to the east side of the lake and make all possible despatch. I also told them that if any companies on the arrival at the river should have more than four or five days provisions to despatch it to the others for their relief. I directed the bearer Isaac Hull to show them the way, and I forwarded to Enos himself the letter I mentioned, addressed to His Excellency General Washington, and wrote to Enos that if he had any officer who was not hearty and well, to send him. I wonder the man did not send himself! What he did was to march down the river to civilization with half my army and all the provisions except two barrels of flour, —leaving the brave to starvation or to perish for very weakness by the fearful rapids of the Chaudière. This indeed they preferred to do rather than join in that retreat. Not a word I wrote to Washington but this (and I waited to say this until I was safe opposite the battlements of Quebec, two weeks later, on the 8th of November):—"The detachment are all happily arrived, except one man drowned and one or two sick and Colonel Enos's division, who I am surprised to hear are all gone back." . . . But, on November 19th, Washington wrote to Congress:

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Enclosed you have copies of two letters, one from Colonel Arnold, the other from Colonel Enos. I can form no judgment on the latter's conduct until I see him. Notwithstanding the great defection, I do not despair of Colonel Arnold's success.

But on the 28th, he wrote to Schuyler:

Colonel Enos, who had the command of Arnold's rear division, is returned with the greater part of his men, which must weaken him so much as to render him incapable of making a successful attack on Quebec without assistance from General Montgomery. I hope he will be able to give it him, and by taking that city, finish his glorious campaign.

And on November 20th to Colonel Joseph Reed:

Arnold by a letter which left him on the 27th, had then only got to the Chaudiere Pond, and was scarce of provisions. His rear division, under the command of the *noble* Colonel Enos, had without his privity or consent, left him with three companies; and his expedition, (inasmuch as it is to be apprehended that Carleton with the remains of such force as he had been able to raise, would get into Quebec before him,) I fear, in a bad way. For further particulars I refer you to Arnold's and Enos's letters. The last named person is not yet arrived at this camp.

And on the 28th he wrote Congress also:

Colonel Enos is arrived, and is under arrest. All I can learn of Colonel Arnold is that he is near Quebec. I hope Montgomery, who is at Montreal, will be able to proceed to his assistance. I shall be very uneasy until I hear they are joined.

Enos and his deserters marched all the way to Cambridge where they were greeted with jeers and slunk away to their respective houses. On the 9th of November Enos wrote an apologetic letter to Washington, who replied by ordering a court martial; as

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he had all his own witnesses he was acquitted; but he had to leave the army. The adverse witnesses were perishing where his own duty lay—in the Canadian wilderness.*

* That it was a wilderness is well shown in that a musket, dropped by Arnold's expedition, was found as late as 1858, lying where it had fell.—I. N. Arnold, *Life of B. Arnold*, p. 55.

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CHAPTER XIV

ON THE CHAUDIÈRE

THE news of Enos's defection, as Captain Dearborn wrote in his journal, disheartened and discouraged the men very much; and they made a prayer that he and all his men might meet with some disaster, or even die by the way, for the "cowardly, dastardly and unfriendly spirit they had disclosed." At Cambridge, Washington ordered the court martial; but Enos's fellow traitor, General Lee, conducted it; and he was acquitted on the testimony of himself and the three Captains, his partners in disgrace! the thousand other witnesses then loyally starving with me in the wilderness, or freezing under the walls of Quebec. He had disobeyed my orders and even the majority vote of his own council; but was cleared and had the audacity to go to my own city of New London and attempt to defend himself, where indeed, as well as in Philadelphia, he was well castigated, even from the pulpit. But no more of him. It was on the very day after his treason (still unknown to me) that I embarked, as early in the morning as we could see white water, went up the rapid stream to a portage, met a fall, and then another higher fall, then a portage and more white water, then at last to the first lake. But not to weary the reader, in all there were ten of these lakes; in the last of them the sea ran so high that we were obliged to go on shore several times to bail our

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boats. On the next day, more portages and more lakes, until, at four in the afternoon we came to the great carrying place into the Chaudière Pond, four miles or more away, the height of land only 35 feet between the waters. Here Bigelow had climbed the boundary mountain at the place still called Flagstaff and planted the first American flag—the quiet pine of Massachusetts—the flag in Virginia was then a rattlesnake cut in twelve, a thirteenth rattle budding, and all uniting and about to strike, with the motto—*Don't tread on me!* But Massachusetts, even in the District of Maine, was true to her motto:

> Ense petit placi—
> *Dam* sub libertate quietem!

as the Puritans doubtless pronounced it.

Here we bade adieu to the Southern waters, and followed the river through a beautiful meadow; and here, on the 27th we met Lieutenant Steele and Church with one Jakins, one of the men whom I had sometime since sent down to fetch the express who brought me the information I have already alluded to from Sartigan, which I formally forwarded to Washington. And that same day in the afternoon we came to the great Lake Megantic, 13 miles long and four miles wide. We camped on the east side at a very considerable deserted wigwam, and waited for the arrival of Captain Hanchet and his 60 men, who under my orders had left the carrying place to come by land. Morgan alone, unwilling to lose his ammunition, had carried his seven bateaux over and launched them on "Arnold's River." It was on the next day that I sent the letters to Enos and His Excellency, already mentioned, and Captain Hanchet with his 55 men started

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out; shortly after that, myself and Oswald, then Steele and Church with 13 men and four batows, determined to proceed speedily to the French inhabitants to send back provisions to my starving men. At 11 we came to the outlet of the Chaudière River. This river, called by the French name for caldron, is well named; as it boils continually over rocks, is very rapid, and was the more dangerous to us as we had no guides. We lashed our baggage to the boats and the current carried us down the stream at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour; but after having gone about 15 miles we came to a very long rapid in which we had the misfortune to overset three boats, lost all the baggage, arms and provisions, and stove two of the boats against the rocks. Happily no lives were lost, although six men were a long time swimming and were with difficulty saved, their shins and shanks much excoriated. I warned them another time to keep above the sharp rocks by swimming on the foam!

This may have been a kind interposition of Providence, for no sooner were the men dry than one of the men forward cried out, "a fall ahead"—which we had never been apprised of, and had we been carried over must inevitably have been dashed to pieces and all lost, for it was a very cataract. Alas, others of my men were here lost. This was the fall they call the "Soo."

On Sunday the 29th my canoe again ran on a rock, and we could not proceed, but the river grew less dangerous as it was wider, and so the current less; but I was suspicious, as it always slacks above a fall or dam, and we strained our ears for the thunder and craned our necks for the goosenecks; and the next

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day we met with Natanis and another Penobscot Indian, who told us all were well, and the French friends, so at this time I learned of his loyalty to us. Four miles farther brought us to the first house, belonging to a Seigneur named Hanna, and the next day—October 29th—we had four inches of snow; and poor John Shaeffer, the purblind drummer, had his cakes stolen. This poor man would often fall off the tree-trunk bridges that are common in primeval forest, drum and all; yet he bore it safely to Quebec.

I stayed a week at Sartigan, reorganizing my straggling and emaciated troops, scouring the country in search for oxen and other supplies, which I forwarded as rapidly as possible, and even once or twice making a dash back myself in a swift canoe to hearten the men. Cheers and renewed cheers greeted me. Group after group came down, one canoe at a time, each full of more miseries than the other. Steele and Henry, the scouts, had been deserted by James Clifton and cook McConkey, and had three times torn a hole in their canoe, and the latter had tumbled over a cliff on the mountain and all had got lost in an alder swamp, whence it was impossible to escape! But they had had one narrow escape from drowning—trying to cross in an eddy below the fall—but that Honest Ned Cavanaugh saw Mike Simpson's gold-laced cap bobbing in the rapid and fished both out. I had had one fat ox driven and towed all the way up the river from Gardinerstown, more by way of good cheer to the spirit than the body, for when the animal was slaughtered and divided, it hardly came to one pound per man. Since then they were full of the food they had eaten, or rather they spoke much of that of which they had not been full. One company had strong and ancient

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memories of a diver duck they had divided, others of the moccasin soup and other dainties I have mentioned; one had boiled his leather shot pouch. One thing they did not seem to want was moose—or another "bleary." I realized this, and sent them down salt and biscuit and other civilized dainties, not forgetting sugar and tobacco, realizing that starving men always demanded that which is least nourishing for them. Captain Dearborn's company was particularly lugubrious, in that they had been compelled to eat Captain Dearborn's black Newfoundland dog, a great favorite with them. Jacataqua's dog alone had been spared, in gratitude for her skill in finding herbs. Melbourne's company travelled four miles in one day on one small bird and a squirrel, and were about starving when they met some of my Frenchmen with good cattle and bread; this was the day when I wrote to Washington that the detachment had all arrived within two or three days' march, "except Colonel Enos's division, which I am surprised to hear are all gone back." It was Dr. Senter who brought me the first witness of this; how Jackson of Pennsylvania (who was indeed ill with the gout) had exhorted him to return "as all the army were returning except a few who were many miles forward with Colonel Arnold." But enough of him—yet how I hark back to the man! my whole life had been otherwise had he not proved a traitor.

About that time a delegation of 80 Norridgewock and St. Francis Indians arrived, through whose hunting grounds we had passed, finely ornamented with brooches, bracelets and trinkets, and demanded to know why we had thus invaded their country. I made a good Indian speech in reply, well filled with

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rhetoric and compliment,* and winding up with a promise of one Portuguese a month, two dollars bounty, their provisions and liberty to choose their own officers, if they would join us; which the whole body promptly did, and they were a deuced sight better help than Colonel Enos's division.

The French inhabitants, however, were a poor lot in military spirit. I think they were faithful enough, for though my address was scattered liberally through the valley, I never heard that any copy of it ever reached Governor Cramahe. He did not get his news from us in this manner, but from the renegade Indian Eneas,—or (I can hardly believe) one of my three correspondents; but you can trust nobody in these times, certainly not a tradesman whose account may lie the other way. The most you can hope is that these gentry will do all they can for you which may prove consistent with their own personal interest. To ask more is too much.

Michael Simpson had brought the news of poor McClelland's dying of starving and fatigue at the top of the great fall. His lungs however were weak, for nobody else had died a natural death (save Warner who had been left by his handsome wife at the foot of a tree) though some were drowned and many deserved hanging. These however, were by this time comfortably off in Cambridge, hobnobbing with Charles Lee and predicting my certain disaster and death, which indeed they had done their best to make possible. It took but a few hours, however, in the civilization of the little French town, with the little French

* "The British durst not come out of Boston—they have killed our women and children and taken our lands—the French and Indians are our brothers." *Senter's J.*, p. 23.—Ed.

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red wine and cider (red wine for the priests and officers, and it all came from France) to get back their spirits, and I heard them singing every night their favorite song of "Plato," and otherwise making merry. The dangers of civilization proved worse for them than the wilderness, as I had tried in vain to warn them. A certain Pennsylvania German of Hendrick's company made such a dinner of boiled beef, hot bread, boiled and roasted potatoes, that he died within forty-eight hours, as did three others of his company. Warner himself had been made ill of a surfeit. Only my threat to send them back to the wilderness and the actual putting of the men on short rations prevented this with others, though Morgan's frontiersmen were of course more sensible. I had many a pleasant talk with the good Natanis. He told me that he had always remained within view of our camp and had continued daily and nightly to attend our voyage until he was sure that we really meant to go to Canada. When I asked him why he did not speak to his friends, he answered, "You would have killed me," and there may have been some truth in this, as we had thought him not only an enemy but a spy, than which nothing can be more horrid, and deserves the shortest shift military law permits. I have been criticised for thus permitting these Indians to accompany me, but it has not been said that it was in consequence and with knowledge of General Guy Carleton's orders—who had formally called all Indians to arms against the colonies. Moreover these Indians were in a sense civilized, having much white blood, and were quite familiar with the usages of civilized warfare, so much so that this Natanis was discharged by General Carleton himself when taken a prisoner at Quebec, with

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strong tokens of commiseration. Two of these Indians brought back poor McClelland from the big fall, but on the following day he died. The inhabitants were most respectful, and the priests read a service at his funeral.

On the 1st of November I wrote Major Meigs to let every Captain have twenty-five or thirty dollars out of money that I had given him, as I supposed they would want a little pocket money for present use and to supply their men, urging him to keep a proper account of what he delivered and to whom. And I told him to hurry on as fast as possible, as I was just preparing to go down the river to make further provision for the army.

Sartigan—in Indian, Valley of the Shady River,—was but a little village with two or three houses and many more wigwams, some 75 miles from Quebec, but the valley was now fertile and very civilized in appearance, never a moment but what some nice white farmhouse was in sight, looking indeed more like a bit of France, more like an old country than the wilder parts around Boston itself. There were taverns to be found and eating places, and as I have said, a good and friendly priest. He it was who did last honors to the body of poor McClelland, whose boat it appeared had been carried into the rapids and lodged on a large rock, where, though Captain Hendricks himself rowed him ashore, Smith and Mike Simpson divided their food with him, Dr. Senter tried what he called the "Sangradoine" method to relieve him (Dr. Sangrado in *Gil Blas* was a great bloodletter) and two privates were left to nurse him, it was but to say good-by. Born on the sunny Juniata, he died on the bleak Chaudière. Morrison also gave me this

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day a terrible account of leaving the weak to die; some turned back, others stopped their ears. But none of them really died. I kept hurrying provisions down, and indeed it was the supplies that I sent from the Chaudière that saved the shattered army from starvation.

The day after appeared the wife of Sergeant Grier, "the large, virtuous and respectable woman," but she brought no news of Mrs. Warner; and on the 4th appeared the egregious Henry, who promptly made for the slaughter-house where he made such a meal of beefsteak, bread and potatoes as to be incapacitated. I found him sitting on a log in the rear, as I rode by on horseback, so I dismounted, ran down the riverside, and hailed the owner of a house which stood across the river, who came over in his canoe and put the man to bed, I putting two silver dollars in his hands, which (as Henry afterward told me) the French peasant rejected in disdain, saying that he had merely obeyed the dictates of religion and humanity.

By this time our army was all scattered along the east bank of the Chaudière, but the men meeting my cattle, would insist on slaughtering them in their tracks, and have their hide and flesh boiling on the fire before the creature was dead; so that many were taken ill. Our good Canadians kept returning, bringing bodies of half frozen, insensible men in place of the meal sacks they had borne up. Natanis and Sabatis had brought 40 canoes when they joined the expedition. There were in all twelve dead bodies reported up the river, and on the 5th news came of the capture of Robisho, my express, sent to Montgomery. This threw the habitants into a panic. Between the

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threats of the English to burn all who did not go into the garrison at Quebec, and their fear of the mysterious invaders "clad in iron" they were reported to be in much a double panic. So at this time I had a grand banquet for the habitants, the Indian chiefs and my own officers. It was fine, clear and warm as I ever saw it that season in New England; and a beautiful Autumn evening of what we call the Indian Summer. The banquet consisted of beef and fowls, pheasants, butter, fresh vegetables and many other things with which the market was well supplied, and I was careful always to pay in silver for what I took.

I had made the acquaintance of an old woman at Sartigan who was ever busy at her loom, but had two or three fine young girls, who sold us rum and eggs, besides dancing and singing to our tune of Yankee Doodle; these we invited and the neighboring seigneurs who sent formal regrets (for, as aristocrats, they were on your Majesty's side) but many came just the same.

I shall never forget that evening meal, not for the wild and barbaric scene, nor for the unaccustomed luxury of our fare, nor for the French Canadian girls, nor even pretty Jacataqua herself, but for a grave speech made by Natanis, the Indian chieftain of highest rank, who had proved my friend. He was old and he had seen many peoples; and he closed with these words, addressing me by the title I bore among the Abenakis:

The Dark Eagle comes to claim the Wilderness. The Wilderness will yield, the Rock will defy (the rock of Quebec he meant) but when he soars highest an arrow shall pierce his heart.

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This day Montgomery, who was soon to die with me a hero's death, took St. Johns; fair monuments, in three nations, perpetuate his fame—yet he was born in Ireland, and was traitor to his King.

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CHAPTER XV

BEFORE THE WALLS OF QUEBEC

THE army safe at Sartigan, I hurried on through the peaceful valley, where the inhabitants thought we were supernatural beings to have passed through the wilderness. "Surely," said they, "God is with these people, or they never could have done what they have done." What Washington thought is shown in a letter to Schuyler expressing his joy at my safe arrival: "The merit of that officer is certainly great, and I heartily wish that fortune may distinguish him as one of her favorites. He will do everything which prudence and valor can suggest." My soldiers were much interested by the crucifixes in the chapels, which they had never seen, and by the paved country road (pavé) called the Justinian Road, for Father Justinian, the first missionary to the Beauce country. This was after we came out of the woods at the village of St. Henry, 20 miles above Ste. Marie. It was like what we call corduroy. Only 10 miles more and Quebec would be in sight; but there was still no word from the enemy.

On the 7th I wrote to Montgomery of my arrival, and how my letter of October 13 had been captured from the false Indian, so that they were apprised of our coming in Quebec and had removed all the canoes from our side of the river. This was unnecessary as we had plenty of our own. I was also informed that there were two frigates lying before Quebec, and I

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closed by saying that I feared heavy reinforcements in that city, in which case should it be out of my power to carry it by storm, I intended to march for Montreal, where I hoped if he had not already taken possession, I should have the pleasure of seeing him. On the next day I wrote from Ste. Marie 2½ leagues from Point Levi, as I received my first letter from him at 1 A. M. that morning, to congratulate him on his success:

I think you had great reason to be apprehensive for me, the time I mentioned to Gen. Washington being so long since elapsed. I was not then apprised or even apprehensive of one half of the difficulties we had to encounter; of which I cannot at present give you a particular detail; can only say we have hauled our batteaux over falls, up rapid streams, over carrying-places; and marched through morasses, thick woods, and over mountains, about three hundred and twenty miles; many of which we had to pass several times to bring our baggage. These difficulties the soldiers have, with the greatest fortitude, surmounted. About two thirds of the detachment are, happily, arrived here and within two days' march; most of them in good health and spirits. The other part with Col. Enos returned from the Dead River, contrary to my expectation, he having orders to send back only the sick, and those that could not be furnished with provisions.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have seen a friend from Quebec, who informs me that a frigate of twenty-six guns, and two transports with one hundred and fifty recruits arrived from St. Johns, Newfoundland, last Sunday.

Now it turned out unfortunately that these letters also, which I had intrusted to another Indian of Lorette, who had borne Montgomery's letter to me, were lost, as he met some of Col. McLean's men on his return and mistook them for friends. This caused Carleton to abandon Montreal, and hasten to rein-

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force Quebec, so that it was my movement through Canada that was the cause of our capture of Montreal and all upper Canada, and not the efforts of the brave Montgomery. From his fame, however, I should be the last to detract. I now ordered every Captain to get his company on as fast as possible. The roads were mire and snow, the horses were ridden by the officers bareback, or with sacking and rope for want of saddles, but the sick and many of the private soldiers came by canoes, of which Major Meigs had purchased 20 more up and down the river.

On the 8th the army followed along the pavement road across the highway above the Heights of Point Levi to St. Nicholas some miles above Quebec, then took the mill road and arrived finally at the river, where they were quartered in houses along the high bluff. I had only 500 men now fit for duty, with about 100 non-combatants.

On the 9th the whole army marched forward and guards were posted along the river, and we started collecting the canoes and also heavier boats for our intended crossing. The high walls and the rock of Cape Diamond and the frowning citadel of Quebec gleamed in front of us, facing the low Southern sun, for it was nigh the shortest day of the year. Two frigates, the *Lizard* and the *Hunter*, were in the harbor, and by an accident the city had been reinforced by more than 100 carpenters and other mechanics, who had come in a freight vessel. In spite of this, I was in favor of an immediate assault, but a council of war was against it by one vote; however all agreed to cross the river at once in spite of war ships and patrols. We seized a mill, known as Caldwell's, on our side of the river, some miles to the west of Cape Diamond.

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The miller joined us and became a commissary. By this time we had 35 canoes and dugouts, and I detailed carpenters to make scaling ladders, hooks and spears, and the blacksmiths to make shoes and attend to the flintlocks, etc. The two frigates kept ineffectually dropping shot and shell when we showed ourselves on the river bank, but it was too high above them to reach.

On the 11th of November we were surprised to see a boat load from the *Hunter* headed in the direction of the mill. Each man seized his arms. Morgan and the Indians who were foremost rushed pell mell to the point of attack, and got there just about as the boat touched the shore. A midshipman sprang out, and the crew, after a volley from the riflemen, left him to his fate. The poor boy plunged into the water and a shooting match began at his head, which afforded a fair mark above the water. He was apparently winded, for he turned toward shore again as if to surrender, when the Indian Sabatis, scalping knife in his hand sprang forward. Morgan luckily stopped him, and the *Hunter* having opened with ball and grape on the riflemen, they hurried back with their prisoner, who turned out to be a boy of only 15, a brother of Captain McKenzie of the frigate *Pearl*, a lively, active and facetious youngster, who soon won the goodwill of his captors, mainly because he absolutely refused to give them any desired information which might be of injury to the British. It appeared that the boy was merely landing to recover Caldwell's flour.

On the next day we were busy preparing, and on the 13th at nine in the evening the embarkation commenced near the mill above Point Levi, in 35 canoes,

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(the sound of paddles drowned in the last falls of the Chaudière) and by four o'clock in the morning 500 men with their ladders were landed at Wolfe's Cove beneath the perpendicular cliff of Quebec made famous by General Wolfe's glorious victory over Montcalm. The canoes were obliged to pass the river three times, and one of them broke down in the middle of the river, but all the men were picked up excepting poor Steele, who bravely refused to get into a full canoe, for fear of sinking it, and was dragged by the stern through the icy waters. We were piloted across the river by Halstead, the miller, Caldwell's Superintendent, whom we had made a commissary. We had to pass between the *Lizard* and the *Hunter* and the British guard boats were plying every hour from ship to ship. There was a narrow road from Wolfe's Cove up to the highland, and the men were ordered thither at once and to intrench themselves. Meantime the tide had been ebbing, so that the rocks made further running difficult, the wind started up and the moon reappeared.

Contrary to orders, one of the men made a fire in a vacant house, which attracted the attention of a patrol boat. Capt. Thayer hailed her, and I ordered her to come in, but upon her going about we fired. Loud cries came from the vessel, so that evidently somebody was moving. But this may have prevented our surprising the town. We afterward learned that three men were killed. By sunrise I was at "Colville" (or Caldwell) Place, "Sans Bruit," a mile and a half from the city. Sans Bruit indeed, for we surprised the men still loading furniture and a piano and twenty oxen! Meantime a few more canoes got across, though the tide rising nearly 20 feet made so strong a current as to scatter them all the way from the Cove to Sil-

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lery. As fast as the men came up the cliff path, I had them formed and paraded, upon the plains of Abraham, where Wolfe had formed sixteen years before. He fell there and lies in Westminster Abbey. He had a fleet of twenty two ships; we had but bark canoes. He had six thousand well equipped regulars—we a few hundred Yankee farmers, Virginian hunters, Indians—and Canadians. And Washington hearing of our crossing wrote, quoting Addison, "It is not in the power of any man to command success; but you have done more—you have deserved it. I hope you have met with the laurels that were due to your trials in the possession of Quebec. My thanks . . ."

Details were counted off and guards mounted, and a reconnoitring party sent toward the city. The morning air was sharp, the wind northwest and uncommonly penetrating. The men paced to and fro, swinging their arms and trying to keep warm. The Plains of Abraham were so silent that we could hear the cries of the sentries on the walls. Caldwell's place was a large mansion with outhouses near the St. Charles River on the north side of the peninsular. I made it my headquarters. The men proceeded to slaughter some stock, and they also stopped the market wagons going into the city with the morning's market, so that we were plentifully supplied for a hearty breakfast. It has been reported among the soldiers that all that night St. John's gate lay wide open. This gate was of solid masonry 15 feet high and 12 feet wide built into the wall, which was more than double that height, and surmounted by sentry boxes on either side. As it was the principal approach to the city from the west, where Governor Cramahe had known for two days that we were landing, the report is eminently absurd,

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simply another one of the slanders of my detractors, who would tarnish my victories by making little of them and would ever emphasize my defeats; (for technically I suppose the siege of Quebec was a defeat, though it caused the capture of Montreal and kept your Majesty's forces largely occupied in Canada, at a time when they were much needed on the Massachusetts Bay; in fact the fall of Boston the following Spring was directly the consequence of my investiture of Quebec).

I now wrote to Montgomery of my crossing, saying that we heard that Colonel McLean had determined to pay us a visit this morning with 600 men and some field pieces, that we were prepared and even anxious to see him, and that I had heard that much confusion prevailed in the town. As I had lost faith in Indian or native guides, I thought proper to intrust this message to a gentleman, the more as I had a private request to make. This request related to the girl Jacataqua, whose condition required tender attention. She had sacrificed herself many times on behalf of the army, and was shortly to become a mother; I insisted that she be left behind and placed in a nunnery; and the gentleman to whom I intrusted this letter was Mr. Aaron Burr. I commended him to Montgomery as "son to a former President of Princeton College and a young gentleman of much life and activity."

I had hardly sealed the letter to Montgomery when I had to reopen it to add a Postscript to the effect that the enemy, far from being asleep, had been wakeful enough to make prisoner one of our own sentinels, and that I had immediately invested the town with my troops, which caused them to set fire to the suburbs

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of St. Johns, and several of the houses without the walls were now in flames. George Merchant of Smith's company was this unlucky sentinel. He had been stationed in a thicket where he had the disadvantage of seeing little, while he could be seen from the walls. Furthermore I am inclined to think he went to sleep. At all events, a sergeant of the 7th regiment of the Kings troops, noting his position, with a few followers glided through the suburb of St. Johns and sprang suddenly upon him disarming him before he could discharge his piece. But they were hotly pursued to the shelter of the guns of the city walls. This gave rise to the report that the enemy were making a sally, our drummers beat the assembly, the troops formed hurriedly and marched to meet them. Under my orders they went to within 800 yards of the fortifications; where they halted, and looking up at the walls which were crowded with soldiers and the townspeople, they gave three lusty cheers. I have been much criticised for this demonstration, but as I had reason to believe that most of the population of Quebec, outside of the troops, were at heart with us, it was important both to make test of their feeling and a demonstration of our own activities. Naturally our friends within the walls did not dare to cheer in reply, and the British brought to bear one 36 pounder upon us, which did so little harm that some of our soldiers in sport ran after the balls as they bounded along the plain and picked them up, pretending to make light of them. Meantime Adjutant Febiger took charge of an expedition to go within 100 steps of the walls and examine their state of repair.

Now my enemies have attributed this exploit to my vain glory; for they termed me "horse jockey,"

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and said that I was already known in Quebec, but only as a dealer in horses, and was now desirous of making my appearance in the gold lace and epaulets of a field officer! I may be vain, but I am not a fool; and I was then, as always, prepared to fight. If I could induce the doughty Governor Cramahe by showing the smallness of my own forces to make a sally into the plain, I was prepared to meet him, as I had just written Montgomery; and that very day I wrote Captain Hanchet, still at Ste. Marie, of our exploit, how we had paraded up to their walls, giving them three cheers in hopes of their coming out, but were disappointed, and that they had fired fifteen 12 and 24 pound shot at us. However, as they would not come out, I went back to camp and wrote a letter to Governor Cramahe. This letter is historical and need not be quoted in full, but I told him the simple truth, that I was ordered by his Excellency, General Washington, to take possession of his town, and in the name of the United Colonies demanded its surrender, with the forces under his command, promising the protection of private property. Unfortunately the messenger to whom I intrusted this letter never reached the Governor, for as he approached the walls he was fired upon, despite his white flag. I thereupon wrote him letters (Nov. 14) saying that this insult to the "United Colonies" . . . "would neither redound to his honor nor valor" and demanded the immediate surrender of the town.

It was evident that Cramahe was thoroughly frightened, despite the arrival of McLean with his emigrants; for I learned that he had proclaimed martial law and offered a bounty of three dollars to any one who would volunteer in the King's service; yet his

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roster disclosed 1248 men, against my 500, besides the war-ships which he now kept close to the walls. Meantime Cramahe himself, according to the veracious French chronicler,* was "livré a ses plaisirs," with twenty-four like-livered fellow-citizens, whom he had entitled "Barons de la Tableronde"!

Now the Governor's garrison consisted of the 84th regiment of royal emigrants, under McLean, the British militia under Major Caldwell, a French battalion of militia under Count Dupré and a battalion of seamen. McLean was a good soldier and a brave one, and (as my friends within the walls sent word) had ordered a sally; whereupon I made scrutiny of our arms and ammunition and found to my despair that the greater part of our cartridges were unfit for service, no more than 5 rounds per man, with 100 bad guns; many of the men were invalids and all were almost naked. With such a force I could not if I stayed cut off McLean's communications with the country. I therefore thought it prudent to retire to Pointe Aux Trembles November 20th, remaining myself for a short time with a small detachment before Quebec to watch the motions of the enemy.

Our march to Pointe Aux Trembles was not so difficult, as the French Corveé maintained in Canada kept the roads in good order. They were ditched and curved and crowned by young pines along the side, as the snow usually lay from 3 to 5 feet deep during the winter months, entirely covering the fences. Our poor men marked the snow with their blood both on the retreat and on the return.

Every farmhouse had its rafters hung with frozen fowl and strings of parched corn, otherwise the peas-

* *La Siége des Bostonnais*, par l'Abbé Verreau.—Ed.

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ants lived on black bread, salt and garlic, and huddled in the kitchen around the one stove, over which hung lines for the drying of dish cloths and the clothing. Yet the French were a hardy race and had many children, most of whom however died in infancy.

Shoes I managed to procure—making them ourselves from the rawhide—but I sent Montgomery with my letter containing this information a memorandum of the clothing absolutely necessary for a winter's campaign, which I bade him to forward. I had noticed that the two frigates were laid up at the walls, their guns and men taken on shore, but this day Capt. Napier's snow and a small schooner passed us downstream and got into the city. Alas, they contained Carleton himself—and he soon put an end to the round table! I wrote all this to Montgomery, and said also that the investigations of Febiger had shown that there was no chance of our cannon making a breach in the walls, and I therefore asked for some mortars with some shells, which would at least annoy the citizens. I also wrote that Col. Allen and his party had been sometime since sent to England in irons. (Indeed it appeared that he was confined in a cage, like a wild beast; and solaced his captivity by inditing an illiterate, profane, scandalous "Oracle of Reason" which horrified the egregious youth Henry and, though now forgotten, was plagiarized by Tom Paine.) In a Postscript I remarked that my hard cash was exhausted and as the French had been such sufferers by paper money, I did not think it prudent to offer them notes at present.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE SIEGE OF THE BOSTONNAIS

THESE Canadians were curious people. While timorous as hares, our army seemed to have a curious fascination for them; almost the day after we took possession of Caldwell's Place, I received one John Baptist Badeaux, who described himself as a Notary and a functionary of some importance, but looked like a priest and I have reason to believe was merely the man of business of the ladies of the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers. The nuns were always kind to us; they adored Montgomery, but esteemed our soldiers as imps of hell! We paid them for their tender services, but the priests were so against us that they even refused absolution to those who joined "les Bostonnais"—so General Wooster told me later; and it was the wives who complained! This Badeaux dined with us Nov. 21st. He detested republics, and professed to believe that the colonists were uniting themselves for the purpose not only of getting free of a king, but of giving laws to all America. He gave me a full account of the efforts of the Bostonnais and the friendly Canadians of Chambly to capture Montreal under the silly attempt of Ethan Allen, and how prayers were made in the churches for defense against the Yankees, and the holy relics of St. Clement taken down and carried in procession through the streets,

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he himself leading and singing the hymn "Sanctorum Meritis." They then held a fast of nine days. But he admitted that a good many of those fasting and praying in the cathedral had in fact prayed for the success of the Bostonnais. He attributed the distress of the miserable province, as he called Canada, to this irreligious action!

Then it appeared General Carleton had ordered a draft of 15 per cent of every man in the parish of Nicolet. He was sent as a sort of recruiting agent, and was entertained by the priest's housekeeper, which young woman gave them a banquet and invited the neighbors to meet them. Meantime they had sent Sergeants out to collect the inhabitants, many of whom sent them to the devil, more refused to come, so that there were only two or three at the harangue besides Badeaux. After which nine or ten of the men dared to enlist; but the priest, who by that time had arrived, would not let them depart without another supper. This they accepted with reluctance for fear the recruits might change their minds, and they kept them singing hymns until they got them safe in a canoe to the city. This is a good example of the success the English had in enlisting the habitants. The very next day these recruits on their way to Montreal were arrested by the people of the parish of Chicot amid the jeers of the women of the village, who cried out to their husbands, "Sure you have made good hunting to-day." They were set at large, but their leader Captain Leproust, having gone into a wine shop to take a glass, Captain Merlet asked of him who he was, and upon his replying that he was an officer of the king, told him to go to . . . and kicked him out of the door before he could even

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get a second glass of wine, which had seemed with him to be the principal subject of regret.

On another time Colonel McLean himself went to this same parish of Nicolet to compel them to join the draft, and had himself conducted to the house of the ringleader, one Rouillard. When he got to the house he found there nobody but the man's wife and asked where were her husband and her sons. Upon her replying that she did not know, he made a threat to burn the house down, to which she only said, "All right, for an old house you will give us a new one." Then he actually set fire to the house, and when she saw the gable catch, she ran out crying, "Saint Eustace, Saint Eustace, save me from the fire. Here is a band of b—— determined to burn our home." Whereupon the Colonel felt constrained to have the fire put out, and return without recruits; and when he came back opposite Quebec and got in a canoe to cross the river, as soon as he was safely off from the shore, the entire remainder of the draft scattered in the woods and ran away,—and, said Badeaux to me, "They are running yet!" In fact, McLean's Canadians were continually deserting, quite as fast as they could recruit them, which gave me hope for a lack of fighting desire even among the garrison at Quebec. Had the poor fools stood by us, we had kept Canada—and I could not but laugh when I heard how they were treated when the British retook it—one yokel who had refused me paid-for supplies at Montreal, had two Hessians quartered on him; and on his complaining that he had but one bedroom and his wife was ill, a file of twenty-four soldiers was sent back with fife and drum, under orders to dance there all night! I heard this from Sanguinet himself.

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Badeaux brought me detailed news of the surrender of St. Johns on the 5th of November, more complete than I had learned in despatches, and seemed quite prepared to make friends with both sides. He had been a deputy of the inhabitants of Three Rivers to Montgomery, after he had taken possession of Montreal, and in that capacity had presented a most servile and grovelling address to "Your Excellency" praying that he maintain order within their parishes and protect them from the insults of their soldiers. No longer were our forces termed "Bostonnais" or "Yankais" in this letter, but for the first time their true title "The American Army." Montgomery had given them a letter promising that their property would be protected, and expressing mortification that there should have been any doubt thereupon, and if the fortune of war served them, their province would be more happy under a free government,—which, I suspect, was the last thing the worthy nun's Notary wanted. They had never paid him back his expenses on this journey from Three Rivers to Montreal and back, but he naïvely remarked that he was not worrying very much, as he thought he could find a method of reimbursing himself. He admitted that the Canadians had been forced to march against the Bostonnais. They had been told that we were a band of vagabonds, and other things of that sort. He dined with me early in February, with the same Leproust, and I was rash enough to make a bet of two dozen claret that there would be no ships from England to relieve them by the 5th of May, and the same amount that before that date we should be in possession of the city, so Badeaux congratulated himself that he was sure of one two dozen anyhow.

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MEMORANDUM

600 pr. coarse yarn stockings
500 yds. coarse woollen for breeches
1000 yds. flannel or baize for shirts
300 milled caps
300 do. mittens or gloves
300 blankets
Powder and ball
1 bbl. West Indian rum
1 do. sugar.

This was all by way of stores that I demanded for taking Quebec. I wrote to the same effect to Washington, saying that if I had been ten days sooner I could have taken Quebec even without Enos and his men; however I made no doubt that General Montgomery would reduce it during the winter if properly supported, that is to say, at least 2500 men. This sufficiently disposed of the charge that I sought the honor for myself. And he replied (Dec. 5th) "That the Almighty may preserve you in the glorious work you have begun, is the fervent prayer of, dear sir, Yours, G. Washington." Furthermore, I intrusted the bearer, Capt. Ogden, with a letter of introduction, as a young gentleman of good and opulent family from Jersey; and gave him a letter of credit upon Messrs. Prince & Haywood, Merchants, for the cash he might need, for which I gave my personal guarantee. Alas, how often it happens that a person who puts his purse at his country's disposal, is only requited by a charge that it was filled at his country's expense!

Two or three days later, Napier's snow proceeded up to Cape Rouge with the *Hunter* and two schooners, and as I supposed they designed to interrupt our

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vessels coming down from Montreal, I sent express to the officers of the Continental army on their way from Montreal to Quebec giving them warning. There was already ice in the river, and on the 25th I wrote again to Montgomery regretting to hear by his letter of the 18th that he with General Wooster meant to stay at Montreal. On the 27th I sent a party of 40 men to Grand Isle to escort the ammunition down, advising Captain Dugan not to venture by water, but to procure carts. Still the ammunition did not come, so on the 30th I wrote again to Montgomery advising him of these movements and of my anxious expectation, as I intended to attack Quebec at once upon the arrival of the necessary powder and ball. Meantime Carleton had burned his friend Caldwell's house, lest it should prove to be a convenience to me for my winter quarters.

But it appeared Montgomery had safely got my earlier letters. Aaron Burr, who had been refused as a volunteer at Cambridge, because of his physical condition, and had insisted on going as a gentleman volunteer, had by his conduct throughout the long march aroused the army's admiration and my own. His skill in boating caused him to receive command of a batow, which he steered and directed himself. Once the boat went over a 20 ft. fall, but all were saved. And he, it appeared, had already formed his plan of campaign. Either because the Catholic clergymen were averse to British rule, or because Jacataqua advised it, he went direct to a monastery near by and asked to see the head Father and frankly told him of his mission. "You show great faith in human nature, my son." "My heart tells me whom to trust" replied Burr. "Well, well, it will be no doubt to the

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glory of God to aid you," and the priest supplied him with a hat and frock and a letter to the next religious house. Disguised in this manner, Burr had been able to pass through all the wilderness and through the enemy's country, though he had to lie by for two days in the suburbs of Montreal, but all my instructions, including the verbal ones, were safely delivered and Montgomery made Burr his aide. His last aide, alas! for Burr, though he may have had a gentleman's failings, was a gentleman and a soldier, and when poor Montgomery was blown to pieces by a drunken sailor a few weeks later, Burr alone attempted to bear off his body from under the walls of Quebec.

On the 3rd of December Montgomery at last joined me, with 300 men, ammunition, provisions and clothing and a few mortars for Dr. Senter's "cathartic pills." He found only 675 of the 1100 men who had left Cambridge three months before, but he wrote Washington, "Garrison consists of McLean's banditti. Mr. Carleton who is I suppose ashamed to show himself in England, is now in town. I propose amusing him with a formal attack, erecting batteries, etc. but mean to assault the works. I find Colonel Arnold's corps an exceeding fine one, inured to fatigue, and well accustomed to cannon shot. There is a style of discipline among them much superior to what I have been used to seeing in this campaign." And he wrote Gen. Schuyler, "The corps of General Arnold is an exceedingly fine one, and he himself is active, intelligent and enterprising," and he added (I beg the reader mark this, for it relates to the charge of my first court-martial):

Whilst the affair of Chambly was in agitation, Major Brown made some promises to the Canadians, which I believe I must,

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from motives of policy as well as justice, make good, viz: to share the stores. I also offered Colonel Easton's detachment at Sorel, by way of stimulant, all public stores taken in the vessels. Warner's corps refused to march, Bedel's went on. They were half naked, and weather severe. With a year's clothing of the 7th and 26th, I have relieved the distresses of Arnold's corps. The greatest part of that clothing is a fair prize, except such as immediately belonged to the prisoners taken on board. The Canadians will be our friends as long as we are able to maintain our ground, but they must not be depended upon, especially for defensive operations. Some time since you desired a return from General Wooster of the men he discharged. It was too critical a time to put any body out of humour, I therefore suppressed it. I have paid particular attention to Colonel Arnold's recommendations. Indeed I must say he has brought with him many pretty young men.

To Montgomery I at once yielded command, and we immediately marched back to the city and encamped in the suburbs of St. Foy. On the 2nd I ordered Capt. Hanchett to convey the new stores and cannon to our advanced batteries, and then to cross to Point Levi for scaling ladders. He refused, alleging as a reason that the work was too dangerous! I placed him under arrest, and sent for Captains Thayer and Topham—who tossed a coin for the honor and Thayer won.

By this time the people within the walls began to dare to show their sympathy; many retired to their villas on the Isle of Orleans or at Charlesburg, but many gave us news, a few stores and credit, and some even did our sentry duty! On the 6th Dugan captured a sloop with stores. Carleton palisaded the town first from the Palace to the Hope Gate, and again from Cape Diamond to Castle St. Louis.

We now found that together we could muster hardly a thousand provincials, besides 200 French

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Canadians and the St. Francis Indians. The enlistment of the Americans expired on the 31st of December, and they were anxious to return to their families. Indeed all through the war the New Englanders appeared to regard fighting as a summer sport, and service in the army not incumbent upon them during the winter, when they wished to be busy with their harvests. Thereupon we sent a flag to demand the surrender of the town, but it was fired upon. Then Montgomery wrote another letter demanding surrender, which met with the reply that General Carleton (who by this time was back in Quebec) refused to have any kind of parley with the rebels. Indeed his answer was brought by an old woman, who was drummed out of town, and we responded by shooting 1000 copies of Montgomery's proclamation over the walls with arrows! We had in the meantime thrown some 200 shells—what Dr. Senter called "exhibiting pills"—into the town without much effect but to enliven their winter season; and we had erected a battery before St. Johns gate. Montgomery had his horse and carriole blown to pieces by a cannon-ball. A woman was shot just as she was giving a drink to one of our soldiers in a *bordel*. Poor Dixon had had his leg cut off by a 36 pound ball before Henry could announce the flash of the gun, which we always watched for. He had been on guard at the nunnery on the low ground near the River St. Charles; here were 40 nuns who most kindly ministered to us during all the siege, and Dixon had been on guard duty under Michael Simpson. The new guard brought with him a scoundrelly looking Frenchman who presented himself to Simpson with a forged order from me commanding him to cross the river St. Charles

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in search of cattle. It was on his return in the boat that Dixon was thus hit. They were fired upon all the way until they got to the convent. Meantime the French guide took occasion to flee, being nothing but a government decoy. Dr. Senter amputated, but lockjaw followed. After the amputation he advised poor Dixon, in default of brandy to drink some tea. One of the nuns brought a bowl, but Dixon said, "No, madam, it is the ruin of my country" and died without it.

On the 17th we had captured two Captains of the French militia who had ventured out in search of recruits, but they got no sympathy; indeed the Canadians always called us their friends and did what they could in a comfortable manner to help us. How Carleton had gotten into Quebec I now learned: it turned out that he had come along in a boat silently with the tide, the crew paddling only with their hands, until he reached the snow of Capt. Napier. "Well," said Montgomery, after Governor Cramahe's last rude message, "to the storming we must come at last"; and on the 5th I had written Washington that we had good hopes of an assault.

Montgomery had just reached his thirty-ninth year. He was tall and slender, well formed and of a soldierly bearing. He made a splendid speech to the troops. That they were not disloyal to me is shown by the following letter that one of them wrote at this time:

> Our commander is a gentleman worthy of the confidence reposed in him,—a man, I believe, of invincible courage; a man of great prudence; ever serene, he defies the greatest danger to affect him, or difficulties to alter his temper; in fine, you will ever see him the intrepid hero, the unruffled Christian.

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The army was in high spirits. Hairdresser Duggan, who was now a Major, was recruiting among the peasantry. The officers were often entertained by the curate of St. Augustine. Dearborn had returned from his cabin on the Chaudière, well of his nervous fever, to take command of his company; and bringing with him handsome Jemima Warner, her legs now well encased in gray stockings,—they should have been black for her husband!

Under my orders our officers and men had treated the nuns with the greatest respect, and the convent was really almost our headquarters, as the enemy never fired upon it, although they often made it dangerous for the Doctor to pass to and fro between the hospital and the army headquarters. On Christmas eve Parson Sam Spring preached there a beautiful sermon, in the chapel of the hospital, an elegant room, richly decorated with carvings and gilt work.

My advices from the city were that most of the merchants were prepared to shout "God save the King," or "Congress forever" according to the circumstances. All but the militia had been compelled to leave the city. I had palisades placed above the brow of Cape Diamond and behind the Palace Gate, loopholing for musketry.

Smallpox had broken out in the city and they were base enough to send women of loose character in the hope of carrying that infection to our troops. The riflemen amused themselves every day by exchanging shots with the sentries behind the old walls.

Captain Hanchet having refused to take quarters near the city on the ground that the service was too dangerous,—a favorite excuse of this officer; he had made the same when ordered to bring the heavy guns

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down the river*—I had a contest for that post between Capts. Topham and Thayer. (These were fighters. Thayer ended a Major and Brigadier General of the Rhode Island militia; Topham, a Colonel died in 1793, leaving twin daughters and eleven sons, ten of whom were lost at sea!) Thereupon Hanchet incited a precious pair of his Captains, Goodrich and Hubbard, to decline the assault unless they were withdrawn from my command! This is the basis of the charge that I was unpopular among my soldiers—I would have court martialled them, but Montgomery smoothed it over—moreover, it is not the duty of a General to be popular! Enos was a "popular" General. Topham and Thayer were exposed indeed to eminent danger, as there were several balls fired through their quarters, but all escaped unhurt. Capt. John Lamb commanded the guns Montgomery had brought, but it took several days to get them up from the river beach to the heights of Abraham. Our earthworks were made by the simple process of heaping up soft earth, and then pouring water over it, which froze solid, and was safe to remain solid until we had taken the city. The main object of this was merely to deplete the enemy's supply of ammunition, as we always intended a storming party, knowing well that the city could not be taken by our artillery. And to this, as Montgomery had predicted, we had to come at last. Wolfe's success was made possible because Montcalm had permitted his courage to get the better of his discretion, as Montgomery wrote his father-in-law, and had come out from his fortress on to the plain. Carleton, being an Englishman, was no such

* Hanchet was taken prisoner in the assault, but never took service after his exchange, and died a citizen in Suffield, Connecticut.

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fool. It was evident that we had to do something before the river was open in the Spring, when we might expect the whole British navy to arrive. So on the 16th of December we held a council of war and the unanimous voice was for storming the works. Captain Burr promptly set to work to drill fifty men in cliff climbing; and I myself was for an attack on the upper town, but our friends Anthill and Price, merchants of the lower city, persuaded us our chance might be better there, for, the city and docks once held, the upper town would surrender.

But there came a snowstorm; and then cold too intense to handle metal; our riflemen alone remained active, "sniping" sentries. Then the assault was set for the 23rd; but one Joshua Wolfe, a clerk to Caldwell, with a bottle of rum and Sergeant Singleton, escaped and informed the town. On Christmas day a parade, service in chapel and a speech from Montgomery; on the 26th it turned so cold that our sentries' eyes froze together. Blocks of ice piled high on the house roofs on the river front. On the 27th we paraded for the assault; but the night was too light. On the 28th Montgomery in general orders commended the men's readiness and bade them watch for snow. On the 30th it snowed and again we had to wait. And I will close this chapter before our disaster by quoting a few letters bearing on our attempt.

December 5th, Washington to Schuyler (who showed it to me at Saratoga):

> It gave me the highest satisfaction to hear of Colonel Arnold's being at Point Levi, with his men in great spirits after their long and fatiguing march, attended with almost insuperable difficulties and the discouraging circumstance of being abandoned by one-third of the troops that went on the expedition. The merit of this

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gentleman is certainly great, and I heartily wish that fortune may distinguish him. I am convinced that he will do everything that his prudence and valor shall suggest to reduce Quebec.

This was the same day on which he wrote to me (in the letter describing his reception of Enos):

It is not in the power of any man to command success, but you have done more, you have deserved it; and before this I hope you will have met with the laurels which are due to your toils, in the possession of Quebec. My thanks are due and sincerely offered to you for your enterprising and brave spirit. To your brave followers I likewise present them. I was not unmindful of you or them in the establishment of a new army. One out of twenty-six regiments (lately General Putnam's) you are appointed to the command of, and I have ordered all the officers with you to one or the other of these regiments, in the rank they now bear.— You could not be more surprised than I was at Enos's return with the division under his command. I immediately put him under arrest, and had him tried for quitting his detachment without orders. He is acquitted on the score of provisions.

And finally the words of Schuyler to Washington:

I have heretofore observed that Colonel Arnold had great merit. He has been peculiarly unfortunate, in that one-third of his troops have left him. If the whole had been with him when he arrived before Quebec, he would probably have had the sole honour of giving that important place to America. He will, however, share in the glory of its reduction.

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CHAPTER XVII

MY FIRST DAY OF FAME

As is the case with a lady, the main chance of success in assaulting a walled fortress is to take her by surprise; thus an assault is ever preferable to a siege; but again as in the case of a lady, it is more difficult to talk surprise than to succeed in surprising her. Very seldom does the garrison not know that an assault is intended. Whether or not General Carleton knew that I resembled a fool in a hurry in that my forces were rapidly disappearing; or that he had some wind of our council of war, or of my intention as expressed to Montgomery or necessarily suspected by my own Lieutenants; or that there were spies about —he knew it all. Yet, my New England troops were determined to leave me on the 31st of December (though I confess I do not know by what method of conveyance they expected to return to Boston) and we had no hope of increase of strength; while the enemy might be reinforced at any time, and would be certain to become quite impregnable at the opening of Spring when the fleet would arrive from England,— for the river by this time was safely frozen over. Therefore we could hardly hope to surprise the citadel, but only endeavor to mislead the garrison so far as possible. So we made elaborate plans for an assault upon the 30th of December, though really intending it upon the 31st. Unexpectedly, a heavy snow storm on that day aided our plans, while the night of the

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30th had been fine. We could hear the garrison carousing behind the parapets, for when the morning dawned of the last day of the year with no hostile sign from us, they grew weary of resistance and only wished the attack might come and be well over. Twenty-four hours of temperance had passed; the strain was more than human nature could stand. So, on the 31st they took to drink.

The next element of our surprise was to attack that part of the fortress where we were least expected; that is to say, to send Montgomery himself, with much parade, to the obvious attack under the walls below Cape Diamond, where there was a guard in a block house made of wood and gated but with a palisade and a garrison that I was well aware had been kept on the *qui vive* for thirty-six hours, and with reasonably frequent potations of rum; while I, modestly and unsuspectingly, with Morgan's rough rangers and a few New Englanders that I could trust, made a more insidious entry on the upper plain at the main gate of the citadel—the Palace Gate itself. This was the strongest post of defense; being directly in front of our line of battle and armed with the enemy's heaviest artillery, while the gate itself was of heavy masonry, not a flimsy wooden block house as in the lower street on the south side. No one of them supposed that we would assault there, but it is ever wise to attack when and where one is least expected; and courage even to the extreme of rashness is not too much. The very fact that the mad effort is made, suggests possession of unexpected strength on the part of the aggressor and awakens the imagination of the resister; as a woman that fears for her virtue is already lost. So, in the event, it was my detach-

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ment alone that got into the city, and we went far. But it was the leader who fell; not the fortress.

Nearly two feet of snow had fallen by midnight; so at two in the morning the word was passed and the two attacking columns formed. Each man wore in his hat band a strip of white paper,—on which some wrote the rodomontade motto "Liberty or Death"—a desperate device afterward worn by Washington's men at Trenton, in order not only to discourage surrender, but should there be a general mixup in the streets, that the colonial troops, or the Patriots as we then called ourselves, might in the dark be recognized, as on St. Bartholomew's day. And the two columns moved silently off; the one down the sheer cliff and along beneath its frowning precipices to a barrier under the main citadel of the city; while we with equal silence and more success, converged on the enemy's main gate. We did not then surprise them; and yet, but for a bullet or cannon ball which took off my leg, we should have penetrated to the heart of the city and captured its inmost stronghold —and your Majesty's Dominion in America had ended.

But as we came to the gate, we heard the ringing of bells and the beat of drums through the mad gusts of the whirling snow, which in a few seconds more was rent apart by the ruddy glare of the cannon and the storm of ball and canister. Still we kept on, bending our heads more to the driving snow than to the grape shot, and holding the locks of our guns under our coats to keep the priming dry. I led first upon the one side, Morgan with his riflemen on the other, and then came the one single field piece we endeavored to introduce, dragged by a squad of men on a sled.

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Safe through the gate, I kept 100 yards in advance—as also did poor Montgomery on his side. We have been blamed for this, but (as my men wrote) it was a case of "come on, boys—not go"! On the Sault au Matelot, well within the town, we found a barricade; but that side of the city was already practically captured. The British soldiers that we had left upon the bastion or in the houses on either side of the long St. Johns Street behind us, seeing that they were outfought and outflanked, and inspired by terror at our bravery, were rapidly fleeing through the houses, dark alley ways, or even over the roofs, until they could re-form beyond us on the other side. We made a dash at this barricade when I felt my leg broken by a musket ball from one of these very men who were running from us on the roofs, and fell. I arose and cheered to my men, telling them that I was unhurt,—but I could not stand. I refused to be carried back until the main body came up, but as I fainted, two soldiers seized me and bore me to the rear. One of them was Burr's old college chum—Sam Spring of Newburyport.

The rest of course I have heard from others. Morgan, left in command of our detachment, was helped by Greene and Porterfield, carried the barricade, took its battery and its defenders prisoners and rushed on to a second barrier, almost on the road leading around and downward to the point where they would have made a junction with Montgomery; but here they were met with unexpected force. Poor Montgomery was dead. His attack had failed, and the main division on the lower side had had time to run up through the narrow and tortuous street to the high side where we were fighting. We were repulsed,

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Morgan, Meigs and Greene were captured, just as the sun broke through the winter sky of the New Years Day, piercing the clouds of the retreating snow storm.

It appeared that Montgomery with his column had made his way down under the cliff in good order and without discovery to the very barrier of the block-house, where the sappers and miners had soon cut away the pickets of the palisade, and they rushed upon the gate of the block house where was a battery of two 3-pounders and some soldiers and sailors from the ships. Montgomery alas, as I had done, had marched in the front, with his aides Aaron Burr and McPherson, Burr leading a forlorn hope of forty men armed with ladders for scaling the walls. How better had it been had we either of us been less bold! In my case we actually got into the city, and even in Montgomery's the guard in the block house had turned and fled. The city gate for one moment lay open. Unluckily he waited a minute for the main body of his men to catch up; by this time the enemy had all retreated into the city, save one drunken sailor, as the story goes, who ran back in his drunken recklessness crying, "G— d— ye, I'll give you my last shot"—he pulled the lanyard of the last field piece, and a cannon load of grape shot entered their breasts at twenty yards.

Montgomery, first of all, with a plunge fell dead upon the snow; McPherson also, and nigh a dozen more. One man, extraordinary that *I* should be relating it,—of all that vanguard company stood there alive, neither wounded nor retreated. Strange that it should be so! Strange that he of all men should have been preserved from the death—the glorious death—

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that met the others, to live and to plot treason against his country! Aaron Burr—Aaron Burr did not run with his men, nor was he killed; and he it was who seized the body of Montgomery and bore it backward through the snow to a place of safety.

But Montgomery was dead; and they could not carry him beyond the enemy's lines; so they left him in the snow. I have heard that General Carleton himself burst into tears when he saw his body; and he gave him military honors and a military funeral, and sent back his watch and other personal possessions to his afflicted widow. Many a man the Americans have despised because he was a soldier, not a politician; or mistrusted, because he was a gentleman; many a poltroon they have made a hero, as they did of Gates; many a treason has gone unpunished as in the case of Lee,—but there never was a greater gentleman fell in their mistaken cause than Montgomery.

I cannot better close this Chapter than by doing what I can to repair the fault. Richard Montgomery was the son of Thomas Montgomery, an Irish gentleman of Donegal. His mother was an English lady of fortune. He was born near Dublin and was educated at Trinity. He saw service in America as Lieutenant and Captain in the 17th Regiment under General Amherst at the siege of Louisburg in 1758. Handsome, brave, chivalrous, I have his picture before me as I write,—in the blue and buff uniform of the enemy, with heavy gold epaulets and shirt of fine lace, surmounted by a black stock, his hair in long curls, but unpowdered, and his beautiful Irish face, with the strong nose and gray blue eyes. He married in America, unluckily perhaps for him as for others,

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but, as in my own case, to an adorable creature of the highest rank and fortune, who devotedly loved him—Miss Livingston of New York. Whether this was the reason of his desertion I cannot say. He had returned to England before 1775 and became friends with your Majesty's arch enemies, George Fox, Burke and Barré. When the first resistance was made to the Stamp Act, an order was given to employ his Regiment in England in suppressing it, and he was so foolish as to threaten then to throw up his commission, giving as a reason that he had lived too long in America to join in the oppression! and your Majesty's government yielded on that point, and his regiment was not sent. In 1771 he was even promised a Majority, and had lodged his money for the purchase, when he was overlooked and another preferred. Alas, how often such ingratitude to the most deserving may warp their own best judgment! Montgomery threw up your Majesty's commission and came to New York, where he married Miss Jennie, a daughter of Robert Livingston of the highest family in that great colony. The Livingstons, unlike the Shippens, were revolutionary in sympathy, and she herself made up the first ribbon cockade that he placed on his hat, when he accepted the rank of Brigadier General in the rebel army under his friend Schuyler. He had reached his thirty-ninth year when he died. I was then thirty-eight.

After Montgomery's death, the cowardly New Yorkers under Campbell's orders retreated, so the column from the lower city never came to our aid; though the enemy had deserted the guardhouse, and they might have entered unopposed. Meantime our men, who had taken at least 150 prisoners, mostly

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students, waited in vain, having had no support; for the Canadian *habitans* and the Indians, all but Natanis, ran two miles across the frozen Bay of St. Charles at the very first fire; while Hanchet,—of course—with his New Englanders, never came up. The other two attacks, at St. Johns gate, and at Cape Diamond, under Captain Brown of Massachusetts, were intended to be but feints and farces; and even their firing had ceased. Burr, with his scaling party, was hiding under the cliff, near the dead Montgomery; I was in the hospital.

Thus, before noon, Morgan had to take command; as his ranking "Colonels," Greene, Bigelow and Meigs, had never before been under fire! The enemy overwhelmed them, from the lower town; no succor appeared. I heard that Morgan himself, crying like a child, and refusing to surrender, at last handed his sword over to a priest saying, "Not a scoundrel of those cowards shall take it out of my hand!" So these brave men, with 150 prisoners, had to surrender and become prisoners themselves. Every Captain in my party was taken, and only four privates escaped. And by this time I lay with my pistols loaded and a sword at my side, in a bed in the convent, swearing to my good nun nurse in the convent hospital, who luckily knew only French.

But on this same day, had I known it, the flag of the United Colonies was first displayed—thirteen red and white stripes, as now, with the English Union, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew red and white on a blue ground—on Boston Common. The Pine-tree and the Rattlesnake had been but provincial; we were a nation—still under the Union Jack.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE WINTER BEFORE THE WALLS

In a "Letter of a Gentleman of Congress to a friend in Virginia," in December 1775, I read:

"The Congress have promoted Brigadier-General Montgomery to be a Major-General; and being assured that Arnold is in possession of Quebec, it is probable that he will be made a Brigadier-General, one of those offices being vacant by Montgomery's promotion." And on the midnight of that New Year Colonel Campbell, now left in command, wrote to General Wooster; from Holland-House:

"It is with the greatest distress of mind, that I communicate to you the event of an unfortunate attempt that was made to storm the town of Quebec, between the hours of two and seven this morning, by four different attacks. The gallant and amiable General Montgomery was killed, also his Aide-de-camp, Macpherson, and Captain Cheeseman of the first New-Yorkers; all this at the lower town. I found myself under the disagreeable necessity of drawing off the troops (too ready to depart) at about seven o'clock, after having passed the first barrier, and just opening to attempt the second.

"In the other principal attack, made by Colonel Arnold, with the detachment under his command, Captain Lamb's company of Artillery and two field-pieces, on sleighs, were at the Sailor's Gate, where he succeeded so far as to force one gate, or barrier,

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and battery, with the misfortune of having his leg splintered, yet I hope not very dangerous, though, from his gallant conduct, he sustained a considerable loss of blood, and is now in the Hospital, as also Brigadier Major Ogden, after a spirited and officer-like conduct, which was distinguishable in the whole of the officers, particularly Lieutenant-Colonel Green, Major Bigelow, and Major Meigs, as also Captain E. Oswald, Secretary to Colonel Arnold and a volunteer. Yet after carrying that barrier and a second one, they now remain in possession of the house from Limeburner's Wharf in the lower town to the second barrier, where they now maintain themselves, with between three and four hundred men; and it is extremely difficult to support them till dark, when I shall hope to draw them off; for which purpose I sent Colonel James Livingston, with some of his regiment, and Major Dubois, of the Third Yorkers.

"The other attack was with Colonel Livingston and his Canadians, to endeavour to burn St. John's Gate with prepared fagots, which was not effected, owing to an early alarm in town. And the last was by another storm attack, from Major Brown's detachment, on Cape Diamond.

"Thus you have the four attacks that were concerted between the dear deceased General Montgomery and Colonel Arnold, which was, in many respects, hurried, from the circumstance of the inlistment of the troops under Colonel Arnold, whose service expires this day. Our whole loss does not exceed fifteen or twenty men. Send two hundred men reinforcements from Montreal. I assure you it is no pleasure to me to enjoy the command which falls on me from the death of the General, and Colonel

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Arnold's keeping his bed; therefore I request you will set out for this place instantly as you can. The remaining Aide-de-camp Mr. Aaron Burr, I would gladly recommend to you, for the memory of the deceased General, as well as his own personal bravery and good conduct."

I copy Campbell's letter in full, because he was no friend of mine. But the worst had not yet happened. I had to add a postscript:

"It is impossible to say what our future operations will be until we know the fate of my detachment.

"Many of our men are dejected, and anxious to go home, and some have actually set off. For God's sake, order as many men down as you can spare, consistently with the safety of Montreal, and all the mortars and shells you can possibly bring. I hope you will stop every rascal who has deserted from us and bring him back again. . . .

"Every possible mark of distinction was shown to the corpse of General Montgomery."

On January 5th, I wrote to Wooster for four hundred pair of snowshoes, sugar for the Hospital and fifty light shovels. "Am obliged to write lying on my back. Send back every soldier who has deserted."

And again on the same day:

"Last night, a faithful Acadian belonging to our train of artillery, who was captured, was sent out of town by Carleton with enclosed note and seal. I believe the enemy dare not venture out, though they threaten it. I pray God they may not, for we are in a miserable condition to receive them."

The note enclosed was from Lanaudiere to Mange:

"We have drubbed the Rebels. We have taken seven hundred killed, wounded and prisoners, and

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their General, Montgomery. It remains with you to completely drive away our enemies. Signalize yourselves to retrieve the honour of the Canadians, and to gain every happiness to your Parish. Two hundred men will destroy the remains of these miserable wretches."

And on January 6th, General Wooster at Montreal, wrote to Colonel Warner:

"Our prospects of holding Canada are very dubious. Our enemies tell them the United Colonies intend to abandon the country; the clergy refused absolution to all who have shown themselves our friends, and preach damnation to those that will not take up arms against us, and tell them that now it is not too late, that we are but a handful of men."

And he enclosed a letter from me, in which after relating the final surrender of our command within the walls of Quebec, I closed with these words:

"Oswald is among the prisoners. They are treated politely and supplied with everything the garrison affords. Carleton sent me word that the soldiers' baggage, if I pleased, might be sent to them, which I shall do. I have no thoughts of leaving this proud town, until I first enter it in triumph."

Finally, on January 11, 1776, I made my report to Congress:

"By Montgomery's death, command of the army devolves on me; I find he strongly recommended to conciliate the affections of the Canadians, and cherish every dawning of liberty which appears among them; and to assure them of the friendship and protection of the Congress, and endeavor to form on a lasting basis a firm union between them and the Colonies. But, having been so long habituated to slavery, and

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having as yet, but a faint sense of the value of liberty, they are naturally timorous and diffident. So long as Quebec remains in the hands of the enemy, it will not be in our power to protect them."

And then I wrote about stores in Quebec, "not one thousand barrels of flour in the town," and advised against a blockade, but urged a sufficient force to reduce it by assault, five thousand, or in case of siege, three thousand.

"The former may prove unsuccessful; the latter I think will succeed, from the extensiveness of their works. We can place our mortars under cover within two hundred yards of the walls. Am well assured more than one-half of the inhabitants would gladly open the gates to us. Expect General Wooster from Montreal with reinforcements every minute. We are in great want of cash; often been reduced to a few johannes, and never able to procure more than ten days' sustenance beforehand. Our whole dependance has been on Mr. Price, who has done everything in his power."

And again, on the next day:

"Since writing, General Wooster has acquainted me he cannot leave Montreal, but has sent down Colonel Clinton, to whom I shall resign the command until my wound will permit of my doing duty, four to six weeks.

"P. S. The forts at Niagara and Detroit are an object, which, I make no doubt, the honourable Congress have in view."

On January 14th, I wrote to Washington:

Our loss and repulse struck an amazing panic into both officers and men, and had the enemy improved their advantage, our affairs here must have been entirely ruined. It was not in my power

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to prevail on the officers to attempt saving our mortars which had been placed in St. Roque's, of course they fell into the hands of the enemy. Upwards of one hundred officers and soldiers instantly set off for Montreal, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade the rest to make a stand. Our present force is only seven hundred.

Your favor of the 5th has just come to hand. It gives me sensible pleasure. I beg you would accept my thanks for the notice you have been pleased to take of me and my officers, in your new establishment. Most of them are provided for in an unexpected manner, not very pleasing to me. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing General Lee, or some experienced officer, here.

And on January 27th he replied:

On the 17th I received the melancholy account. . . . It is of great importance to occupy Quebec this winter,—for the Administration knowing that it will be impossible ever to reduce us to a state of slavery without it, will certainly send a reinforcement there in the spring. . . . I already view the approaching day when you and your brave followers will enter this important Fortress with every honour and triumph attendant on victory and conquest. Then will you have added the only link wanting in the great chain of Continental Union, and rendered the freedom of your country secure.

Wishing you a speedy recovery, and the possession of those laurels which your bravery and perseverance justly merit, I am, dear sir,

Yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington never failed a friend. The day before, he had written to Schuyler:

I am much concerned for General Montgomery and Colonel Arnold. However, I trust that their distinguished conduct, bravery and perseverance will meet with the smiles of fortune, and put them in possession of this important fortress. I wish their force was greater, the reduction would then be certain.

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But after receiving mine, he wrote, on the 18th of January, to Schuyler about the death of Montgomery, and also said:

I am much concerned for the intrepid and enterprising Arnold. He writes in these days repeatedly to all the States for reinforcements for Canada.

On January 24, I wrote to Congress, asking for artillery and ammunition, and saying:

General Montgomery on his arrival here appointed Mr. John Halstead Commissary. He is a gentleman who has been very active and zealous in our cause, is a merchant, and capable in his department, in which I beg leave to recommend his being continued.

In consequence of this, and on February 17th, Halstead was appointed Commissary for the Army before Quebec, and Major General Lee directed to repair to Canada "in consequence of Arnold's letter." I did not then know him, and I wanted a real general over Wooster. Washington had written Joseph Reed "that he had no opinion at all of W(ooster's) enterprising genius"; but he was at a loss what General to send to Canada; "he did not trust Putnam in a separate department; and most of the others were too old"; so he wrote to Lee: "Should Congress not need Schuyler, they will wish you."

On January 31st he wrote to Reed: "I find that Arnold was continuing the blockade of Quebec on the 19th, which under the heaviness of our loss there, is a most favorable circumstance and exhibits a fresh proof of Arnold's ability and perseverance in the midst of difficulties."

On February 12th, I wrote to Congress: "Nothing has occurred worth notice, except desertions from the

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Garrison, who are much distressed for fuel, and must soon burn their houses and shipping." And on February 27th, to Washington: "The enemy have twice sallied from Palace-Gate to seize our field-pieces, near the Nunnery, but on our troops advancing they made a precipitate retreat." I informed him of small-pox having crept in, and that my wound entirely healed.

But Reed (fearing I should be appointed chief in command) wrote to him that "Arnold's wound is in an unfavorable way"; and February 1st Washington wrote to Reed, "that he is exceedingly sorry to hear it" (knowing better).

Now the regiments sent to Canada from New York had never been included in the army under the immediate command of Washington, and for this reason they were not taken into the new arrangement. The officers complained of this neglect, particularly as Colonel Enos, or those with him, who deserted the expedition to Canada and returned home, had been promoted. I accordingly wrote to Washington on their behalf and got the following answer:—

April 3, 1776.

. . . I am very sorry that the gentlemen from New York and other officers should think themselves neglected in the new arrangement. It is true that I reserved places in this army for those officers, who went from hence under your command. The Congress have since informed me, that they would be provided for in the army raised for Canada. I was not acquainted with the gentlemen, who complain, nor with their circumstances. There is little doubt, but their merits will be rewarded in due time. I am very sensible of the many difficulties you have had to encounter. Your conduct under them does you great honor. As General Thomas will take the burthen off your shoulders, I hope you will soon gather strength sufficient to assist in finishing the important work, which you have with so much glory to yourself and service

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to your country hitherto conducted. I have appointed Captain Lamb, who is a prisoner at Quebec, to be second major in the regiment of artillery, commanded by Colonel Henry Knox.

For Lee had, as schoolboys say, "funked the job." So we waited for Thomas; and the poor old fellow only arrived to die of the smallpox.

Had we captured Quebec, Canada would have been ours and they would have sent deputies to the Continental Congress. Carleton did not dare make so much as a sally for four long months. Fox and even Burke contrasted our behavior with that of the 8,000 well equipped troops who lay this Winter idle in the town of Boston.

From the beginning I knew the game was up. And John Marshall summed it all up when he said, "It was a bold, and at one time promised to be successful effort to annex this extensive province to the United Colonies—had Quebec fallen, Canada would have entered cordially into the Union." The Americans and their Congress, locking the door after the horse was stolen, sent battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment to the St. Lawrence now that it was too late to take Quebec. Knowing that our pretense of a continuous siege would at least serve to divert your Majesty's troops, Burgoyne's and the rest, to Quebec instead of New York and other points of danger, I had at first appointed Campbell; but now under unanimous vote of all the officers I consented to retain command for a time. Meantime, and at last, (January 10th) the Continental Congress were good enough to send me the commission of a Brigadier General, thus rewarding me for my failure, when they had refused to reward me for my success. And Schuyler

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wrote to Washington "the brave Arnold is wounded"; and Washington, replying, "was concerned for the intrepid and enterprising—" It was little pleasure to hear how Pennsylvania was naming sloops of war *Montgomery* and *Arnold*—nor of Dr. William Smith, Provost of her University, in an oration delivered at the order of Congress to commemorate Montgomery, compare my march to Hannibal's over the Alps, and Xenophon's, and call Enos's return *desertion*—"in more courteous language, he returned home"!

It was a long and dreary Winter. Now and then we had news from our prisoners within the walls, surreptitiously conveyed by friendly Canadians or by the priest to the nuns at the convent. They had a far better time than we, the first act indeed of the generous Carleton being to provide Henry and the rest with a butt of porter. Many entertaining stories were told of their captivity.

Their captors, though kind enough, were astounded at the social station of our officers, who were given special quarters in the Seminary of Laval, the enlisted men being crowded into the Recollets Monastery, later in the Dauphin gaol. Major Caldwell (erstwhile my unwilling host) wrote "You have no conception what kind of men composed these officers—one Major was a blacksmith, another a hatter; of their Captains was a butcher, a tanner, a shoemaker, and a tavern-keeper—yet all pretended to be gentlemen!"

Our men who were made prisoners, though far more comfortable than they would have been in our camp, were forever endeavoring to escape or even to take the guns of the city and turn them away from us. The great necessity for this was of course gun-powder, so it seemed they pretended to have a game of toy

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cannon made of paper, wherein they instituted a mimic bombardment in the large room of the jail to the amusement of their jailers, but most of the powder that they were given for this purpose they kept to make cartridges. Some money was also obtained from charitable nuns who visited the prison. One youth, called "Doctor" Gibson because he had studied medicine, blessed with a high complexion and a fine head of hair, was hurried into bed one day when they saw a nun approaching, to play the part of a man sick with a high fever, and his case appeared so bad that the good nun, after saying an Ave Maria or a Pater Noster, poured the whole contents of her purse 24 coppers, on the counterpane of the patient. This was duly spent for powder; but the whole plot was disclosed by an Englishman, who had been a deserter from the British of Boston, and whom I had foolishly permitted to join my army. After this our prisoners were chained or handcuffed. All who confessed to English or Irish birth were compelled to enlist in the Royal Emigrants, or given as an alternative to be sent to England in the Spring and tried for treason! Two of the men, who had been forced to enlist in Your Majesty's 7th regiment, named Cavenaugh and Tim Conner, believing the oath to be non-obligatory and hoping for a chance to desert, were on sentry duty with one British regular. Conner had procured a bottle of rum, and after taking a drink himself, he presented the whole bottle to the British sentry. While he was finishing it, Cavenaugh gave him a push, which knocked him inside the bastion, and taking his arms, the two sprang over the wall 20 feet high, into a bed of snow, which they declared was 25 feet deep. At all events it was soft, so they were not hurt, and came

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safely to my camp, though they received the compliment of several discharges of cannister, as they passed through St. Roque.

All things were not so pleasant. Though the smallpox was not so bad in the city as with us, where we had at least half our men at one time in the field hospital between Sillery and Wolf's Cove, they were distressed by the spectacle of the funeral of the frozen corpses of their comrades uncoffined, garbed in their uniforms, in the same attitude in which they originally fell. This, with the practice of placing them temporarily in a dead house was due to the rigor of the climate, but my poor men thought it was due to the inhumanity of the English commander. Montgomery on the other hand, received the honors of a full military funeral, with the crossed swords upon the hearse, the roll of drums and a parade of the entire regiment.

I had only 450 men left that were loyal on the 2nd of January, as I wrote to General Wooster in Montreal; on the 24th he sent 157 men, and early in February twenty-six brave New Englanders arrived who had come across the boundary on snowshoes, carrying their provisions on their backs! We were also heartened in that the commercial travellers of Canada held a meeting to choose delegates to our Congress—this was on the 5th of February—and as I promised, I continued the blockade, and indeed maintained close siege until the 1st of April. It is a curious fact that as late as the 21st of March, 1776, in a formal proclamation to the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, Washington still congratulated them on the departure of the "Ministerial" troops, and so, to the President of Congress, on March 24th, of the evacuation of the town by the "Ministerial" Army. We still were loyal

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to your Majesty—"I cannot bring myself to call them the King's troops," he had said. But on the 1st of April, Washington wrote to Reed:

. . . I believe I mentioned in my last to you, that all those who took upon themselves the style and title in Boston of government's men, have shipped themselves off in a great hurry, under greater disadvantages than the king's (I think it idle to keep up the distinction of ministerial) troops have done, being obliged in a manner to man their own vessels; seamen not being to be had for the king's transports, and submit to all the hardships that can be conceived. One or two of them have committed what it would have been happy for mankind if more of them had done long ago, the act of suicide. By all accounts, a more miserable set of beings does not exist than these; taught to believe that the power of Great Britain was almost omnipotent, and if it was not, that foreign aid was at hand, they were higher and more insulting in their opposition than the regulars themselves.

When the order issued therefore for embarking the troops in Boston, no electric shock, no sudden flash of lightning, in a word, not even the last trump, could have struck them with greater consternation. Unhappy wretches! Deluded mortals! Would it not be good policy to grant a generous amnesty, and conquer these people by a generous forgiveness?

No wonder that this great man on that same day was made by the University of Harvard a doctor of both laws!

April 3, Washington wrote to me in Canada, acknowledging mine of February 27th and warning me not to be disappointed in the number of the troops expected that month. "If anything else is wanting that cannot be had in Canada, and in my power to send, they shall be forwarded with all possible expediency, upon my being informed thereof."

Had I received Washington's kind letter before, I might have followed my usual habit and stayed on, though in a subordinate capacity.

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But then General Wooster, who had remained inactive and comfortable in Montreal all winter, came down to take command; and thereupon I asked for, and obtained leave of absence; writing to General Schuyler that, although I had recently been thrown from my horse while visiting an outpost, so that my wounded leg was again injured, and had been confined to bed,

> Had I been able to take any active part I should by no means have left camp, but as General Wooster did not think proper to consult me, I am convinced I should be more useful in Montreal.

From that first day in New Haven, Wooster had been no friend of mine, and I had no desire to pursue his fortunes further.

Washington's appreciation of the situation was shown in a letter he wrote January 27th to Schuyler:

> I am much afraid by the complexion of the letters from Quebec that there is little hope of Arnold's continuing the blockade without assistance from Wooster, which he is determined not to give, whether with propriety or not I shall not at this distance undertake to decide;

and the same day to me; as quoted, wishing me "those laurels which your bravery and perseverance justly merit, and a speedy recovery."

Although Wooster brought a battery with him and had been so reinforced by detachments that his force numbered 2855, all he did was to open a cannonade upon the city with a battery of six guns on the Heights of Abraham and another of four across the river on Point Levi.

We "Congreganists," as the French-Canadians called us when they did not call us "Bostonnais,"

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had suffered very seriously from scurvy and smallpox during the winter, so that from Three Rivers to the Rich Isle of Orleans, where Mike Simpson had lived on the fat of the land, we begged our food from door to door; yet there was no pillage nor riot. And all that Winter Wooster did nothing—save send down a few cannon, and circulate among the cowardly habitans another pompous letter from John Hancock.

The garrison of the citadel never relaxed their watch, lighting fire balls every night at the angles of the bastion and suspending lanterns from long poles; and by the 9th of March they had had 114 guns mounted, not counting any mortars or cohorns. They never made a sally in our direction, except twice to gather firewood, and then retreated rapidly, as we advanced to meet them. They destroyed all the houses on the street of the lower town, where Montgomery had made his attack. Such was the respect they showed for us. One Captain Alexandre Dumas, the very man who had given orders to re-take the block-house, which had caused poor Montgomery's repulse, told the priests, who told the nuns, who told us, that had it not been for his death and my wound, we had certainly taken the city and the citadel on the 1st of January. This man was no writer of fiction!

The Abbe Verreau says himself that it was extraordinary how we had the constancy to remain at the siege of Quebec, and still more how we kept shut up in the city more than 2,000 men, like a flock of sheep, we 450, of whom half were ill with smallpox, with no hope of help or supplies before the Spring. Indeed I only waited for the success of a final plot with the prisoners, before giving old Wooster my good-by.

On the night of the 31st of March, having provided

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themselves with fires, they were to overcome the guard of twelve, seize St. John's gate, burn a house or two and ring the bells. They were discovered, as has been said, and put in irons. At the same time Carleton ordered a hay-stack or two to be burned and the bells to be rung in order to draw me into a hopeless attack on the gate. Two thousand men armed the ramparts, cannon shots were fired, but the French Canadians could not imitate our hurrahs, and I did not need David Wooster's earnest adjurations to abstain from a hopeless attack. The day after I left for Montreal.

Perhaps I should finish the story of my brave men, now left without a leader. Early in March reinforcements had begun to arrive, first a regiment from Pennsylvania in the new Continental uniform, brown with buff facing, with mittens, knapsacks and haversacks of Russian duck. Their stockings were protected by leggings, and they carried firelocks, wooden canteens and tomahawks. They had marched 600 miles in the dead of winter, leaving Philadelphia on the 23rd of January, sometimes using sleds when the countrymen would help them, crossing the Delaware on the ice, and so by West Point to Albany in 11 days; thence up the Hudson and across the country to Fort George and on up the lake to Ticonderoga. There being no roads on the other side of Lake Champlain, they left their sleds and made the rest of their journey on the ice with their provisions on their backs, down the Sorel River to St. Johns.

On March 14th Wooster ordered another flag of truce sent to the city, but the guard replied that no flag would be received, unless it came to implore mercy of the king. And on the next day they planted on

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the walls near St. Johns a great wooden horse, with a bundle of hay before it with the placard, "When this horse has eaten this bundle of hay, we will surrender." They also built a kind of lighthouse 30 feet high, with sentry posts on the top on the parapet of Cape Diamond in the hope of overlooking our camp and seeing our reinforcements. On the 17th of March the Irish (of whom there were many) honored St. Patrick's Day with a drum and fife corps parade. I am told the men went to Three Rivers and serenaded the nunnery, whose inmates had been their friends, and the procession, after stopping at de Tonnancour's house and damning the inmates, ended at the house of one Lafromboise, who gave two demijohns of rum to the rank and file and more expensive liquors to the officers.

On the 25th of March we had had to meet a gathering of Canadian loyalists to the number of 350 at St. Pierre; I sent Major Dubois after them with eighty men, but they showed little fight, and after two had been killed and 10 wounded, surrendered. They were headed by malignant priests, and we captured a royal standard. So bitter was the feeling of these Canadians, fathers and sons fighting on opposite sides, that but for our men they would have massacred the prisoners after their surrender. We had still five feet of snow on the ground, but I was so far recovered from my wound as to ride fourteen miles on horseback. I wrote Silas Deane of our condition on the 30th. "We have never had more than 700 men since Jan. 1st; the New England troops will be of very little service as the greatest part of them have smallpox. That fatal disorder has got into camp, though the enforcements, as fast as they come in, were

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privately prepared and inoculated. And most of the New England, and all of the New York troops engaged no longer from the 15th of April." Indeed I had to issue General Orders, March 15th, against private inoculation; many of the soldiers preparing for it on purpose; yet this was later charged against me! And I told him how we had had to issue paper money to the habitans.

On the 3rd of April Washington wrote me "I am very sensible of the many difficulties you have had to encounter. Your conduct under them does you great honour. As General Thomas will take the burden off your shoulders, I hope you will gather strength enough to finish the important work you have, with so much glory to yourself and service to your country, hitherto conducted." And he sent two companies of Knox's artillery—too late. Now that I had shown a victory to have been possible they sent more than 7000 troops—to Thomas and Wooster—to command.

On the 6th of April the tops of the fences just began to appear above the snow. We had two mortar batteries nearly ready—but it was all too late. When Wooster came, I left; writing to Schuyler that my horse had fallen and bruised my wounded leg, which confined me until the 12th, and would not have left then, but that Wooster had not thought proper to consult me. I gave him a full return of our army there—the first he had had from Canada; and so matters trailed on after I left Quebec, our forces continually increasing and Wooster always inactive. It will be seen that I lingered even after my resignation in forlorn hope.

Finally on the 6th of May arrived Burgoyne and Riedesel with his Hessians; the grenadiers of the guard

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landed in Quebec and the siege was raised. Some of the prisoners, like Allen, had been sent to England; all the others were paroled late in the summer, Major Meigs and Captain Dearborn in May, were sent to Halifax in a frigate and were finally landed in Penobscot Bay. They were all treated kindly during their imprisonment, since their irons were laughingly knocked off by Burgoyne; on the 5th of June their parole was accepted and Carleton generously presented each transport with a cask of wine and five sheep for sea stores; to which the Bishop of Quebec added more wine, sugar and *tea;* which latter they declined, so the Bishop sent coffee instead! So much for the prisoners; they were comfortable through the winter, and went comfortably home. But our men got back to New England as best they could; old Wooster first of all; for many of the others stayed to fight. During the siege, from the 1st of December up to the time that I left, we had only thrown 780 cannon balls and 180 little bombs into the city; during that time they had fired from the citadel 10,466 shots, 996 large bombs and the rest heavy mortars, 200 and even 300 pounds, besides 6 fire pots. Meantime they had burned all the houses in the lower town and many in the upper.

During the entire siege, only 3 persons had been killed (except of course on the day of our assault) including one small boy; but we had kept the attention of your Majesty's government concentrated on Quebec and prevented further relief to the town of Boston, which indeed the king's troops were forced to evacuate just two weeks before I left Quebec. Of the 1150 men that left Cambridge with me in September, it is possible that 250 returned safe and well to

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their families. Of my own conduct (I care little for testimonial of Congress or compliments from those in high station) may I append the simpler words of a plain soldier:

> Our commander is a gentleman worthy the trust reposed in him; a man, I believe, of invincible courage; a man of great prudence; ever serene; he defies the greatest danger to affect him, or difficulties to alter his temper.

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CHAPTER XIX

I AM THE LAST TO LEAVE CANADA

THE reader may remember a certain John Brown, calling himself by this time Major, who was the "man Friday" to Colonel Easton of western Massachusetts, who had refused to recognize my Colonel's commission, giving the command to Ethan Allen, and whom I had kicked from my mess room at Crown Point; while Brown had later betrayed Allen at Montreal, thus sending that redoubtable Rob Roy to the tolbooth; I had not seen either man since—but understood that they had been busy with Congress while I was leading the forlorn hope through the wilderness of the Dead River—until Brown turned up in our camp; and on the 1st of February I wrote John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, how this John Brown, calling himself Major, had come down with 160 men and insisted on the title of Colonel, which he said Montgomery had promised him at Montreal! Now, sometime before his death, when Brown wrote to remind him of his promise, Montgomery had handed me his letter and told me how Brown, with his friend Colonel Easton, had been duly impeached for plundering the officer's baggage taken at Sorel, contrary to the articles of capitulation and to the great scandal of the American army; so that he could not in conscience or honor, promote him. I told him that Brown was making trouble in the camp, whereupon he sent for him and they had

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an interview; after which I heard no further application for promotion from Brown. As I wrote Congress, both Colonel Easton and "Major" Brown had a sufficient store of modest merit to apply to that body for promotion if they deserved it. And indeed Easton did go to Philadelphia, where he was promptly imprisoned for debt and wrote to John Hancock (May 6) claiming the modest sum of £5500! And all this time, and for long after, drawing his full pay as Colonel until finally cashiered by order of Congress.

I made no secret of this letter and told Hancock he could show it even to the gentleman in question if he chose, and I have no doubt that he did so, for Brown, having several times refused to obey my orders, on the reasonable pretext that they were "too dangerous," wrote whining to his wife that I was making him a Uriah, and so made interest in the camp against him! I have ever been indisposed to bring ladies into the affairs of men, and the man for whom I have most contempt is he who hides behind his wife's skirts. I beg both Your Majesty and my other kind readers, if so be that I have the fortune to have such, to remember it particularly when reading of the closing act of my life's tragedy.

However, Brown had made interest with Congress either through fair means or otherwise, and was corresponding with his wife about his promotion to a Lieutenant Colonelcy. Hanchet, McCobb, and I am sorry to say Aaron Burr, were with him in his intrigue. I had reproved Burr for his conduct in connection with the poor Indian girl, and this he could not forgive, though I was supporting and continued to support both her and her child. My enemies, indeed,

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have ascribed to me the parentage; this is of course a calumny. To be rid once for all of Burr, I will say that he, seeing disaster coming when we retreated to the Sorel, waited on me with the statement that he "desired more active employment and was going to New York." I forbade his departure; but like a d—d fool did not place him under arrest; and he left with four men in a boat the next morning! He was taken into the "family" of Washington, boarded in the very household of poor old Putnam, and then repaid his host's kindness by, under his very roof, seducing Miss Moncrieffe, daughter of Major Moncrieffe, Lord Cornwallis's brigade-major, a beautiful young girl only fourteen years of age, who had been intrusted, as a hostage to Putnam's honor! She is well known to your Majesty as Mrs. Margaret Coghlan.* But of this more anon. Burr, as was his shocking custom, kept (and boasted of) all her letters (including the one in which she tells how Burr "my conqueror—subdued my virgin heart. To him I plighted my virgin vow.")—and from words in some of these he professed to find evidence that she was a spy. A spy, a girl of fourteen! It was this foul act of Burr's which (he may not have known it) forever estranged him from the good Washington.†

But to return to Brown; he was left behind me when I went to Montreal, and his master, Colonel

* There is a book about Margaret Coghlan. She became a celebrated courtesan in London.—Ed.

† It is truly surprising how any individual could have become so eminent as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a professional man, who devoted so much time to the other sex as was devoted by Colonel Burr. For more than half a century of his life they seemed to absorb his whole thoughts. His intrigues were without number. His conduct most licentious. The sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions. For a long period of

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Easton. Poor old Wooster had done nothing at Quebec but post a few batteries on distant hills, although by this time fully 6,000 troops had arrived before the walls. Even Washington, after the fall of Boston, was compelled to send 4, and then 6, battalions for service in Canada; and he detached these six of his best, containing more than 3,000 men, at a time when the British ministry was directing against New York 30,000 veteran troops. The Connecticut men, under this Easton, were so insubordinate that even Schuyler could not control them, so they made a Major General of one John Thomas of Massachusetts who was ordered to Quebec. John Thomas was called, I do not know why, the hero of Dorchester Heights,—I had supposed it had been Washington himself,—Thomas's chief exploit had been to march his regiment to Jamaica Plain and back many times like a stage procession, to deceive the enemy,—and the glory of closing the campaign against Quebec had been first offered to that traitor Charles Lee, who made a pretext of ill health. That gentleman, indeed, at the head of two Connecticut regiments just levied, had marched unopposed into the city of New York, and was by no means disposed to leave the same; swelled by his bloodless victory, he notified Clinton, who had arrived that same day in the ships brought around from Boston, that he would never be conciliated unless your Majesty's ministers should be

time he seemed to be gathering, and carefully preserving, every line written to him by any female, whether with or without reputation; and when obtained, they were cast into one common receptacle,—the profligate and corrupt, by the side of the thoughtless and betrayed victim. All were held as trophies of victory,—all esteemed alike valuable. How shocking to the man of sensibility. How mortifying and heart-sickening to the intellectual, the artless, the fallen fair.—From a contemporary biography.—Ed.

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condignly punished and their King dethroned or beheaded!

Thomas arrived at Quebec on the 1st of May, and although your Majesty's fleet with a detachment of Hessians was due on the 6th, he spent three days in taking a catalogue of his men. This resulted in a council of war, which unanimously agreed to retreat, but not so rapidly that their rear guard was not attacked some 50 miles above Quebec. The confidence of the army in Thomas was shown when the British opened fire upon their rear guard; the greater number of them turned and fled. Colonel Maxwell of the Pennsylvanias succeeded in forming 900 men to meet the enemy, but even he was ordered to retire by General Thomas and joined in the general retreat, and McLean and his staff sat down to eat the supper still hot and smoking, which had been prepared for Thomas; and all their sick and wounded with a large quantity of provisions and ammunition were captured. Those who escaped were kindly nursed by the Canadian peasantry. Thomas continued to retreat, 30 miles on the 6th of May and 30 more on the 7th, making ineffectual stands at Deschambeaut and other places. He finally came to a rest when safely across the broad St. Lawrence at Sorel, but soon continued his retreat on to Chambly at the foot of the rapids on the River Richelieu, where, safe from the British in that strong fortress, he died of the smallpox, for which he had never been inoculated, after calling upon me peremptorily to join him.*

Now one Hazen was in command at Montreal, who had reported to my friend Schuyler April 1st

*This fort is carefully preserved to this day—a very museum of memorials of "la guerre contre les Bostonnais."—Ed.

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that neither order nor subordination prevailed at Quebec (in my army) and that its taking was "quite casual."

I left on the 14th of April, and supped at Three Rivers, where the good Badeaux called, anxious as usual about the money due his Ursulines for nursing our sick, but I despatched him after Pelissier, Courval and Laframboise, and we made a night of it. Indeed the flood came up while we supped, so that they dragged old Courval home, up to his armpits in the water, and left him to sober on his own doorstep—much to the scandal of Padre Badeaux! Our troops were already arriving, cheered by the people—or as Badeaux called them, the canaille! Here I first saw negro recruits. I doubted the wisdom of it. It was rumored Howe was at Quebec—if so he had made better time from Boston than our recruits. The next morning I left for Montreal, where I soon got rid of this man Hazen, who had been a Major in the 44th regulars, but had turned traitor and accepted a commission from Congress—and was hearing the bad news with no ability to help. East of Montreal I had no authority (though I had made Pelissier Captain-General of militia); but there was a place called the Cedars held by Colonel Bedell, under my orders, a fortified position on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, 36 miles above Montreal. This I ordered strongly held; but stayed myself in Montreal to receive the American commissioners.

They arrived on the 29th and were received by me with all honor, the learned Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, who had been appointed by Congress commissioners to go to Canada and report upon the state of the inhabitants. Charles Car-

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roll's brother John came with them, the first Roman Catholic bishop of the United States. I ordered a salute by the cannon of the citadel, and I find Carroll wrote in his journal, "We were received by General Arnold in the most polite and friendly manner, and conducted to headquarters where a genteel company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled to welcome us." This much to show whether I was used or not to the usages of polite society at that period of my career, or was, as has been commonly reported since I took up my residence in England, a mere horse-jockey.

Archbishop Carroll said grace before the supper. I placed him on my right and the great Franklin, who was already 70 years of age, on my other side. I deemed this essential, as the occasion was in a sense official, but after them I had some of the most charming ladies of Montreal to entertain my guests.

As is well known, this mission came too late. Like Washington's reinforcements, like poor Sullivan, who succeeded John Thomas when that gentleman was already ill at Sorel, they did what they could—and that was nothing.

With the debarking of your Majesty's army at Quebec and marching rapidly to Montreal, where of the whole colonial invasion, only I with my 400 good men and true remained, mere philosophy was of no use. Dr. Franklin was of value at the court of his most gracious Majesty and among the ladies of Versailles, but would not have been appreciated by Hessian officers,—indeed he returned home on the 29th of April—and as for the Archbishop, the Canadian catholics were well disposed enough, but always ran before your Majesty's regulars.

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On the 30th we held a council of war,—myself, President; Franklin, Chase, Carroll, commissioners; Woedtke, Hazen and de Haas,—to consider the state of our credit, and voted to fortify Chambly, Jacques Cartier, and sent Hazen to Chambly to build six gondolas. I followed; and wrote Washington on the 8th of our proceedings: "General Thomas has arrived and gone to Quebec; General Wooster is disgusted and expected here daily. We have received advice that the eighth regiment of about 400 men with a number of savages are coming down from the upper countries. I have posted 500 men at the Cedars, a narrow pass fifteen leagues above this place. They have two pieces of cannon and are well intrenched, by which the enemy must pass." The same day the disaster happened.

On the 8th of May, one Captain Foster came down from the northernmost outpost on the St. Lawrence River, with about 150 English and Canadians and 500 Indians under the celebrated Brant, the same Brant who afterward tortured to death poor Boyd, who had come through with me from Maine. (This Brant, as Thayendanegea, chief of the confederacy of the Six Nations known as the Long House, had but just returned from England where he had had an interview with Lord Germain and promised your Majesty support; but after the fall of Boston, news which came about this time, the Long House became neutral.) On hearing of their approach, not waiting even to see how strong they might be, Colonel Bedell fled to Montreal, leaving the post under the command of Major Butterfield, who was scared by threats of Indian barbarity into surrender, with 400 men all anxious to fight. Needless to say that both Bedell

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and Butterfield were afterward tried by court martial and punished for their conduct in this disgraceful surrender.

All this time I was between Montreal and Sorel; where, on the 10th, Col. Campbell brought news from Quebec that the British fleet had arrived and our army had made a disorderly retreat. Thereupon the commissioners at Montreal—Franklin, Chase and Carroll—joined in a letter to Congress advising the abandonment of all Canada except perhaps St. Johns and the Sorel. I was at once ordered down there. "We are afraid it will not be in our power to render any further services to our country in this colony"; and I wrote Schuyler of our "precipitate and confused retreat with loss of all our cannon, ammunition, etc." And this was the inglorious end! Franklin left for home on the 11th.

On the 14th I went to Sorel again, where we still hoped to make a stand; I found Wooster there and Wayne and the Prussian General Woedtke and some 1500 men.

On the 15th I wrote the Commissioners of my efforts to procure supplies there for the fleeing army; and of the first news we had of 6000 Hessians being on their way from England to Quebec, "if true, we shall doubtless have our hands full!" Gen. Wooster left that day for Chambly. Chase wrote me that he had discovered the sentiments of the inhabitants of Montreal and that they were our bitter enemies! I wrote him I was glad he had found it out, and suggested they be coerced to furnish supplies. Our soldiers were naked; "blankets and coarse linen exceedingly wanted. Will it not be justifiable to seize on all such goods at Montreal as we are in absolute

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necessity for, and pay them the value? Government has set us many precedents."

On that day Col. Bedell himself brought news to Montreal of the impending attack on the Cedars, where he left his detachment of 350 well-equipped men without a commander. Well might the Commissioners write to Congress that this intelligence might well have been communicated by any other person than himself!

On hearing this bad news from the Cedars, I sent Major Sherburne, a volunteer, with 140 men to reinforce the post, being of course unaware that Butterfield had surrendered, and made haste to follow. Poor Sherburne was thus caught in an ambuscade, and although he fought gallantly until 52 of their 140 were killed, the remainder had to surrender. When I heard that these Canadians had permitted indecent barbarities to be perpetrated on the bodies, dead and living, of my poor soldiers, even to roasting one alive, the reader if he has yet learned anything of my character, may imagine my state of mind. I reached St. Anne on the western end of Montreal Island, ahead of my own boats, at six P. M., May 26th, only in time to see the savages conveying their prisoners from an island in the river to the mainland, and I had no means of instant pursuit. Fortunately the loyal Natanis was with me, and I sent him to the town of Caughnawaga, thereby demanding the instant surrender of the prisoners, and promising if a hair of their heads was injured, to destroy the Indian villages and put their men and women to death. Instigated by Brant they declined to give up their prisoners and sent word that if I attacked them they would be put to death; whereupon, as my boats were now arriving I sprang

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into the foremost one and got to the island, where I found only 5 of our men remaining, nearly naked and starving, the rest having been taken to Quince Chienze on the mainland, after the sick had been scalped and murdered. I prepared to attack before dawn, but at 2 A. M. a flag came from the British ministry bearing a cartel signed by my own Major Sherburne to attest its authenticity, stating that if we would give up an equal number of British soldiers, they would return the American prisoners, but that these must promise to return to their homes and never again bear arms against the British; moreover we were to send some American officers as hostages to Quebec, and this English Captain set his name to a paper stating that if these things were not done, the Indians would put all the American prisoners to death. Was ever such conduct heard of in civilized warfare! Much I regretted that I did not have Easton, Brown or Hanchet with me,—they would have served so well as hostages. Even at the risk of death to my dear friends, I would not consent to this outrageous proposition, but answered that I would give the prisoners on equal terms or attack the island at once, when if I found that any of our prisoners had been murdered I would kill every mother's son of them on the spot. Captain Foster consented to this modification, and the 500 men were exchanged, each of our poor fellows thus snatched as it were from the very jaws of death,—stripped absolutely naked, and starving, on a little island in the lake, indeed some had already been scalped. This was the affair of the Cedars.

Congress, I heard, was inclined to regard my agreement, thus extorted by threat of murder of prisoners, as not binding; but Washington himself was reluc-

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tantly inclined to execute it, as it had been entered into. On October 5th, in a letter to Congress he remarks, that he was blamed for the non-performance of the agreement between Colonel Arnold and Captain Foster, by General Howe, on the theory that he could control Arnold, although the entire matter was taken out of the hands of both Arnold and Washington by Congress. There was some correspondence between him and the British officers, and it is enough to say that they felt such shame as to drop all claim of any parole under the agreement. What became of this Captain Foster I do not know. Sherburne I vindicated in a letter to Congress; Bedell and Butterfield were court martialed and dismissed from the service. I had secured an armistice of six days, in order to permit time for twelve of the prisoners to go to Montreal; the other prisoners exchanged were sent to St. Johns, save the four Captains sent to Quebec as hostages. In my article I promised Capt. Foster that the continental troops, from principle, had ever avoided plundering; upon proof being made of any waste committed by Colonel Bedell's detachment, reparation should be made.

A council of war was held at Chambly May 30, Wooster presiding, and it was voted to attack Quinze Chienze and reinforce St. Ann's with five hundred men for that purpose. I ordered Colonel deHaas to attack as soon as the truce expired, but he instead of so doing called a council of war, which decided to abandon St. Ann's instead. So I wrote the Commissioners, June 2nd,

A fatality seems to attend every one of our enterprises. I am making every possible preparation to secure our retreat, I have secured 16 tons of lead, powder and ball. Merchandise of the in-

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habitants I have not yet taken hold of. It is impossible to know one hour beforehand the necessary steps to be taken. Everything is in the greatest confusion. Not one quartermaster. . . . I have to do the duty of all.

On June 5th I wrote from Montreal to Sullivan at Sorel that I had ordered deHaas to return from Lachine as our garrison at Montreal was too weak to spare the men—and that I had ordered Bedell to Sorel for trial.

Then General Sullivan ordered me to retreat. The Commissioners had unanimously advised Congress to withdraw our whole army from Canada, fortify the passes on the lakes and withdraw our forces under Sullivan as far as Fort George, but that sapient body, having done nothing all winter, now that the cause was lost, sent an insolent message to poor Thomas to display his military powers (as if he had any) and sent us the valuable sum of 1662 pounds, 1 shilling and 3 pence, we being in debt already some 55000 pounds to patriotic merchants who had furnished us with supplies during the winter both at Quebec and Montreal. It did not however much matter what Congress said, because, by the time the message had arrived, our army had been driven back to Sorel. One Anthony Wayne, whom I then for the first time heard of, distinguished himself by a gallant attack upon Three Rivers. Sullivan made a successful retreat to Chambly, carrying all his equipment with him, and there, over the great rapids, all the boats and baggage were transported, except three pieces of cannon which were too heavy; for the Chambly Rapids, which are worse than the Great Lachine, can only be traversed in light canoes.

Every day they had been urging my retreat from

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Montreal, where I had but 300 well men left; so on the 13th of June I finally complied; writing to General Sullivan, "The junction of the Canadas with the colonies is now at an end. Let us quit them and secure our own country before it is too late. I am content to be the last man to quit this country, and fall so that my country may rise, but let us not fall altogether." On the 16th I wrote him from La Prairie how I had sent him Wilkinson as express, who returned to me after barely escaping capture; and that I had embarked the whole garrison in eleven bateaux and got safely across the St. Lawrence. We had burned all bridges, and I hoped to be at St. Johns that evening. And on the 16th Sullivan joined me there.

Thus, when the British were only 12 miles from Montreal, I executed what both Washington and Sullivan were kind enough to call a masterly retreat,* —to St. Johns, the first place in Canada that I had captured and the last place that I, the last American, was to leave; and Oh, your Majesty, wrong-headed as I then was, I can hardly recall that last day still without a pang, in this happy country, in another century, with the consciousness of having done the best that I could and reinstated myself in your Majesty's favor. Permit me still to shed a tear at the recollection. I was alone, even Sullivan with his entire army had threaded through the river and gone up the Lake. Champlain, ruffled and white-capped by a strong south wind, the green and purple mountains on either side stretched away before me. Nearly a year of bright hopes had gone by, during which I

* "A very prudent and judicious retreat, with the enemy close at his heels."—Sullivan to Washington, June 19.

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had seen all Canada in our possession, save a few houses; then a country lost by the treason of one man, Enos—or perhaps, as I now see, by the Divine hand. Montgomery was killed, perhaps I had better been.

After seeing all my men embark, after my last boat left the shore, with but one attendant, I mounted my horse that had served me all through Canada, that had guarded me tenderly with my wounded leg, that knew, not only, my hand and my voice, but my very sight,—and rode back to gaze upon the regular British army, advancing with fife and drum, in serried, even ranks, well equipped, well shod, high colored, under John Burgoyne. Mechanically I counted their numbers, then, hardly in time to escape, I wheeled my horse and made one last charge back to the shore of the lake, where I stripped the poor mare of her saddle and bridle, and then with my own hand shot her, rather than have her fall into the hands of the enemy. I pushed my boat from the shore and leaping into it in the dusk of the evening, I was indeed the last man to leave Canada.

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BOOK II

LAKE CHAMPLAIN TO SARATOGA

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CHAPTER XX

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

On the 31st of May I wrote a letter to Gates, in which, after stating that I should be ever happy in his friendship and esteem, and expressing my chagrin that, owing to the supineness of Congress (I was too kind to mention poor old Wooster,) we had lost in one month all the immortal Montgomery was a whole campaign in gaining, I urged that we should make a stand at Isle-aux-Noix, "one bout more for the honor of America"—and I closed by saying:

> The commissioners this day leave us, as our good fortune has long since; but as Miss, like most other Misses, is fickle, and often changes, I still hope for her favors again; and that we shall have the pleasure of dying or living happy together.

To this letter I received a polite response, and at the same time an urgent request from General Schuyler that I meet him at Albany to inform him of the present condition of the army and the progress of the enemy.

Now, Franklin's commissioners had reported:

> The army is in a distressed condition, and is in want of the most necessary articles,—meat, bread, tents, shoes, stockings, shirts, etc. They say they were obliged to seize by force flour to supply the garrison with bread, but men with arms in their hands will not starve when provisions can be obtained by force. Soldiers without

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pay, without discipline, living from hand to mouth, grumbling for their pay; and when they get it it will not buy the necessaries of life. Your military chest contains eleven thousand paper dollars, and you are indebted to your soldiers treble that sum, and to the inhabitants about fifteen thousand.

At Albany I found Gates,—still professing ardent friendship, as, indeed, he had done at Cambridge, though I could not but feel that the ardor of his affection would have been less noticeable had our invasion of Canada been successful. He was at this time forty-eight years old; was fond of reminding you that he had been born in England, and affected a most consummate breeding. But this was never a recommendation to our rude Congressmen; so he owed his influence there to his wire-pulling, and a certain reputation gathered from the fact that he had been present at Braddock's defeat, and had had his precious skin there saved by Washington,—for which Gates never forgave him, being of that type of character that cannot bear to be beholden to others in great things.

I had been for making some stand at Isle-aux-Noix; but Gates ordered a retreat to Crown Point, and then even to Ticonderoga, to dispute the supremacy of the great Lake Champlain only at its last extremity. This of course meant that a battle must be fought by a navy; and here at least no one questioned my superiority. I was at once appointed to command the fleet—the fleet yet to be built, then consisting of one sunken schooner.

But every success in my life was preceded and followed by the intrigues of my enemies; and as they no longer could impugn my courage nor my generalship, they began what proved to be only the first of

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a long series of attempts to malign my character. Now, I was both a gentleman and a man of business. They, for the most part, were neither. And the first great intrigue against me began when I was creating a sea-power for the Colonies and defending them from Canada on the Lake; and it was silenced only by the guns of Saratoga.

In the last Chapter I spoke of the undisputed charges of peculation made against John Brown. Whether this suggested the idea to them, I do not know; but having wind of their slanders, I thought best to be the attacking party myself. I therefore preferred charges against Colonel Hazen. By this time I was busy transferring the invalids from Isle-aux-Noix to Crown Point. The poor fellows had to make the voyage in leaky boats with no food but raw pork and hard bread, or unbaked flour. I had been the leader of the rear guard of a dying and defeated army. More than thirty new graves were made each day, and in a little more than two months we lost by desertion and death more than 5,000 men.

The reader will remember that I had been compelled to seize certain goods from the unpatriotic merchants of Montreal. Those who were friendly were paid at the time either in bills of credit or by my own guarantee. I wrote Congress on the 2nd of June, "I am making every possible preparation to secure our retreat, and have secured 6 tons of lead, ball, shot and merchandise. The inhabitants I have not as yet taken hold of. I intend to begin tomorrow. Everything is in the greatest confusion. Not one contractor, commissary or quartermaster. I am obliged to do the duty of all." And on the 6th of June I wrote Schuyler of all the provisions that I had sent to St.

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Johns for use in the army, "some bought, some seized. . . ." "I have received your instructions respecting the tories and their effects. Most of the former have absconded, a great part of the latter is secured." The goods were thus seized by me *under orders*, for use in the army; and the facts of seizure were promptly reported by me to Schuyler and Sullivan. Now these goods were sent to Chambly under the care of Major Scott, who on his arrival there was ordered to retire to Sorel, and the goods were there to be delivered to Colonel Hazen.

This renegade, whose loyalty to us I always mistrusted, refused to take proper care of the goods, so that the boxes were broken open and many of them plundered. What was left was sent to St. Johns and duly delivered to the order of General Sullivan. As I wrote the latter from St. Johns on the 13th of June, "Our hurry and confusion was so great when the goods were received it was impossible to take a particular account of them, so the owner's name was marked on every package, with intention to take a full schedule at St. Johns, where the goods were ordered to be stored; but as I have said, Hazen had them heaped in piles on the banks of the river, and when I got to St. Johns myself I found the boxes broken open, many of them plundered and all mixed up." So in my letter to General Sullivan I ventured also to say, "This is not the first or the last order Colonel Hazen has disobeyed. I think him a man of too much consequence for the post he is in." Thereupon a court martial was ordered for his trial.

The only eye witness besides myself was, of course, Major Scott; and the court most outrageously refused his testimony,—in fact it was packed against

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me. I made protest against this refusal as unprecedented and unjust,—surely no more than a just criticism,—but the court refused to receive the protest on their records, on the grounds, as they recorded, that it was "illegal, illiberal, and ungentlemanly," and ordered the court's President to demand satisfaction of me, which he did by a letter demanding open acknowledgment of my error. This was too much. I wrote him back that both the extraordinary vote of the court and his still more extraordinary letter were ungentlemanly and indecent reflections on a superior officer, and I appealed to Congress; but at the same time assured them that if any member of the court felt injured, he might, "as soon as this disagreeable service was at an end, count on me not to withhold from him any satisfaction his nice sense of honor might require." If I went too far in this, it was surely justified by the court's going too far when they made the extraordinary resolution that "the President demand satisfaction of the gentleman"; but the court then sent the papers to General Gates demanding my arrest. Gates responded by dissolving the court and transmitting all the papers to Congress, with the remark, "While the warmth of General Arnold's temper might possibly lead him a little farther than is marked by the precise line of decorum to be observed before and toward a court martial," yet he, "seeing and knowing all the circumstances," was convinced "that if there was fault on one side, there was too much acrimony on the other. I was obliged to dissolve the court martial the instant they demanded General Arnold to be put under arrest. The United States must not be deprived of that excellent officer's services at this important moment." So this, my

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first court martial, ended there, for in Congress Samuel Chase, one of the Commissioners, who had himself written me, on the 15th of May, suggesting that I seize "all goods in Montreal as there was absolute necessity for," and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, another of the Commissioners, who sat finally on this very Board of War, reported that the charges against me were "groundless and cruel."

Meantime the man John Brown had written Congress on his own account about his peculations, denying the charge and challenging me to prove it. Suffice it to say that he demanded a court of inquiry which was refused, and again at Quebec another court of inquiry of old Wooster, who also refused him; and again on the Committee of Congress in Canada, who also refused him; and again on General Schuyler at Fort George, who "thought it inexpedient"; and, to be rid of him once and for all, he again, on the 1st of December, sent a paper to Gates presenting thirteen specified charges against me.* I of course never solicited a court of inquiry, as all his petitions were dismissed or ignored, both by Congress and by the gentleman to whom he addressed them. The Board of War reported, and Congress confirmed the report,—that same Congress which had already deprived me of deserved promotion—that I "had been cruelly and groundlessly aspersed."

Now coming to more pleasant matters. We were turned out of Canada: it was now our turn to defend New York. On the 14th of July came the news of the Declaration of Independence—a radical step I should have resisted had I been in Philadelphia. But I was defending a country they were only

* *Am. Archives*, 5th S., vol. 3, page 1139.

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courage nor activity would be wanting in those to whom the command of the fleet is committed; if assigned to General Arnold, no one will doubt his exertions."

On the 30th I got ready for our cannon, and one of our mortars burst, trying it on a row-galley; three schooners went down the lake of ours, and a flag to Carleton with a copy of our Declaration of Independence—coupled with a demand for the delivery of Forster of "The Cedars" infamy, for violating our capitulation articles.

On the 7th of August I received my orders—"for the Fleet of the United States" under my command to proceed to Split Rock, and not sail below the Isle-aux-Têtes—preventing invasion being the ultimate end, and a defensive war only to be fought—and so forth. "If the enemy appeared in greater force, to retire to Ticonderoga." It must be remembered that neither then nor ever before the battle could we learn what the enemy's force consisted of. On the 8th I heard that he had forty bateaux at St. Johns. Ogden wrote Burr; "General Arnold is taking a very active part—he says he will pay another visit to St. Johns —I wish he may be as prudent as he is brave."

On the 16th I had a fit of ague, and complained to Gates that Dr. Sparhawk could not be persuaded to go on with the fleet. "I don't think it prudent to go without a surgeon—or some one who will answer to kill a man *secundum artem*"—so I wrote—"I can procure a case of capital instruments for him here!"

The next day a party of Capt. Hartley's men who were 8 miles down lake, made a fire as a signal that the enemy were approaching, and I ordered two light schooners down the lake to cover them. Old Wyn-

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koop, who still called himself "Commodore," fired a shot to bring them to and sent me a note in which he said; "I know no orders but what shall be given out by me, except sailing orders from the Commander-in-Chief. If an enemy is approaching, I am to be acquainted with it, and know how to act in my station. I am, Sir, Yours, Jacobus Wynkoop, *Commander of Lake Champlain.*" I wrote to him threatening arrest, whereupon he wrote a long letter to Gates, offering his demission; Gates responded the very next day by ordering me to place him under arrest and send him as prisoner to Ticonderoga. I interceded for him; I did not arrest him, and wrote to Gates pleading that the old man might be allowed to return home without being cashiered. But Gates wrote again that day, reiterating his order; on the 25th he was ordered to Albany, and Schuyler wrote Gates that the old man seemed infatuated. Notwithstanding, he had the audacity to memorialize Congress, which deciding against him, he became my bitter enemy! I mention this silly affair only to show the difficulties I had to contend with and how my enemies were made. But I had no further difficulty on the Lake; as I wrote Schuyler, "No other person in the fleet has disobeyed my orders."

General Waterbury replaced Wynkoop, with the row galleys, and on the 29th Gates sent me a good surgeon, McCrea, and one Titcomb, a manly fellow with some marine experience, as master of ship-carpenters. And, as Dr. Sparhawk stuck to the shore, I borrowed his instruments.

We still had no information that the enemy were building large vessels at St. Johns, and Schuyler wrote to Gates that the building of bateaux there might be

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meant merely to amuse us, while the army attempted to penetrate by way of Fort Stanwix. I did not think so, knowing that Burgoyne was far too fond of his ease for a two-hundred mile march from the St. Lawrence when he might transport himself and his "family" —which was not of the staff alone—by boat on the big lake to our very lines!

When I gave the signal for sailing, I ordered a detachment of sixty men, from Hartley's regiment, to accompany the fleet as mariners. Whereupon Hartley also wrote to Gates; threatening that his men would not reenlist "if detached upon fatiguing and dangerous parties—the Lake is now sickly— Men in open bateaux will be much exposed to Ague—and to be on the Lake at any time, as they are no watermen, is disagreeable to them." What *did* he suppose his men were for? He answers it himself in the same letter. "I have nearly completed a good entrenchment round our camp . . . *which will add to our security.*"

On the 27th we lay down the lake off Crown Point, and at my request Schuyler wrote to the Congress urging the building of larger vessels. Titcomb of Massachusetts, worked like a beaver, literally; he sawed much wood; but most of his carpenters were sick at Skenesboro. There was an amazing sea on the lake, and we nearly lost the *Spitfire*. On September 1st we left Button Mould Bay and sailed to Willsborough. I there heard of St. Clair's promotion to be Major-General, and sarcastically wrote to Gates that if the enemy drove us back to Ticonderoga I expected to be made one myself—for St. Clair had abandoned Crown Point to retreat thither.

That same day I received a long complaint from

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one Gillieland of damages my landing parties had caused to his crops, at the same time asking the loan of my carpenters to repair his salmon-crib and in return promising to send me some salmon! And the next day I heard from Gates of John Brown's complaint against me for slander, but with it got Gates' blessing and invocation to the Almighty to prosper me in all my undertakings—and I was moving with my whole fleet from Willsborough to Isle aux Têtes. We found it occupied by the enemy, and I sent boats on the main shore to cut fascines to fix to the sides of our gondolas to keep the enemy from boarding, meanwhile writing to Gates for more seamen and gunners, and asking him to write to Chase to protect my name from Hazen's slanders while I was busy with the enemy. And I remember I sat rather sad there in the quiet evening, watching the sunset behind the great Northern mountains—they were dark in front, but behind me the Vermont hills lay still in level light. I went to bed early and was up at dawn to move to a place where the lake was wider, for I feared an attack by land, as that night we had a boatload killed by savages in the New York woods. The men sent from New York proved very inferior; they were enlisted by bounty, and Colonel Malcolm wrote McKeeson against this practice that very week (September 6).

> Capt. Stewart is a very good man, but he has made a horrid collection of soldiers . . . they are the very last sweepings of hell.*

On the 9th I was glad to receive Col. Wigglesworth, but he bore news of a bad defeat on Long Island. I was continually writing for my long expected galleys; I had moved to Bay St. Arnaud but dare not engage

* Force's *Am. Archives.*

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the enemy without them, the lake breezes were so baffling, and I had heard of a ship building at St. Johns big enough to mount 20 guns. I remembered me of a little brass "royal" at Ty, and wrote Gates to send it and order the galleys on even without their gun-carriages, for rumors had come that the enemy meant to sweep the lake to Crown Point before the season closed; we had caught several "deserters," and so got news of the enemy's preparation, but I suspected they were spies. They reported 3000 men at Isle-aux-Noix, two schooners heavily armed, and "hundreds" of bateaux. Undeterred, I moved our fleet to the strait west of Valcour Island, where we could present a concentrated front to the enemy, thus having a flank resting on either shore, and my want of mariners less dangerous, as it seemed to me, for the bluff Britisher had taken no thought to occupy the forest.

Gillieland, I found, had been entertaining the enemy, though we had paid him three times over for his cattle; so I had him arrested, and sent him, salmon or no salmon, to Gates.

I only hoped to hold and delay the enemy until the season closed. Schuyler did not think I could hold the Lake, and so wrote to Gates, urging, however, that he relegate St. Clair to a quiet post at Albany, (October 1st) "as you will not be able to spare Arnold." They expected a miracle; and I had to write that if the galleys did not come, I could only keep up a running fight until I joined them. Again disappointed of a reinforcement of real seamen, I wrote to Gates: "I hope to be excused if, with 700 men, half naked, I am not able to beat the enemy with 7000 men, well clothed."

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I had heard nothing from my family all this time. Gates wrote me that he had sent a packet of letters from them—but by a timid messenger, who had destroyed all his papers when challenged by one of our own ships at night! Both Gates and Schuyler in vain urged Congress to increase our navy and finally Gates suggested that I retreat up the lake. "I am confident your zeal for the public service will not suffer you to return one moment sooner than in prudence you ought to do"—was that a bit or a spur?

There were heavy gales on the lake, so I had leisure to write to Gates about the battle on Long Island. I could not understand why we retreated from New York. "Is it possible our countrymen can be callous to their wrongs, or hesitate between death and slavery?" And I first apprehended then the campaign that was to come on the following year; for I wrote Gates, October 10th, "If they hear that Lord Howe is in possession of New York, they (Burgoyne) will doubtless attempt a junction with him." (That very message was carried a year later, in a silver bullet; but by a man who was captured and executed as a spy.) And to me Gates replied, "I am pleased to find you and your armada (!) ride in Valcour Bay in defiance of the power of our foes in Canada."

But some good news had come; and on the 14th, Richard Varick wrote to Gates, "Arnold has good reason to render his humble and hearty thanks for saving him from his more than cruel enemies." But this did not mean the British. His postscript added, "I wish they may not have overtaken him ere this; if so his fleet must undoubtedly fall."

How I escaped must be another chapter.

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CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

We had a fleet of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys and eight gunboats. They had the *Inflexible*, three masted, the *Lady Mary* and the *Carleton*, two schooners; the *Thunderer*, a floating battery; and over two hundred gunboats, longboats, transports etc. with twice my weight of metal and 700 skilled seamen, taken from the British fleet, against our landlubbers. Captain Pringle commanded, but Carleton himself was there, also Ned Pellew, now the Admiral Viscount Exmouth. They carried ninety-three guns, some of heavy calibre. I had only 70, much lighter.

Early in the morning of the 11th of October the guard boats gave notice that the British fleet was in sight, moving up the lake, and it soon appeared around the southwestern end of Valcour Island. I had moored my ships across the narrow channel between the Island and the mainland, each flank protected by the shore. North of us was the mouth of Saranac River; to the eastward across the wider lake, Grand Island. I was hidden from the enemy's view as they came southward up the lake; intending to let them pass, and if possible take the enemy by surprise. I also thought it was a good scheme to let the enemy get between my landlubbers and their line of retreat, for even a rat will fight when cornered. Down they came before a strong northwest wind, and some of their larger

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vessels, square-rigged, could not beat up. "The rascals won't give us a chance to burn powder," said Pringle on the quarterdeck of the big *Inflexible*, as I have heard; but Carleton replied dryly; "Wait and see." So, the enemy turned the southern point of Valcour Island and came up into the field toward my line of battle, the larger ships following behind. Then I, with a fair wind, determined to attack the smaller vessels in advance, before the larger ones could beat up; so with the schooner *Royal Savage* and three of the galleys I opened a rapid fire. Their guns were too heavy; we were beaten off, and on our return the schooner was grounded and afterward destroyed; but the men were saved, though I lost my papers and baggage. I had so few gunners that I had to point almost every gun myself. Then they ranged all their ships in a parallel line, about 350 yards south of us, and besides this there were 1000 regulars on the shore to pick up any men that might escape from our sinking craft, and they further kindly provided a select corps of Indian sharp-shooters who were ordered to climb to the tops of the tallest trees on either shore and pick us off on the decks of our vessels while we fought. To meet this, I had the sides palisaded with fascines; and the fight went on. They say they heard the roar of the guns even at Crown Point. So began the American Navy.

By way of hinting to my men that I was not about to run away, I had the *Congress* anchored in the centre of the line, where we stood like a rock against the attacks of the foe. More than once the enemy's vessels had to fall to the rear to repair damages. They never tried to board us. And so I fought until nightfall, by which time I had actually driven them double

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the distance away. We were pretty well shot to pieces, having been hulled twelve times with seven shots between wind and water, the main mast nearly severed in two places, and the rigging cut to pieces, with an enormous proportion of killed and wounded. Both the Captain and Master and the First Lieutenant of the *Washington* were wounded, the latter dying. The *Philadelphia* had been hulled so many times that she sank, luckily after nightfall, so that most of the men were saved by us. The *New York* lost every officer on board except only her Captain. In short, we had lost 80 men, of 500, two ships totally destroyed, and nearly all of them in a leaky condition. Yet, at sunset, the enemy actually retired, defeated! Pringle remarked, "Never mind, we have winged the bird and will pick him up in the morning. He cannot escape us." But we did escape him; we held a council of war on the *Congress* that night; of course we had to retreat, but how? The enemy's fleet lay between us and our end of the lake. "There is but one way, gentlemen," I said, "and that is to run the gauntlet of the British line. The place to strike is where the enemy isn't looking for you." It was a misty night, and we put out every light except one stern lantern to guide the next ship, and so in single file, in dignified naval order, one by one, each ship lined straight behind the next, the entire fleet went through between the enemy's ships, my own *Congress* bringing up the rear! What a reflection on the vigilance of Your Majesty's officers, who would not believe that we could do it! Long before they discovered our manœuvre we were 10 or 12 miles to the south, near Schuyler's Island. Here we had to anchor, for the vessels were all leaking so that we had to stop and pump them

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out and try and stanch their wounds. I sent an express to Gates telling him that as soon as our leaks were stopped we would make the utmost despatch for Crown Point, and giving thanks to God for our deliverance "from our more than savage enemies"! Two of the gondolas were sunk, and the *Washington* with Waterbury was captured. Thereupon the entire force of the enemy fell upon our galleys and the *Congress*. So on that second day, we kept up the fight for four hours, and would not surrender as Colonel Waterbury had done. Finally I had no less than seven ships pouring in their broadsides at once on mine. The *Congress* was a wreck, not a whole plank in her, her masts gone and her sails in pieces. Still refusing to surrender, I gradually worked her toward the shore until I forced her into a small creek, where I ordered the marines to leap overboard, at a place only 10 miles from Crown Point. As they did so, I had the ship set on fire. The flags were still flying, and I stayed there until I saw them burn. Not a vessel, not a trophy was taken by the enemy. So Sir Richard Grenvile had fought in the Azores!

Our troubles were not over. The lake shore trail was through 10 miles of rocky and pathless wilderness, the tangled cedar trees running down to the very boulders, where Sir Guy Carlton, who, it will be remembered, first had the infamy of employing savages in Your Majesty's battles against Your Majesty's subjects, had filled the woods with them; nevertheless we 90 survivors escaped without losing a man, and arrived safely at Ticonderoga.

I was ordered to keep the enemy in check and I had done so; I had nearly destroyed his fleet; I had delayed him until we had an army at the head waters

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of the Hudson already gathering to overwhelm and surround the splendid corps of Your Majesty's best General. Carleton, after an empty occupation of Crown Point withdrew his army into Canada and himself took up winter quarters in the city of Montreal for the social season. We had built and sacrificed a few wooden ships—and saved our frontier. They say that the country rang with praises of my heroism. I did not wait to hear them, but went off to visit my orphan children.

The battle of Valcour Island was to the American Navy what Bunker Hill had been to the Army. I proved that we could fight; it proved that we could win. Somebody said; "Search the naval history of our English ancestors from Frobisher to Nelson, and there is no instance of more desperate valor."

Gates wrote Schuyler; "it has pleased Providence to preserve General Arnold. Few men ever met with so many hair-breadth escapes in so short a time."

Varick wrote Gates; "we have the blessing of General Arnold's safe return. I hope however he will still humble the pride and arrogance of Haughty Britain."

Gates himself wrote; "It would have been happy for the United States had the gallant behaviour and steady good conduct of that gallant officer been supported by a fleet in any degree equal to the enemy." On the 14th of October Gates formally returned thanks to the army in the general orders.

Dacre, a young English officer was sent to Your Majesty with despatches, and I believe spoke to much the same effect. But Carleton had added, "The season is so far advanced that I can not yet pretend to inform Your Lordship (Germaine) whether any-

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thing further can be done this year." That is enough. I had a letter from Washington, that shall be buried with me. Also letters from Ben. Franklin, Schuyler, Trumbull and many others. If there be any now who call the naval campaign on Lake Champlain a failure, it is enough to reply, Carleton did not attack Ticonderoga. He made an excuse of the lateness of the season! and their retirement to winter quarters. My own report, made to General Schuyler, is doubtless in the *American Archives*. It was dated Ticonderoga, October 15th, and gave a simple statement of the facts, how we lost the *Washington* and two gondolas, burned the *Congress*, but saved all of our men, save Waterbury's crew, who were sent back on parole the next day, and those who were actually killed in the fight. I advised him that we were fortifying old Ti again with a few cannon that we still had, and thought of course, that we were about to be attacked by both fleet and army, but that we had nearly 9,000 effectives, and if properly supported, made no doubt of stopping the career of the enemy. General Waterbury took the letter, and with it a small box containing all of my public and private papers and my remaining store of hard and paper money, which I intrusted to the good Schuyler's safe keeping, as I knew not what lay in store for me.

But that last month the Congress had adopted an order: "*Resolved*, that in all Continental Commissions and other Instruments where heretofore the words 'United Colonies' have been used, the style be altered for the future, to the 'United States.'"

I got no promotion, and expected none. I was still a Brigadier—though I had commanded an army and a navy. But the historian of the royal Navy says

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"The very existence of the flotilla and its conduct in battle were largely due to Arnold. Never had any force, big or small, lived to better purpose, or died more gloriously: for it had saved the lake for that year." Another year, with better preparation, the Americans were able to resist with a success which brought about the several steps of Burgoyne's surrender, the French alliance, and the final success of the allied armies.*

* Chadwick, 46, *Mass. Hist. Soc.*, 200.—Ed.

x rather armies. an archronism to quote Mahan here

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CHAPTER XXII

THE HESSIANS IN NEW JERSEY

ALAS, had I known it; the intrigue against me was already gathering head. There had been also a serious dispute between Schuyler and Gates. I had sided with the former, who was a gentleman and no braggart; Gates had found it out, and while he maintained a fair exterior, secretly resented it. The machinations of Brown I have already mentioned. Then young Burr had gone to New York, where he had insinuated himself into the household of General Putnam, and, as a Private Secretary, even into Washington's confidence, which, however, he soon forfeited by his behavior. Miss Moncrieffe, a young woman of only 14, of exceeding beauty, and of somewhat free conduct, had been left by her father, a Colonel in the British army, in New York, where she sought refuge, after various adventures, in the household of General Putnam. As she is still seeking the favor of Your Majesty, and to that intent has published her memoirs in London, in 1793, I may be permitted to quote her own story. After mentioning her attachment, or infatuation with young Burr, already mentioned, she tells how she was left alone in New York City with a governess, and upon her father's remarriage, he being then in Boston with General Gage, was sent to board at Elizabeth, New Jersey, with the family of an American Colonel. There she remained several months until the appearance of General Howe at

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Staten Island obliged all the inhabitants to flee into the interior; whereupon she escaped from the charge of Colonel Banker's wife, and fled to a certain Mrs. de Hart, whose husband was a member of the Continental Congress, which body, desirous of seducing her father from his allegiance to Her Majesty, seems to have suspected her of being a spy,—a spy, a girl of 14! Thereupon she wrote to General Putnam, who immediately invited her to his house, where she passed her time mainly in the gallery on top, viewing with a telescope the British fleet and army at Staten Island. This may indeed have given rise to some suspicion.

Putnam introduced her to both General and Mrs. Washington, and Mrs. Putnam tried to make her spin flax for shirts for the American soldiery.

"One day after dinner, the Congress was the toast; General Washington viewed me very attentively, and sarcastically said, 'Miss Moncrieffe, you don't drink your wine.' Embarrassed by this reproof, I knew not how to act; at last, as if by a secret impulse, I addressed myself to the American commander, and taking the wine, I said, 'General Howe is the toast.' Vexed at my temerity, the whole company, especially General Washington, censured me; when my good friend, General Putnam, as usual, apologized and assured them I did not mean to offend; 'Besides,' replied he, 'everything said or done by such a child ought rather to amuse than affront you.' General Washington, piqued at this observation, then said, 'Well, Miss I will overlook your indiscretion, on condition that you drink my health or General Putnam's, the first time you dine at Sir William Howe's table, on the other side of the water.'"

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This the child did in a very few weeks, for a few days after this conference a flag of truce arrived from Staten Island with letters from the child's father, to have her delivered to him, with which request apparently Putnam was more than ready to comply, though alas, too late to relieve her from the consequences of Burr's attentions.

Putnam, who was an entirely illiterate man, wrote to Moncrieffe as follows;

> Major Moncrieffe, has made him a present of a fine daughter, if he dont lick (like) her he must send her back again, and he will provide her with a fine good twig (whig) husband.

But though the lady describes herself as having been a "sweet girl, divinely handsome," she was not afraid "to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the General."

Altogether the young lady's misconduct had become known both to Putnam and Washington, and the latter declined to have Aaron Burr remain longer in his household. As for Miss Moncrieffe who afterward became the celebrated Mrs. Coghlan, Your Majesty has seen her; and the list of her male friends, taken from her memoirs, beginning with the Duke of York, and ending with Charles Fox and the Duke of Queensbury, is sufficient to have justified Your Majesty in thinking any support from his privy purse was unnecessary.

Rumors of this scandal reached me when I came to New York; I little foresaw that the time would come when my own honor was to be attacked by this libertine, and, remembering Jacataqua, I but laughed

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at it; Miss Moncrieffe, though blaming Burr for her downfall, was at no period—even the age of fourteen—unable to take care of herself!

For the moment, there was nothing for me to do at the front; we had concentrated at Ticonderoga under Washington's orders, and protected it with a boom across the lake. I built a bridge across to Fort Independence, and prepared for an attack they never dared to give. Washington was at King's Bridge, and I wrote to him, November 6th, of the enemy's embarcation at Crown Point—"they give out their intention is to return now to Canada, but pay us a visit in the Spring." Their visit was of long duration. And I recommended for promotion as soon as exchanged four good friends lately paroled from Quebec—Major Lamb, Captain Lockwood, Lt. Col. Oswald and Captain Daniel Morgan. (Your Majesty should have kept the last—he was worth a dozen Lees!)

On the 20th I went down to Saratoga to a council of war with Schuyler and Gates; we voted to permit all but troops in garrison to go home for the winter, and I burned to join my chief at headquarters. For he had retreated to the Jerseys, Lee refusing to follow him and doubtless thinking the game was up; at which honest old General Heath of Roxbury had quarelled with Lee to the point of disobedience. Greene had sustained a pitiable reverse by the fall of Fort Lee, and left Washington's main army reduced to two or three thousand, and fugitive at that. Lee only writing to *Joseph Reed* (of this man I then first heard) "I really think your Chief"—Reed was Adjutant General—"will do better without me than with me"—this was doubtless true—"I lament *with you** that

* Italics are mine.—B. A.

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fatal indecision of mind which in war is worse than stupidity." For it seems that Reed had written to Lee "not meaning to flatter him at the expense of another" that he "thought it entirely owing to you (Lee) that this army, and the liberties of America, so far as they are dependent on it, are not totally cut off"!

Lee made no move; only wrote to James Bowdoin that the Massachusetts militia "are grown more detestable than ever, not for the bad character of the men, but the officers, particularly the lower sort, who want every attribute of soldiers and citizens—spirit, impatience, integrity and public virtue"! And again on the 24th of November, that he had received a flattering letter from Venzaga, Governor of New Orleans, addressed to Lee as *General de los Estados Unidos Americanos;* which the vain Lee considered tantamount to a Spanish-American alliance; and the next day he wrote Bowdoin again, "Would it not be prudent to remove all the Continental stores to a more centrical (sic) place than Boston"—this from the hero of Monmouth that was to be, to a town that never saw a British soldier after the first campaign of the war!

Things had now got to their worst. A levy en masse was proposed in Pennsylvania under penalty of £5 per man, Washington was really a fugitive, his army, according to Lee, a rout; that gentleman held the Hudson, only watching a chance to surrender that post to Howe, and only prevented by the vigilant insubordination of a Yankee general—Heath. The Hessians, under orders to be frightful, were ravaging the Jerseys. Washington's baggage was actually captured, yet Lee refused all succor, writing to Heath:

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I perceive you have formed an opinion to yourself that should General Washington remove to the Straits of Magellan, the instructions he left you have left you with a separate command independent of me the *second in command*. . . . I command on this side of the water (the Hudson) for the future I must and will be obeyed.

As a matter of fact, Washington was then only so far away as Newark! and on that very day wrote to Lee, "I confess I had expected you would be sooner in motion."

Mr. Adjutant General Joseph Reed of Philadelphia selected this time to enclose his commission and resign, in a letter to John Hancock. Despairing appeals were published to the Jerseyites and the Pennsylvanians—"the enemy are determined to spend the winter in Philadelphia"—Washington, retreating farther from Newark to Brunswick, reported (November 30th) to Hancock the situation of our affairs as "truly alarming," Lee "promising to pass the river the day after tomorrow"—"mañana por la mañana," a phrase he had learned from his Spanish correspondence. But he did meet Heath at Croton camp, and after a spirited interview admitted that Heath had the right; while poor Washington wrote (December 1st) to Lee, "I must entreat you to hasten your march as much as possible, or your arrival may be too late to serve any valuable purpose." On the 2nd he was at Princeton, and Lee only beginning to cross the Hudson.

On this day my "court of inquiry" opened at Albany, and I had to be there. Hazen's charge consisted in the fact that in receipting for 30 kegs of rum for the use of the garrison at Chamblee, I had written on the back, "Col. Hazen can best tell how much he sold." The very teamster who delivered it had told

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me that he had delivered 30 other kegs at the tavern. Col. Hazen considered this an aspersion on his character and the court so found. Well, it was!

But this matter over, I was still not free. On the 4th Washington had retreated to Trenton and I left Albany, hearing of it only at Goshen, on the 8th. For Greene had written, "The enemy spread desolation wherever they go—the Hessians plunder all alike. When we left Brunswick we had not 3000 men—pitiful army to trust the liberties of America upon!" And that day Washington crossed the Delaware. Congress, on the 11th, ordered a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer; and Washington once more wrote Lee to join him to protect Philadelphia: "You know the fatal consequences that may attend its loss."

The progress of the Hessian troops was attended with such outrage as at last to arouse the people. To their ill-advised employment by your Majesty's ministers, and, I should add, the blundering of one man, is due the loss of Your Majesty's dominions. For these mercenaries behaved like Germans, not as men of English blood. When their heavy boots queaked, tramping in the mire, the very street boys cried out, *Plunder, plunder, plunder!* And there was murder and worse outrage. One William Smith, of Woodbridge, on hearing the cries of his daughter, had rushed into the house and found a Hessian officer trying to violate her; in an agony of rage he instantly killed him, and was himself murdered in return. And three girls were abused, and one, aged only fifteen, ravished by a regular officer. They escaped to our army in a pitiable condition. Sixteen were captured near Hopewell, and taken to the British camp. And an English book of orders had been captured near Trenton, in

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which we read, "All inhabitants that shall be found with arms shall be immediately taken and hung up." The Council of Safety published many of these outrages; for instance, a letter from an officer in our army in which he says:

> Besides the sixteen young women (above referred to) one man had had the cruel misfortune to have his wife and only daughter, a child of ten, ravished; another girl of thirteen was taken from her father's house, carried to a barn, and there ravished by thirteen brutes. . . .

I am glad to say that Lord Howe was, at this very time, hanging British sailors on Rhode Island who were guilty of such offenses.

Now, it was these outrages that increased Washington's army from three to five thousand; and on Friday the 13th we had a real stroke of fortune. On that very morning Lee wrote to Gates from Baskingridge, on his slow way to join Washington:

> Entre nous, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have a choice of difficulties. . . .

They were solved before noon; for at eleven o'clock he got himself ignominiously captured; the tavern where he was asleep betrayed to the enemy by one of his especial friends! A truly remarkable coincidence of "damnable deficiency." He was mounted and driven off without hat or coat; nobody was taken but himself and one Frenchman. But his troops were now free to join Washington, and they did so, in a hurry.

I too hurried on; but at Newark received orders

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to wait on the committee of Congress, for Brown had filed the appeal against me, on the thirteen charges.

First, for aspersing his character . . . . . (Guilty!)

Fourth, for suffering the small-pox to spread in camp in Quebec. . . . (See tenth.)

Seventh, for plundering the inhabitants of Montreal. . . . . .

Eighth, for directing whole villages to be destroyed and the inhabitants thereof put to death without distinction of age or sex, by fire and sword. . . . . (! ! !)

Ninth, for the exchange of prisoners at the Cedars. . . . . .

Tenth, for inoculating the army against the small-pox. . . . . (See fourth.)

Eleventh, for misconduct in command at the camp at Cambridge in 1775 . . . (I had been there only six weeks and held no command).

Twelfth, for occasioning the loss of the fleet on Lake Champlain, Oct. 12th. . . . .

Thirteenth, for insulting superior officers and the Massachusetts Committee at Ticonderoga in May, 1775. . . . . (Oh, my—back.)

Easton had presented this precious document to Gates at Albany; on his not replying he wrote two letters, and at last the wearied Gates gave him the written answer he demanded:

SIR:

Since you are so importunate for an answer in writing, I think proper to acquaint you that I shall lay your petition before Congress, who will, *when they see fit*, give such orders as they think necessary thereupon. HORATIO GATES.

The fate of this precious petition has already been

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related; but it caused me to lose a few precious days at Philadelphia, until Washington wrote me, December 14th, from "Headquarters in Bucks County":

> Having received advice from Gov. Trumbull on the 6th instant that a large fleet of the enemy's men-of-war and transports had arrived off New London, without doubt with intent to make a descent upon New England, and he desiring that some general officer might be sent there to take command of the militia, I must desire that you would immediately repair to the States of New England. . . . I have full confidence in your exerting yourself in this as on former occasions and am, dear Sir, Yours tr.
>
> GEO. WASHINGTON.

I started with regret; for Lee's army was now sent forward and three days after Lee's capture it crossed the Delaware at Easton. Washington had written Sullivan about his "unhappy fate," but to his brother Augustine that "his capture was due to his own folly and imprudence, as he went to lodge three miles out of his own camp." Washington was so unsuspecting!

I got to the camp near Trenton on the 20th; the chief welcomed me almost with tears—I confess, I wept in his arms. He was saddened by his defeat, but never discouraged, save by the disobedience of Greene, which had caused the whole disaster, his lack of support from Congress, his suspicions of Lee, who, a prisoner, was already intriguing for a composition with the enemy.

I told him how my wife had died, and I had not seen my children since we had taken Crown Point, a year and a half before; and he kindly ordered me to Norwich "or wherever his presence will be most necessary" writing also to Gates, "I have ordered

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General Arnold to go to the Eastward, on account of intelligence from that quarter." * His Verbal orders were, after seeing my sister Hannah and my children, to go to Rhode Island, where General Heath was to try to rally the militia, as the enemy were seriously menacing that coast. So, on the 21st, I left Washington—just before the battles of Trenton and Princeton—of the few fights I missed!

* George Washington to Governor Trumbull:

"Headquarters, Bucks County,
"14 December, 1776.

". . . I have ordered General Arnold, who was on his way down from Ticonderoga, immediately to repair to New London, or wherever his presence will be most necessary. The troops, who came down with him and General Gates, are already, from the advices I have received, so far advanced towards this army, that to countermand them now would be losing the small remainder of their services entirely, as the time of their enlistment would expire before they could possibly reach you; whereas, by coming on, they may, in conjunction with my present force, and that under General Lee, enable us to attempt a stroke upon the forces of the enemy, who lie a good deal scattered, and to all appearances in a state of security. A lucky blow in this quarter would be fatal to them, and would most certainly rouse the spirits of the people, which are quite sunk by our late misfortunes."

Washington to Major-General Lee:

"Headquarters, at Keiths,
"14 December, 1776.

". . . The enclosed for General Gates and Arnold you will forward by an officer without delay. The former I have requested to come on with the regiments under his command with all possible expedition; the latter to go to the eastward, in consequence of the intelligence received from Governor Trumbull."

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CHAPTER XXIII

RIDGEFIELD

WHEN I arrived in Rhode Island, the Governor showed me a letter from Greene telling him that I was going to take command, and was "a fine, spirited fellow, and an active General." Greene, despite his disaster at Fort Washington, ended by being the best general Washington had; at least, at the *end* of the war!

As for old Putnam, he may have been a very good man to run at Braddock's defeat, 20 years before and doubtless could still follow the plough, but his military attainments were only equal to his epistolary. Indeed, a letter from General Schuyler to him states that it would do no harm to the defense against Burgoyne if old Wooster were assigned to the neighborhood of Boston! (that being the only town which then and afterward remained American throughout the war). And I think he hoped Putnam might also make a personal application; though the old man did no more active service,—except in the entertainment of young ladies.

In Connecticut I was received with due honor by Trumbull, head of the State which I had left as a volunteer and returned as General, and given all proper assistance in enabling my good sister Hannah, who was, as I have mentioned, the business woman of the family, in getting the permission of Congress to ship a cargo of staves to the West Indies, the money

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for which I was much in need of, particularly as my good friend John Lamb, who had commanded what artillery we had at the assault on Quebec, and been there severely wounded and taken prisoner, was exchanged, through my interest with Washington, and authorized to raise a regiment of artillery, with the commission of Colonel to himself. He made my brother-in-law, Sam Mansfield, one of his Captains; but was much embarrassed in the raising of funds, as many of us, from Washington down, had to raise and equip our regiments in those days. I lent him 1,000 pounds, giving him an order on sister Hannah for the amount, trusting she would find means of paying the same, which that excellent and patriotic woman succeeded in doing promptly enough. The money, of course, was mine, and the incident a good example of that penuriousness so commonly charged upon me by my American enemies. Moreover, at this time I found leisure to make arrangements for the support and education of the children of my first good friend, Joseph Warren, slain at Bunker Hill. I urged upon the Congress to make appropriation for that purpose, which some years afterward was done. In the meantime, I advanced the necessary funds myself.

Before I got there, I heard that the British had landed and taken possession of Newport; so I thought it advisable to go to Boston, where I could try to raise soldiers to attack them; and I was often before that great body, known as the Great and General Court! in other words, the Massachusetts Legislature. There were old friends of mine—from puffy little John Adams down to the meanest "select men." I got a few levies; and I wrote continually to Washington for permission to attack; but he wrote back in

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discouragement, until I could raise a force sufficient to make a success morally certain.* I went as far as Providence; but that winter Bristol Ferry remained the frontier of the warring nations. And while I was thus inactive and the less able to bear it, there came upon me the first intolerable blow of the many dealt to me, either by the inept Congress or by Gates, Lee, Burr or the others of the cabal against me.

I was still only a Brigadier General, despite the fact that I had seen more service than any leader of the army, hardly excepting Washington himself, my service being both on land and water; and that I had led the American forces in three entirely separate and distinct campaigns, of which the least successful had indirectly saved Boston itself. But when it came to the appointment of five Major Generals, it was announced, on the 19th of February, 1777, that the

*Washington to Brigadier-General Arnold:

"MORRISTOWN, 6 February, 1777.

"DEAR SIR:

"I was this evening favored with your letter of the 30th ultimo, and am sorry to find the forces now assembled at Rhode Island are not competent to the projects you have in view. The propriety of the attack, or of the plan, I cannot determine. The map you sent, and for which I return you my thanks, gives me an idea of the situation of the Island, but not so accurately as to pronounce upon the matter with precision. If the attack can be made, with a strong probability, almost amounting to a certainty of success, it is much to be desired; otherwise I would not advise it; for, as a favorable issue would be productive of the most valuable and important consequences, so on the other a miscarriage would lead to those of the most melancholy nature. I have wrote General Spencer on the subject, wishing every thing respecting the measure to be duly weighed, previous to an attempt, and consented, that if, after mature deliberation had of all circumstances, the officers esteem the enterprise advisable, that four or five Continental regiments may be called in aid. I suggested to him the difficulty of passing a river to attack an enemy, and of making a good retreat in case of repulse. This is obvious, and I am satisfied will not escape your attention. Whatever may be determined on I trust will be founded in prudence, and I hope, crowned with success."

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men they had appointed were Stirling, Mifflin, St. Clair, Stephen and Lincoln,—all my juniors in rank, and the last taken from the militia. "Lord" Stirling had seen considerable service during the war, but his principal exploit had been the loss by his incompetence of the battle of Long Island. Mifflin was a Philadelphia gentleman of good repute, who had, I believe, given his name to a local fort. St. Clair was a good sort of a man, whose military career was ever attended by ill luck and disaster. Stephen and Lincoln I had never heard of, nor had, I believe, anybody else outside of the Massachusetts Adamses.

Washington was so distressed that he despatched to me an express at once:

> I am at a loss to know whether you have had a preceding appointment, as the newspapers announce, or whether you have been omitted through some mistake. Should the latter be the case, I beg you will not take any hasty steps, but allow proper time for recollection, which, I flatter myself, will remedy any error that may have been made; my endeavors to that end shall not be wanting.

I replied, expressing my obligation to His Excellency, telling him that I believed that none but the printer had any mistake to rectify. Their appointing junior officers to the rank of Major Generals, I viewed as a very civil way of requesting my resignation as unqualified for the office I held. It was rather my misfortune than my fault, I said, that my exertions had not been crowned with success. This was somewhat of an extreme statement, for certainly the capture of Crown Point was a success, to say nothing of the battle of Lake Champlain. And I closed by requesting a court of inquiry. Thereupon Washington wrote to Richard Henry Lee of the Congress, expressing his anxiety to know whether General Arnold's non-

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promotion was owing to accident or design, and the cause of it. "Surely a more active, a more spirited and sensible officer fills no department in your army. Not seeing him, then, in the list of Major Generals, and no mention made of him, gives me uneasiness, as it is not to be presumed, being the oldest brigadier, that he will continue in the service under such a slight." However, Washington never had any luck with Congress. When they were on the point of appointing Conway Major General, he wrote to the same Lee, "I think it would be a fatal blow to the army," yet Congress appointed him just the same.

On the 3rd of April, Washington wrote again from Morristown, begging me not to resign, though he admitted my resignation would be justified, and saying that General Greene had been to Philadelphia and been informed by the Congress that as Connecticut had already two Major Generals (Putnam and Wooster) it was their full share.

Therefore I did not resign, and I am probably the only American field officer who did not resign or threaten to resign under similar circumstances. Greene, Sullivan, and Knox, to my personal knowledge, each wrote to Congress on the same day and asked permission to retire if a certain Frenchman, Ducondray, had been appointed to command the artillery. But I wrote to Washington:

> Every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness of my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am ready at all times to risk my life.

So again I subordinated just pride to patriotism.

Coming to more pleasant matters. The reader may remember a certain Miss de B., of whom I had much to say in the chapters relating almost to my

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boyhood. By this time she had moved to Boston and become a distinguished and much admired belle of that city. My wife had been dead more than a year, and I am afraid I had never forgotten my first love. I doubt if one ever does, though as it turned out, she never touched me very deeply. I was resident in Watertown, only 7 miles from Boston. I was then, alas, at the zenith of my fame, just after my career in Canada and on the lakes, and just before my last great victory at Saratoga,—a very different suitor from the apothecary's assistant, who had presumed to address the Miss de B., 20 years earlier! My love making had certainly met with success in those days, if my matrimonial efforts had not found favor with the lady, or at least, with her family! I still had the ring, which she had dropped in the hay-mow, and it occurred to me to wonder whether at this time she would not accept it? I was 36, and she quite 34, in fact it was time for her to marry if ever. Moreover the thought occurred to me that it was possibly due to our acquaintance in Newport that she still remained unmarried. Yet it is somewhat difficult to resume an acquaintance with a lady whose last passage with you was to fire an engagement ring into your hay-cart from her bedroom window. I therefore made what I now believe was a mistake (but I was not so well versed in the ways of the world then as I am now) of making my first address to a lady friend, no other than Mrs. Knox, wife of the General:

WATERTOWN, 4th, March, 1777.

DEAR MADAM:

I have taken the liberty of enclosing a letter to the heavenly Miss de Blois, which I beg the favor of your delivering with the trunk of gowns, etc., which Mrs. . . . promised me to send to you.

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I hope she will make no objection to receiving them. I make no doubt you will soon have the pleasure to see the charming Mrs. Emery, and have it in your power to give me the favorable intelligence. I shall remain under the most anxious suspense until I have the favor of a line from you, who, if I may judge, will from your own experience, consider the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes and chilling fears that alternately possess the heart of, Dear Madam,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Mrs. Knox, Boston.

To this letter I received a very formal response to the effect that Miss de Blois would doubtless acknowledge the letter herself, but was somewhat behindhand in her correspondence. As I fully expected to receive the trunk of gowns by return messenger, I did not deem this a discouragement, and accordingly wrote a second letter couched in somewhat warmer terms. To this letter I never received an answer; the gowns were not immediately sent back, and I had just then so much concern for the condition of my country that the erstwhile fair spinster, Miss de B., did not long occupy my thoughts. Expecting a letter from her, I made no effort to call, but I saw her one evening at a rout in Boston, and was dismayed to find what a change a few years had made in her appearance. Our New England girls are like the anemones of the wood; fair but fragile when young, they soon wither. I did think she might have acknowledged the gowns and rather expected to see her wearing one. Such was not the case, and I believe the gowns themselves came back in the same box to my address at Watertown.

I determined that I could no longer put up with the slight of the Continental Congress. Finding that

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Washington would not let me attack Newport, and that there was "nothing doing" on the quiet Charles, (as they say at Tattersalls) and without consulting the General in Chief, but merely notifying him that I was going to Philadelphia to demand a court of inquiry, I left Watertown early in April, 1777, for that purpose. Of course I stopped at New Haven to see sister Hannah and my children. There I met with a piece of good fortune that really seemed providential. Your Majesty's Governor Tryon, formerly Royal Governor of New York, but now a Major General of Royal Provincials, selected this season, the 23rd of April, to sail with a large force of his levies under Conroy to destroy an important Continental magazine situated at Danbury, some thirty miles northwest of New Haven. He had about 2,000 troops, and naturally did not know of my presence in New Haven, the only opposition he anticipated being Wooster, poor old man. I had done him injustice, as the reader shall shortly see, but I have never attempted to alter the earlier parts of this diary in the light of later events, my one object being the truth, or at least that the reader should see it as I saw it at the time. Governor, or rather, Major General Tryon, landed at Fairfield, or Compo, on the 25th. Danbury was 24 miles in the interior, with only a guard of 50 Continentals and a few militia. The Royal troops made haste and reached there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, put this guard to flight, and although there was a heavy rain, destroyed all the stores, nor did they stop at that, but wantonly proceeded to spend valuable time in burning the village. This wickedness proved their destruction, for we had got news of their landing at New Haven the day before, and both

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Wooster and I were prompt to meet him. He with Colonel Silliman managed to collect a few hundred militia in and about New Haven, about 100 Continentals and the rest regulars, and pushed forward in pursuit. I joined them near Redding, where we found the brave old Wooster, and we all marched to Bethel, getting there at two o'clock on Sunday morning, only to learn how Danbury had been burned, with all the public stores, and that the British were preparing to retreat to their ships. By this time I was pretty mad and damned the countrymen, and, I fear, used strong language to the poor old General, which I now deeply regret; but I felt that no one would act unless I did, so before daylight, with Colonel Silliman, I proceeded, with 400 of our men, to Ridgefield, leaving Wooster with a few hundred men to harass their rear. The brave old Wooster was actually too impatient. He attacked the enemy before they met me with the force I had been assembling at Ridgefield, and his little army was shot to pieces and dispersed, himself mortally wounded. Characteristically the old fellow ended his life with a blunder, but it was a brave one.

In the meantime I had got together more than 500 men at Ridgefield, where I threw a barricade of carts, logs and stones across the road. The narrow street was flanked on one side by a ledge of rocks and on the other by a house and barn, but Your Majesty's soldiers, as Your Majesty should be aware of, have a dull rank and file, and are ever stupidly led. Instead of burning this barn, they butted straight up the road in a solid column. There were 2,000 of them, and yet I managed to hold my position, until finally they did have the intelligence to send a flanking party

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under General Agnew around the ledge of rocks; whereupon I ordered a retreat, for they had some field artillery as well as their small arms. The fact is, we had fought like devils, but we had fought too long. I ordered every man to save himself, and turned my horse to retreat just as Agnew's infantry, running down the hill from the rocks, fired a complete round at my humble person. The Lord knows why I was not killed, nine bullets went through my poor horse, which fell dead at once, and my feet were entangled in the stirrups, but I was not wounded. "Surrender, you are my prisoner," cried a grenadier, as he rushed forward with a fixed bayonet to run me through; "Not yet," I remarked; and this little interchange of conversation had given me time to draw a pistol from its holster with which I shot the soldier dead, and at the same moment getting unentangled, I fled to a thicket in a swamp close by, followed by a shower of bullets. I confess, I stayed in that swamp some little time. When I came out of it, I was on the other side. I got another horse and spent the night riding about and finding my scattered men. When I got a reasonable force together, I posted them so as to cut off the British retreat the next day, who in the meantime, had attempted nothing, but lay on their arms in a hollow square. They were not great fighters; it was much like Lexington, save that they had a far larger force—a continual double-quick to tide water. All they did at daybreak on Monday was to resume their retreat; and they were almost cut off, but that they forded the Saugatuck River a mile above where we expected them; and then we saw them running like a hare-and-hound's chase at full speed up the high, bare hill of Compo, which was only half a mile

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from their fleet at Westport. But we had skirmishes down to the very beach, pulling one bo'sun off the stern of the boat as it shoved off!

Now, I was glad that I had enabled my good friend Lamb to get a commission in the artillery. He appeared with his battery, or part of it, and we were actually on the point of capturing the whole detachment, when Sir William Erskine landed a party of marines from the ships, and these British troops were too many for our skirmishers. My second horse was wounded in the neck, and a bullet passed through the collar of my coat. So the English got aboard their ships and set sail for New York, having only destroyed 1700 tents our poor army much needed, and killed 20 Yankees beside poor old Wooster, and lost 200 of their own. I resumed my journey to Philadelphia, having, I think, justified my statement made in my letter to Washington above quoted, that despite insult, neglect and ingratitude, I was "ready at all times to risk my life for the safety and happiness of my country."

Meantime poor old Wooster had died. Congress voted him a monument, and me "a horse caparisoned, as a token of their approbation of his excellent conduct." Sometimes when the devils of doubt assail me, I feel the wish that Wooster had got the horse and I the monument. My trip to Philadelphia had thus proven unnecessary, however, for before I got there I was a Major General.

Congress could never act like a gentleman, however, and the reparation they gave was as a mark of gratitude not complete, for I found myself outranked by the five persons appointed Major Generals two months before. And Washington wrote to the President of Congress:

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MORRISTOWN, 5 May, 1777.

SIR:

I was this morning honored with your letter of the 3rd instant, with its enclosures. General Arnold's promotion gives me much pleasure. He has certainly discovered, in every instance where he has had an opportunity, much bravery, activity, and enterprise. But what will be done about his rank? He will not act most probably under those he commanded but a few weeks ago. . . .

And to Brigadier-General McDougall.

MORRISTOWN, 7 May, 1777.

. . . As Congress have lately appointed General Arnold to the rank of Major General, I have written to him and desired him to come immediately forward to Peekskill. Not but that I place entire confidence in you, and should not have thought of superseding you, but upon your request. I think you will find him a man of judgment, and particularly serviceable in giving directions for the armament of the galleys or making any kind of water opposition.

I arrived at Morristown, May 12th, and found him even more indignant than I; he promptly sat down and wrote in my presence the following letter:

Washington to the President of Congress.

MORRISTOWN, 12 May, 1777.

SIR:

This will be delivered you by General Arnold, who arrived here to-day on his way to Philadelphia. He seems to be anxious to settle his public accounts, which are of considerable amount, and waits on Congress, hoping they will appoint a committee of their body, or of such gentlemen as they shall judge proper, to take the matter into consideration. This he considers the more necessary, as he has heard some reports have been propagated, injurious to his character as a man of integrity. If any such aspersions lie against him, it is but reasonable that he should have an opportunity of vindicating himself and evincing his innocence.

I find he does not consider the promotion Congress have been

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pleased to confer upon him sufficient to obviate the neglect, arising from their having omitted him in their late appointments of major-generals. He observes it does not give him the rank he had a claim to from seniority in the line of brigadiers, and that he is subject to be commanded by those who had been inferior to him. He further adds, that Congress, in their last resolve respecting him, have acknowledged him competent to the station of major-general, and therefore have done away every objection implied by their former omission. These considerations are not without weight, though I pretend not to judge what motives may have influenced the conduct of Congress upon this occasion. It is needless to say anything of this gentleman's military character; it is universally known, that he has always distinguished himself as a judicious, brave officer, of great activity, enterprise and perseverance.

I have the honor to be, etc.

Congress, however, did accept my demand for a court of inquiry, with the various papers I sent them, referred them to the Board of War, and lost no time in dismissing John Brown's charges, with the contempt they deserved, on the 23rd of May, just one month after I had put the enemy to flight at Ridgefield.

Washington, feeling that I had not been fairly treated, and endeavoring to honor me by all the means in his power, had, as I have shown, appointed me to the command of the North River, the most important and honorable post at his disposal, but I declined it at that time. "The poison of party was then rankling in the national councils," and Lighthorse Harry Lee writes a letter on the very day that my complaint was presented, in which he says:

One plan now in frequent use, is to assassinate the characters of the friends of America, in every place and by every means; at this moment they are reading in Congress a bold and audacious attempt of this kind against the brave General Arnold.

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While the Committee of Congress were going over my accounts, I was appointed to the command of the army, then gathering about Philadelphia to oppose any movement on that city by General Howe. I took my post on the Delaware above Trenton, and the result was that within a few weeks the British General retired to Brunswick, and I returned to my headquarters in Philadelphia. Congress was still mulling over my accounts, and getting no satisfaction, nor indeed proper treatment, I finally wrote a letter resigning my commission, professing again my ardent love of my country, and saying, as I have myself justified, "Honor is a sacrifice no man ought to make; as I received, so I wish to transmit it inviolate to posterity."

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CHAPTER XXIV

A FOURTH CALL TO THE NORTH

MEANTIME some amusing things were happening. My good old friend "Return J." Meigs, of Connecticut, had returned there, and learning that the British were loading transports at Sag Harbor on the east end of Long Island, crossed the sound with 200 Continentals in whale boats on this same 23rd of May, carried their boats across the north beach to the inland bay, landed after midnight, burned one vessel with 8 guns, 10 loaded transports, destroyed the stores, killed 6 Britishers, and captured all the rest but four. On their return to Guilford the next day they had 90 prisoners. For this exploit "Return J." got a sword from Congress.

Despite Washington's statement that he did not believe I would or could act under those I commanded but a few weeks ago, I had taken orders from him for a separate command, and thus cleared the British from the Jerseys, which state was never again in their occupation, and the Royalists all had to flee to Staten Island.

The first anniversary of American independence was celebrated with a feeling of security, and the new flag of the thirteen states displayed for the first time; no longer the union of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, but the thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation. It will be remembered that I, hoisting the flag of the colonies on

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the Boundary Mountain, had to content myself with the pine tree of Massachusetts, which indeed was proper enough, as the invasion was known in Canada as that of the Bostonnais; Your Majesty had said, "I had as lief fight with the Bostonians as with the French." The Hessian band, which had been captured at Trenton, were made to play, as the members of Congress and the Government of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania dined together. Then there were military parades and bon-fires.

On the 10th of July an unfortunate thing happened. General Prescott, who commanded all the British forces on Long Island, had rashly made his quarters at a farm house four miles out of Newport on the western shore. Whereupon Colonel Barton of the Rhode Island militia embarked in whaleboats one night, surrounded his house, took him and the celebrated Sir Jonah Barrington, then a common Lieutenant, out of their bed, hurried them in their night-gowns to the water, carried them across to Warwick and forwarded them to headquarters in Providence. Whereupon the Continental Congress gave orders that General Prescott should be exchanged for Charles Lee, his nominal equal in rank—a misfortune for the colonies indeed.

Then Washington wrote a letter, which proved fateful both to the revolting colonies and myself, and might well have changed the fate of nations. It was received by Congress on July 10th, 1777, the very day that I had presented my letter of resignation. It communicated the fact that Burgoyne was advancing, that Ticonderoga had been evacuated, and that our northern frontier lay open to the British troops. Our frontier was exposed, the field of danger

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lay unwatched save by Gates and Schuyler. "This campaign will end the war" was the opinion given by Riedesel who commanded the Hessians. So confident was he that he brought his charming wife along, of whom later. Sir Guy Carleton had won over the six nations at last, under leaders of their own approval, and even Riedesel, that old veteran of the seven years war, balked at this action. "Wretched colonies," he said, "if these wild souls are indulged in war." Yet this Carleton was considerate enough to spare his officers who were married, including Riedesel himself, and would only send the others to the front. So that Riedesel wrote his wife he was safer there than on the parade grounds of Wolfenbuttel. But on the 6th of July he was despatched with three German battalions to support General Frazer, whom indeed he joined in a sharp action, and on that day, as Washington learned, the Americans abandoned Ticonderoga, which I had twice taken, and was now for a third time and the last, to assist in its recovery and the final expulsion of the British from the north.

What Washington wrote was as follows:

> Upon this occasion I would take the liberty to suggest to Congress the propriety of sending an active, spirited officer to conduct and lead them on. If General Arnold has settled his affairs, and can be spared from Philadelphia, I would recommend him for this business, and that he should immediately set out for the northern department. He is active, judicious and brave, and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence.
>
> . . . I am persuaded his presence and activity will animate the militia greatly, and spur them on to a becoming conduct. I could wish him to be engaged in a more agreeable service, to be with better troops, but circumstances call for his exertions in this way, and I have no doubt of his adding much to the honors he has already acquired.

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Not satisfied with this, he again wrote two days later:

> In my last I took the liberty of suggesting the propriety of sending an active officer to animate the militia that may assemble for checking General Burgoyne's progress, and mentioned General Arnold for that purpose. . . . Being more and more convinced of the important advantages that will result from his presence and conduct, I have thought it my duty to repeat my wishes on the subject, and that he may without a moment's loss of time, set out from Philadelphia for that purpose.

Washington was not given to sarcasm, but the use of the word "active" is delightful, when one remembers that it was Thomas, Putnam, Wooster, Ward and Gates who had been commanding me. I was touched by Washington's letters. Without waiting for Congress to act, I relieved them of their dilemma by promptly offering my services as a volunteer, asking leave to suspend my request for permission to resign, only adding that I would leave it with Congress and made no doubt they would listen to it when the service was over, and then indeed condescend to audit my accounts. Had I driven a bargain, I should have demanded quittance then and there! But I had determined to drive Burgoyne back to Canada or die, though I knew that St. Clair was in command of the northern army, one of the very five who had been promoted over me. Thus I waived (and the reader will remember that it was not the first time) all considerations of rank and pride, and declared that I would "do my duty faithfully in the rank I then held, and trust to the justice of my claims for a future reparation"—these being Washington's words. Again I effaced myself and saved America. For Saratoga will be placed by future historians among the fifteen

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decisive battles of the world. It was the Blenheim of the Revolution; and the future historian shall say, "One General won it; and that was not the General in command."

Up to this time the Americans never won a success in the field. Though the war had been raging two years and a quarter, there had never once been a general engagement in the open, where the Continentals had not had to retreat before the British regulars. This led to the wise effort of the British Government to bring on an open campaign, and that in the colony which was the most important commercially and strategically, and which Your Majesty thought, and properly, was most loyal to the royal cause. The city of New York was commercial, rich, and mainly Dutch. It had little sympathy with the independent leanings of the New England and Virginian country folk.

When Your Majesty heard of the battle of Bunker Hill, You consoled yourself with the thought that New York was still unswervingly loyal. It had been settled by men of various races. The vast harbor of this very city lay open to Your Majesty's fleet, for no land force could command here. Thence a continual broad waterway lay through a level valley and a great lake to the fortresses Sir Guy Carleton had recaptured, and the regained and loyal city of Montreal. In New York also were the hereditary manors, private principalities, with feudal relations and traditions and proprietary life, hostile to doctrines of popular right. In the valley of the Mohawk lived Sir William Johnson with his family and dependents in baronial state among the Indians, with whom he was allied by marriage. The great federation of the Long House had been by him regained to Your Maj-

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esty's cause, although as the French king remarked, "Your Majesty never dared to call them subjects." Then also New York under the leadership of John Jay was still against independence, as indeed we all were, save the Adamses of Massachusetts and a few of that ilk,—and as indeed I ever remained. Dissatisfied with the retreat into Canada of Sir Guy Carleton in the autumn of 1776 and the abandonment of Crown Point, as perhaps they had reason to be, Your Majesty's ministers replaced Carleton by John Burgoyne. This gentleman had seen service in Portugal, was popular with the people and a favorite of the court—a society gentleman. He was also clever at private theatricals. He carried these pleasant tastes with him on his campaign, and was not above making friends with the wives of his officers. Now Burgoyne was neither a great soldier nor a great man. He was willing to bribe his old comrade in arms, Charles Lee, to betray the American cause; but he was a type of the fashionable English gentleman of that day. The grandson of a baronet, a Westminster boy, he eloped with the daughter of the house of Derby, and left the army, but was restored by political influence. He then served as a Captain in France and was elected to Parliament. The King of Spain had given him a diamond ring, and he returned to England with the ring blazing on his finger, the reward for having led a brilliant charge at Valentia, to become a mere man of pleasure. Reynolds painted his portrait, Horace Walpole sneered at his plays, while Lord Chatham praised him for his military services. He had seen the battle of Bunker Hill, but was nevertheless of the opinion that trained troops would always overcome the militia in the open field. His

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judgment of men may be shown in that the American he most admired was Sam Adams, whom he thought combined the ability of Cæsar with the astuteness of Cromwell, and as he believed, led Franklin and all the others. While still of this opinion, he was compelled by the gentleman whom he still called Mr. Washington, to effect a hasty departure from Boston on the 17th of March, 1777. And on the 6th of May he arrived in Quebec on the day we left it. His troops, grenadiers, infantry and artillery were the best in the British army. He had under him the skilled Major General Phillips, and the gallant Scotchman, General Fraser, the Hessians under General Riedesel, and a large number of royalists and Indians, not to mention a rabble of Canadians—fair-weather soldiers. Counting all, his force numbered from 9,000 to 10,000 men. It was this great army that had started on the 24th of June and had caused Washington to utter and reiterate to Congress the distress call for my services, as I have narrated in the last Chapter.

"This campaign will end the war," was Riedesel's opinion, and it ought to have. Two thousand more Brunswickers arrived in Canada in September, well equipped, well found, well provisioned, and the flower of the English troops made ready to spend a winter of preparation in Canada. Riedesel drilled his troops when the weather would allow it, practising them in shooting, for he had noticed that we were better marksmen than even the Germans. As for the British grenadiers, they could not hit a barn with a "Tower" musket.

The difference between their winter and my previous one in Canada is well shown in Riedesel's letters. He travelled over 1800 miles that winter in a sleigh,

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visiting all his detachments, waiting on General Carleton in Quebec and Montreal; and in Quebec, on the anniversary of my fatal attack, the 31st of December 1776, a solemn service was held in the cathedral to celebrate their deliverance from myself on that day of the preceding year. The service was conducted by the Bishop, and eight unfortunate Canadians had to do penance with halters around their necks, and beg pardon of God, the Church and King George for having helped us the year before. During the latter part of the winter Riedesel gave a ball every week, usually at Three Rivers, partly to please the inhabitants, and partly to keep his officers out of mischief.

On the 20th of January, the anniversary of the day we had been starving in the snow outside the ramparts, he celebrated the birthday of the Queen with great pomp, forty guests at dinner, healths drunk in champagne, and a small cannon fired at every toast as is done in the play of Hamlet. Then there was a ball, at which he tells us thirty-seven ladies appeared, and supper served in the evening. Some wore jewels, and some, he writes, increased their charms by the lowness of their cotton gowns. The Demoiselle de Tonnecour dazzled in jewels, while the poor Demoiselle R.—— the pretty maid's name not mentioned,—in her shabby cotton gown, was preferred by many of them, on account of her natural and perfect manners and her beautiful voice. So operas in French and Italian were composed and written in honor of the Hessian general, or, I suspect, in that of his pretty wife.

Thus, with some drilling and much revelling, they prepared all that winter for the summer campaign

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that was to end the military career of Burgoyne, and crown mine with the highest glory I ever had had.

Carleton had been making ready all winter, unprepared himself for his degradation in the spring. It was on the last day of April that he gave audience to the deputies of the Six Nations, and accepted their services with thanks and gifts. My old antagonist, the Indian Brant, was also urging them to abandon their abode for lands more remote from the Americans. To meet his overtures, Gates, who was far better in the council tent than in the field, near the end of May spoke to a council of their warriors, telling them that the United States were now one, and promising that before many moons the pride of England should be laid low. In this he doubtless prophesied better than he knew. But St. Clair was in command of the northern army, so Gates went down to Philadelphia to intrigue for his own reinstatement.

Burgoyne treated Carleton, who knew more of government campaigns in a day than Burgoyne did at the end of his life, as a man who had botched his job. Waving all his plans aside, he prepared to show him the right way. The plan of campaign was extremely simple and immeasurably stupid. There were to be no less than three expeditions, converging on the unimportant post of Ticonderoga and the sleepy Dutch town of Albany, these two points being connected by a few miles of mountainous country, forest and lake.

The main expedition led by Burgoyne himself was to follow the line of the Richelieu River I have so often described, take ship upon Lake Champlain, reduce Ticonderoga and Crown Point and push on to

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Albany, with a due equipment of brass bands and commissary department. Here at Albany they were to join General Howe, who was to advance with another main army from New York City up the river, navigable to that point for large vessels,—but Your Majesty's minister having issued these orders to Howe, had not despatched them, but awaited a fair copy of the same to be made, in the meantime going into the country over Sunday. Monday morning he naturally did not remember it and the "fair copy" remained unsoiled by any writer of history.

The third expedition under St. Leger was, Heaven knows why, to go into the western or Mohawk country—possibly to beat up the Indians—and then converge at the mouth of the Mohawk, near Albany. The success of these combined expeditions would of course place the British in command of New York and cut off New England completely; New England, the heart of the rebellion. There were the fields where British power was first defied. From the destruction of Your Majesty's sloop *Gaspe*, in Rhode Island, in 1773, to the final departure of the British in 1776, it has been a hornet's nest. In New England was Bunker Hill and Lexington Common; the wild lands of the Kennebec, the Green Mountains, home of Ethan Allen and his boys, who had recently declared Vermont an independent state and adopted a written constitution not yet recognized by New York. There was Boston Bay, still floating with tea; and Machias and Newport, from which Your Majesty's ships had been chased; and there was Faneuil Hall and the town meeting.

So this was the plan, and Burgoyne had said in London that with an army of 10,000 men he could

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promenade through America, and now he was about to do it.

Meantime the intrigues of the Adamses had displaced that brave gentleman, Philip Schuyler, in the northern department, and placed control with the good but incompetent St. Clair. Disregarding his entreaties, backed by Washington's, Congress had done nothing that Spring, though they knew that the great invasion was preparing. The entire garrison of Ticonderoga and Fort Independence, the first and only barrier against Burgoyne's advance, consisted of 2500 Continentals and 900 bare-footed militia, without arms or blankets. Still, they were in Ticonderoga; and old Ti was ever a menace to Your Majesty's army; but although Trumbull, months before, had made a sketch of the fortifications of that place and urged the occupation and intrenchment of Sugar Loaf Hill, since called Mount Defiance, which rose across the narrow stream from Lake George to Champlain, high above the little hill of Ticonderoga, so that one could actually look down into the interior of the fort, nothing had been done. Yet Trumbull, Stevens, Wayne and I had climbed to the top a year before, and to prove his contention, we had thrown a cannon shot to the summit! Also, Schuyler himself pointed it out to St. Clair, but he thought he had not troops enough to extend so far! The Berkshire and Hampshire militia were called out too late.

Unluckily, Thaddeus Kosciusko,—"Thaddeus of Warsaw"—who had joined our army in the summer, had but just arrived, and was too modest to give his advice, though a few weeks later he marked out the position of Bemis Heights for me.

I am trying to tell the story of the war merely so

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far as it concerned my own experience; my object in this diary being to tell the true story of a man's life; a man whom some have called a patriot, and I trust Your Majesty does still. Therefore I have abstained from the narration of even greater events, at which I was not personally present; this affair at Hubbardston, for instance; and the Bennington success.

I did not arrive at Ticonderoga until three weeks later. I left Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, July 16th, but on the 24th of June, Burgoyne, with his whole army, had moved along the great waterway toward Crown Point. On the 2nd of July, the British arrived near Ticonderoga, 1,500 horses, 5,000 carts and a few thousand Canadians, who were road makers or wagoners to the army. The wives came with their husbands, and some with the husbands of others,—all promising themselves an agreeable trip. On the 20th of June some of the Indians gave a foretaste of what was to come by bringing in 10 scalps. The next day Burgoyne met a congress of the Indians, 400 Iroquois, and made them a speech, (they were exposed to a great deal of speech-making in those days; they had been sermonized only a fortnight ago by Gates, and now Burgoyne appealed to their "wild Honor!") He told them that they must not kill prisoners nor scalp them until they were dead. This advice they doubtless complied with by the wise method of killing them first and scalping them afterward. But he also told them they might retaliate any acts of barbarity that were committed against them. An old Iroquois Chief replied; "When you speak, we hear the voice of our great father beyond the great lake! We have been tried and tempted

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by the Bostonians." And they promised constant obedience. Thereupon they had a feast and Burgoyne had his speech printed. Meantime Edmond Burke in England, learning this, pronounced the Indians not fit allies for Your Majesty in a war with English people, and in the House of Commons Charles Fox presumed to censure the King for permitting them in his army, and Lord Chatham supported him.

On the last day of June, Burgoyne issued general orders to the effect that the army must not retreat, and on the same day St. Clair wrote to Schuyler, "Should the enemy attack us, they will go back faster than they came." It is hard to say which statement proved the more fallacious. On the very next day the army encamped before Ticonderoga, 3724 British, 3016 Germans, 250 Provincials, 437 skilful artillerists, with batteries galore. One of St. Clair's own aides, while Riedesel was actually studying how to invest Ft. Independence, wrote to Washington, promising the defeat of the army. On the 4th—the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the day already being celebrated at Philadelphia, with the captured Hessian band,—General Phillips seized the mills near the outlet of Lake George, and on the 29th a party of British took possession of Sugar Loaf Hill or Mt. Defiance. The astonished St. Clair woke up, as Burgoyne himself had done at Boston, to see that the British were in a position to toss tennis balls into his private retreat. But why was he astonished? He had married a daughter of James Bowdoin of Boston (by whom he got £14000) and seen Bunker Hill and Dorchester himself. The red coats were up there in serried lines—just as we were on that 17th March—their bayonets glittering in the morning sun, and the

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very glance of their field glasses was visible. St. Clair folded his tent at night and silently stole away. But he had not a fleet and a safe sea, as Burgoyne had, only a tangled forest where progress was slow. Unfortunately General Roche de Fermoy set fire to his headquarters; the valley was lit up, and St. Clair's retreat revealed. There was no stampede; he even remembered to leave a guard at the bridge with lighted matches to discharge the whole battery on the British advance. Had not these men found a cask of Madeira, Col. Lamb (who found them drunk on the ground) says his company would have been annihilated. As for Fermoy, he was another of those foreign adventurers against whose commanding American troops Washington had in vain protested to Congress, but had been placed at Ti by their express orders. It was proved that he was asleep, and he should have been cashiered. The Adamses, in blaming St. Clair and Schuyler, sought to advance their favorite Gates. Sam wrote to John, "How shall we make him the head of the Northern army?" and John wrote to Sam, "We shall never be able to defend a post until we shoot a general." How about Nathan Hale and his regiment who first ran away and then surrendered? How about the two Massachusetts regiments who refused to go to Warner's relief at Hubbardston and were dismissed, at Manchester, Vermont, "because their conduct was so licentious and disorderly their example might affect the Continental troops?" For St. Clair was pursued, and his rear guard, under Col. Warner, overtaken at Hubbardston. Now, Seth Warner was another "farmer-General"; but here the soldier, not the strategist, came out. Had he not disobeyed orders but concentrated forward on St.

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Clair, that general thought he might have then and there captured Burgoyne's advance. However, he turned like a wolf, cut the regulars in pieces, and but for reinforcements hurried by the watchful Riedesel, (who, to deceive the Americans, began his attack with a band, the "yägers" singing behind) Warner had inflicted a serious defeat upon the British. As it was, their guns, baggage and stores in large quantities were captured. The honest Fraser went up to Riedesel and warmly grasping his hand, expressed thanks for his rescue; but Burgoyne in his official report of the action, only says, "Major General Riedesel wished to partake of the honor, and came at the right time to get it." He did indeed—with a brass band!

Now it should be remembered that the garrison of Ticonderoga had consisted of 3300 men, of whom only two-thirds were effective, and with only one bayonet to every tenth soldier. Of these were saved entire one regiment, which, with the invalids and such stores as they could load, they sent up to Whitehall; but the rest retreated through the forest and left stores of ammunition, provisions, 70 cannon, and their tents, and they burned three of their vessels and abandoned two others. As a consequence of this action Burgoyne reported to Your Majesty's government that Ticonderoga was taken and the army disbanded and totally ruined. St. Clair wrote to Congress "that by abandoning a post, I have eventually saved a State!"

Sir George Germaine cited to General Howe this example of rapid progress; and men in England disputed whether most to admire Burgoyne for his sword or for his pen—the latter was indeed more efficient—but all were sure of the entire conquest of the rebel

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provinces before Christmas. I am told Your Majesty burst into the Queen's room* and shouted, "I have beat all the Americans"; and a garter or a coronet was the least Burgoyne expected.

The Indians were now open enemies; the New England militia, as was their prudent habit, went home; the settlers fled southward. There was a panic at Albany; Schuyler, displaced and degraded, was at Fort Edward with scarcely a thousand men, and the weary army of St. Clair, now consisting of only 1500, emerged from the forest before that Fort. There was but a boom and chain in the Highlands between Burgoyne and Clinton, and St. Leger was advancing on the little garrison at Fort Stanwix. Schuyler was unjustly blamed for the non-fortification of Mount Defiance, not, of course, St. Clair who was in command; Col. Nathan Hale was captured at Hubbardston with 326 men. In fact, their apprehension was most just. Even Congress for once stopped talking. And there was no place to run away to!

There were but two persons that altered this condition of affairs,—under Providence, Jane McCrea; and under Washington, myself.

* "While she was in her shift," says Walpole. Arnold wisely omits these words.—Ed.

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CHAPTER XXV

JANE McCREA

WASHINGTON'S words were—"We should never despair. Our situation has before been unpromising and has changed for the better, so I trust it will be again." And he wrote to hasten my meeting with Schuyler. I reached his headquarters on the Hudson, July 16th, and received full instructions, agreeing again to serve without recognized rank, as a volunteer, for which Washington thanked me with tears in his eyes, and wrote to Schuyler that "Arnold, although he conceives himself, if his promotion had been regular, as superior in command to General St. Clair, yet he generously, upon this occasion, lays aside his claim, and will create no dispute, should the good of the service require him to act in concert." But at the same time, desirous of giving me some recognized command, he wrote to the Brigadier Generals of Militia in the western parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut—"General Arnold, who is so well known to you all, goes up at my request, to take command of the militia in particular, and I have no doubt but that you will, under his conduct and direction, repel an enemy from your borders who has brought savages with the avowed intent of adding murder to desolation."

A few days later, I reached the camp of Schuyler at Fort Edward, Schuyler having assumed command after St. Clair's inglorious failure to defend Ticon-

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deroga, and this General at once gave me command of a division. I did not know that it was St. Clair himself who protested against Congress restoring my rank, not on the ground that it would place them under me, but that I would be under Lincoln, a militia general from Massachusetts. Schuyler wrote a very imprudent letter to Congress which caused John Hancock to replace him by Gates; nevertheless he was courteous enough to invite Gates to make his home at the Schuyler mansion, which Gates rudely declined.

Meantime Burgoyne continued to advance and got as far down the Hudson as Stillwater, about four miles east of Saratoga. Here I got the letter from a member of Congress, stating that my request for rank had been brought before that body, and on an ay and nay vote—the first it ever cast—denied. It seemed the last straw. For very self-respect I must resign even the divisional command that Schuyler had given me; but that generous gentleman—himself displeased—reasoned with me until the small hours of the morning, so that the next day I wrote to Gates—"No public or private injury or insult shall prevail on me to forsake the cause of my injured and oppressed country, until I see peace and liberty restored to her, or nobly die in the attempt."

Burgoyne was still remaining at Skenesborough, (now Whitehall) at the head of Lake Champlain. He had been forced to garrison Ticonderoga with some of his best troops, Carleton having refused, with good reason, to send his Canadians for that purpose. His Indian allies began to complain of the restraint of discipline and the scarcity of scalps, when, at the end of July, he moved from the Lake toward the

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Hudson; he found the wilderness choked with trees and desolated by Schuyler, so that his supplies began to fail him. He had to build no less than forty bridges and lay a log road for two miles across one marsh.

Still, the wives of the officers were with him, and the handsome Baroness Riedesel came in a calash from Fort George to join her husband. But the frontier country was deserted to Tories. Indeed, they had placed signs in their hats and before their doors, and even on the horns of their cattle, the Tory badge; but they were few or none; the patriot houses, north of Manchester and west of the Green Mountains, were deserted. And the scarlet host of Burgoyne advanced majestically through the solitudes, the red cloud of savages hanging about his skirts and marauding as skirmishers, driving before them the wives and children of the farmers who were left behind; but in the forest the gay songs of the troops and the strains of the brass bands found no echo.

So it was that, four days after I had taken up my position between Moses Creek and Fort Edward, on the 27th of July, the lovely Jane McCrea met her end. Your Majesty may never have heard of this; but she was a beautiful and blameless girl, the daughter of a clergyman, residing with her brother on the west bank of the Hudson River about four miles below Fort Edward, and was engaged to a young man (David Jones) who had taken Your Majesty's side, gone to Cambridge, received a commission, and was officer in Burgoyne's own army.

Fort Edward was situated on the eastern bank of the river, within a few yards of the shore, surrounded by a cleared field. And on the northerly road hardly a quarter of a mile from the Fort, was Mrs. McNiel's

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house, she a widow and great friend of Miss McCrea's, who at the time was staying there, the American army in the neighborhood. The hill beyond was overgrown with bushes, and on its top, a quarter of a mile from the house, stood a large pine tree, near the foot of which gushed a perennial stream of water, which still flows. A guard of one hundred men had been left at the Fort; and a picket under Lieutenant Van Vechten was stationed in the woods a little beyond the pine tree.

Early one morning this picket was attacked by a party of Indians, rushing through the woods from different points at the same moment, shouting war whoops. The Lieutenant was killed, and five others were killed and scalped, and four were wounded. Sam Standish, one of the guard, discharged his musket at the first Indian, and ran down the hill, waving his hat to give the alarm to the women; but had no sooner reached the bottom than he was thrown to the ground, his arms bound, and pushed back up the hill.

And here after a few minutes he saw a party of Indians coming back with Mrs. McNiel and Miss McCrea on foot behind them. Then there appeared to be a dispute among the Indians. Standish, bound, could do nothing. In the midst of the fray, one of the chiefs shot Miss McCrea full in the breast.* She fell, and expired instantly. She had long and flowing hair; and the same chief grasped this in his hand, seized his knife, and took off the scalp in such a manner as to take it all. Then, brandishing the still bloody scalp in the face of the younger Indian, with a yell of exultation, this Panther, the Wyandot, hurried the

* Your Majesty hath sycophant writers who will tell him the bullet came from the Americans' own rifles. Do not believe them.

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party away on the track toward General Fraser's encampment, taking with them Mrs. McNiel and Sam Standish. This is the true story.

The bodies of the slain were found by a party who went in pursuit, and were carried across the river. They had been stripped of their clothing, and the body of Miss McCrea was wounded in nine places, either by a scalping knife or a tomahawk. Miss Moncrieffe, whom the reader may remember, in her vivacious memoirs, states that the poor girl had been three times outraged in her person; but I have no reason to think that this was the case, and that, indeed, was not the common practice of the Indians, though it might have been the first thing that would have occurred to Miss Moncrieffe's imagination. The girl's fair corpse cried outrage enough.

Whether she had received a letter from her own betrothed by one of these Indians, charging her to put herself under their protection, or whether she was seeking to join the British Camp, will remain unknown. If the Indians were employed to obtain possession of the girl, they, as was their custom, might have regarded her as an ordinary prisoner of war, in which case her scalp would have been as acceptable as the girl's person. The regular price of a woman prisoner was a barrel of rum. Poor Captain Jones, the lover, lived but a short time after this. Sam Standish was taken prisoner before General Fraser and then to Ticonderoga, whence he escaped.

The first report of this attack, which was brought to me, magnified the number of assailants so much that I detached a thousand men, with orders to march in two divisions, one to fall upon their rear, and the other to gain their front, and I did not limit their

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orders to attacking the party of Indians. I was in that state that I was prepared to have them attack the entire British Army and Burgoyne himself. But the Indians had separated in the woods, and the attempt at further progress was defeated by a heavy storm, which destroyed our powder, and moreover, we found that the enemy had rapidly retreated.

Your Majesty's historians make little mention of this affair. When they do, they call it an incident; but it is that kind of incident which determines history. Every father, brother, and lover on the American frontier realized the possibility that Jane McCrea's fate might be that of his own wife, daughter or betrothed.

Subsequently Baroness Riedesel wrote her vivacious memoirs; but she also makes no mention of it. Doubtless the incident to poor Jane appeared to the German great lady also, to be merely an incident of war; it may have been, in the German wars. But from the hills of Vermont, from the northern woods, from the mountains of the Berkshires, and even from the Dutch flats of Mohawk, volunteers, singly and in groups, volunteers, all well armed with rifles, grim-visaged volunteers, came streaming to the camp. Jane McCrea's death was worth to us five thousand men, and the spirit of ten times that force. The country was aflame, from Boston to Virginia, as the news spread. Burgoyne indeed expressed his horror at the event, stating that he was really shocked, he even caused the assassin to be hunted out, and threatened him with death; but being told that this would result in the total defection of his Indian allies, he pardoned the assassin; and Panther, the Wyandot, and the Chieftain, Brant, remained Your Majesty's allies.

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CHAPTER XXVI

I RELIEVE FORT STANWIX

SCHUYLER was a gentleman, but he could not get on with the New Englanders; yet there could be no hope of a successful campaign without their hearty co-operation. Burgoyne said of their militia that when brought to action they were the most persevering of any in all North America; yet Schuyler called upon Washington to supply their places by troops from the south of the Hudson River, saying to his friend that one southern soldier was worth two from New England. He wrote to the New York Council of Safety from Fort Edward that he meant to dispute with Burgoyne every inch of ground, but in less than a week, without disputing a thing, he retreated to Saratoga and an island at the junction of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers. No wonder that the army became discouraged. I arrived to find the army, with such stores as they had saved, at a place called Moses Creek, July 22nd, and took command of Nixon's and Learned's brigades; one half the Berkshire militia had gone home; my aide, Major Clarkeson, was shot, two of our officers taken prisoner at Ty, butchered by the savages in the British camp—one, indeed, was bought off by a humane Frenchman! So on August 1st we concentrated at Saratoga.

On the 4th of August Schuyler wrote Congress that "Burgoyne was at Fort Edward, but would probably be here in eight days unless we are well reinforced,

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and as much farther as he chooses to go." Finally he solicited aid from Washington. It was the alarm caused by such letters that made Washington order me to the North; he also detached Lincoln, who was acceptable to the eastern militia, and what was perhaps the best brigade of Continental troops, that of Colonel Glover of Marblehead. Matters were in this condition, with Schuyler marooned on his island at the mouth of the Mohawk, when the first serious blow of resistance was struck by the farmers of Tryon County.

Perhaps it was lucky for us that Burgoyne had taken Ticonderoga, instead of being on the Lake with his men having command of Champlain, so that at all times he could have made good his return. He was now advancing so far into the trackless woods that he *must* get through to Albany; his army was all surrounded by the countrymen still streaming in to avenge poor Jane McCrea's death, the German bands no longer cheered his privates; they must starve to death or fight.

Now Washington had written Schuyler that although I was superior in military rank to St. Clair himself, I had laid aside all claim "should the good of the service require." And he wrote to all the militia that I had gone to take command of them at his special request. It was while we were at Stillwater that intelligence was brought that St. Leger with his detachment, accompanied by Sir John Johnson and the celebrated Mohawk Chief, Joseph Brant, and his Indians, had reached and surrounded Fort Schuyler in the Mohawk Valley; and I owed Brant something still for the Cedars. Peter Gansevoort, who had command, wrote to Schuyler setting forth the unhappy

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condition in Tryon County, explaining that if the Fort should be taken the defenseless people would be given up to their atrocities. The garrison had been strengthened by the arrival of Marinus Willett, a brave New York officer, with his regiment, stores and provisions; but Colonel St. Leger had arrived on the 3rd of August, and, while the Indians haunted the fort with yells and war whoops, to intimidate the garrison, he formally demanded a surrender. This Gansevoort had refused. Meanwhile General Herkimer, having heard that the enemy were going by Oneida Lake, had called out the militia of Tryon County, which had gathered on the German Flats in the Mohawk Valley on the very day when St. Leger completed his investment of Fort Schuyler.

This place was garrisoned by about 700 men, who were hard pressed, though the fort held good against St. Leger's artillery. Unfortunately Brant had a spy within our lines, who sent him word of the advance of General Herkimer with the Tryon County militia, and an ambush was laid for them by the savages. Herkimer had sent Gansevoort news of his approach, asking him to announce his reception of the messengers by the rapid discharge of heavy guns, and at the same time to make a sortie from the fort; but on the next morning, the 6th of August, Herkimer waited in vain for such a signal. His officers were eager to go forward notwithstanding, but he was brave and cautious, and 64. So they called him a tory and a coward, until at length he ordered the advance. It was not until about three hours after this that the messengers arrived at the fort, and Gansevoort, who had noticed the quiet in St. Leger's camp, understood it at once. The Indians and their allies

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had gone to waylay and ambush poor Herkimer. Gansevoort ordered Colonel Willett to make a sally and co-operate with him. But Herkimer had been assailed about noon by Brant and his Indians. The warwhoop of the Mohawks, the Senecas, Onondagas, and all of the Six Nations, except only the Oneidas, resounded on every side. It was the most dreadful slaughter of the war. With no lines of intrenchment, hand to hand, knife and rifle against tomahawk and spear, raged the most terrible battle since poor old Braddock's. When night fell, many an Indian and white man lay dead together, still locked in the death grapple. The brave Herkimer, fatally wounded, called for his Bible and tranquilly died. He had fought for hours, seated on his saddle, which he had had removed from his dead horse, beneath a large beech-tree. A heavy thunderstorm, late in the afternoon, had delayed the battle for a time, and just after this guns were heard from the direction of the Fort. It was Colonel Willett's advance on the deserted camp of Sir John Johnson. He captured a large quantity of stores and some flags and carried them back to the fort without loss of a man, which gave the fort courage to hold out. The British flags were immediately run up on the staff, underneath the new colors of the United States, hastily improvised, a flag of stripes of red and white made up from the petticoats of the women, with a blue shirt for the union. Although the Indians ran away on hearing Willett's artillery fire and the Americans remained in possession of the field of Oriskany, the regulars returned to the siege and held Fort Schuyler so closely invested that no reliable information of the battle of Oriskany reached Gansevoort.

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Now Gansevoort had written Schuyler while we were at Stillwater of his predicament, and of the imminent fall of Fort Stanwix. Schuyler, to do him justice, was for sending a relief column at once; but unluckily called a council of war, and all the officers voted against it but myself. They said it would weaken the army, already too small to confront Burgoyne, which was true enough, but nothing would spur Burgoyne on to rapid action more than the fall of Fort Stanwix. Hearing their vote, Schuyler walked the floor a few moments, puffing his clay pipe furiously, then dashing it on the stone floor he snapped his jaws together, and said: "Gentlemen, I shall take the responsibility upon myself; Fort Stanwix and the Mohawk Valley shall be saved. Where is the Brigadier who will command the relief? I shall beat up for volunteers tomorrow." Not a Brigadier stepped forward. Thereupon I, although a Major General, and second in command to Schuyler himself, volunteered, and next morning when the drums beat we found 800 volunteers under arms, good men all, who said they had come to be under my command, for they loved a fighting general. I had not yet got over the affair of Jane McCrea. I knew that the fall of Fort Schuyler would be followed by the torch and scalping knife through all the patriot settlements of the Mohawk Valley, and that the victorious Indians and Tories would come down like an avalanche upon Schenectady and Albany to swell the invading army of Burgoyne. I wrote to Gates; "These infernal savages, painted like furies, are continually harassing and scalping our people. Whole families of the latter have been inhumanly butchered, without distinction of age or sex; and some (I am credibly informed) have been

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roasted alive in the presence of the polite and humane British army. . . . This is the protection many poor deluded wretches have experienced from the British arms, who remained quietly in their homes, agreeable to General Burgoyne's proclamation."

Burgoyne chose to be rude to me many years afterward when I was living under Your Majesty's favor in London, and I could hardly blame him had he seen my private correspondence.

Schuyler gave me my instructions with a warm pressure of the hand, and Washington, hearing the good news, wrote on the 21st of August; "If the militia keep up their spirits, they could, with the reinforcements under General Arnold, be enabled to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix, which would be a most important matter just at this time." The day before I had arrived on the German Flats, and that very day I called a council of war consisting of Brigadier General Learned and six Colonels. We were informed by a friendly Oneida that the force before Fort Schuyler was not less than 1700 men, besides tories. My total force was 933. Whereupon this same council of war expressed the opinion that it would be imprudent and putting too much to the hazard to attempt to march to the relief of Fort Schuyler until the army was reinforced, and they sent an express to General Gates to that effect.

Fuming with rage, I spent the afternoon in preparing a counter-proclamation to that of St. Leger and Sir John Johnson;

By the Hon. Benedict Arnold, Esq., Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States of America, on the Mohawk River.

Whereas, a certain Barry St. Leger, a British General in the ser-

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vice of the —— George of Great Britain, at the head of a banditti of Robbers, Murderers and Traitors, composed of Savages of America and more savage Britons, among whom is a noted Sir John Johnson, John Butler and Daniel Claus, have lately appeared on the frontiers of this State, and have threatened ruin and destruction to all the inhabitants of the United States. . . .

And I offered full pardon to all who would swear their allegiance to the United States of America within ten days. This was "Given under my hand at Head Quarters, German Flats, 20th of August, 1777."

But on the next day, receiving some reinforcements, I determined to push on and risk a battle rather than see the garrison fall at a sacrifice. And I wrote to Gates: "I leave this place this morning with 1200 Continental troops and a handful of militia, for Fort Schuyler, still besieged by a number equal to ours. You will hear of my being victorious or no more. . . . As soon as the safety of this part of the country will permit, I will fly to your assistance." And on the 23rd again I wrote, enclosing copy of the proceedings of the council of war, saying that I had over-ruled them, and signing myself, "Your Affectionate, Obed., Hble. Srvt., B. Arnold." This to a man who, a few days later, refused me a command and hid in his tent while I won for him a victory made possible only by the fall of Stanwix!

It was a case for artifice if there ever was one. Now, at Dutch Flats, my scouts had brought in a certain half-witted Dutchman named Hon Yost Schuyler or Cuyler, who, with Lieutenant Butler, had been caught at a public meeting in our lines urging the people to join the British cause. Both were promptly tried by court martial, and sentenced to be hanged as spies, but the mother of Hon Yost came to me to intercede

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for his life. Now I never despise information about men, I try to know a little of all men; and it was within my knowledge that this Hon Yost was regarded by the Mohawks with superstitious awe, as one stricken by Manitou. I was really quite unable to cope with St. Leger's regular force, to say nothing of the hostile Indian. The thing to do was to frighten them away before they overwhelmed the fort. It was a chance; and I told the old mother that I would spare her son if he would proceed to St. Leger's camp and spread the news that I was approaching with overwhelming numbers. She gladly accepted, and proposed that she remain with me as a hostage for his good faith. This I declined, but took her other son Nicholas instead, and Hon Yost started on his curious mission,—which indeed reminds one more of the Iliad than of Anglo-Saxon warfare! As one never knows whether spies may not be present in one's own camp, I had several bullets shot through Hon Yost's coat, and urging him to run for his life, had a discharge of musketry at his heels to give the proper color to his story of escape. Moreover, after he had gone, I despatched an Oneida Indian in whom I had confidence, who was to go to St. Leger's camp on a separate line and corroborate the Dutchman's story.

It was a thing to laugh at. It was true that St. Leger's Indians had become restless and discontented. They had been promised plenty of scalps and of plunder, and had only got plenty of fighting instead. They also had had rumors of my approach, and they knew me of old. As I heard the story, they were actually holding a council when Hon Yost, the Manitou-stricken one, burst in, showing his garments riddled with bullets, and declaring that he had barely escaped death in

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his effort to warn them and tell them of their coming danger. The General inquired the number of our troops; and Hon Yost pointed to the leaves of the trees! He was taken to St. Leger's tent, where he gave a perfectly true account of his capture and of his escape, so far as the staging went; and indeed, St. Leger had already heard the same story. And just at this time the Oneida Indian arrived, bringing a belt and saying that the Americans were approaching in great numbers under their war chief Arnold; that they did not wish to fight the Indians, but were determined to destroy every British soldier and every tory in the valley, as well as the rangers and the Greens, (which was the name we gave to the tory royalists). The terrible Bostonians, they declared, led by their "Heap Fighting Chief," were at their doors in numbers like the leaves of the forest! Apparently my name was enough. The Indians were all seized with wild panic and scattered in the forest depths, the Canadians following them, and after them the so called regulars, all in disorderly flight, throwing away arms, knapsacks, and blankets. Thus it may fairly be said that the siege of Fort Stanwix was raised by a half-witted Dutchman and the name of Arnold.

Hon Yost himself pretended to fly with them for a short time, but soon made a détour in the forest, fell behind, returned to Fort Schuyler, and gave Gansevoort the news of my advance, and how he and my name had put St. Leger to flight. Then he hastened back to me with a letter from Gansevoort, in which he told me that his scouts reported St. Leger's army retreating with the utmost precipitation, their camp deserted, and that he had heard of my advance with 2,000 men. This was considerably more than my

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number, but I had thought it as well to let even our friends have an exaggerated notion of our strength. This letter, addressed to the "Honorable General Arnold, Commanding the Army on their march to Fort Schuyler," reached me as I was making the advance. I had hardly time to open it before we arrived, to be received with a salute of artillery, the cheers of the brave garrison, and the tears of the warm-hearted Gansevoort.

"These acts of military enterprise," said the *British National Register*, "merit the praise even of an enemy." The right arm of Burgoyne's expedition was cut off. He always said it was the cause of his final overthrow, and I presume liked me none the better for it. Gates only grunted when I returned victorious. Congress decreed to Herkimer a monument; to Gansevoort a vote of thanks and a command; to Willet public praise and an elegant sword; to me nothing.

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CHAPTER XXVII

ON BEMIS' HEIGHTS

On the 30th of July, Burgoyne had made his headquarters on the banks of the Hudson. This favorite of court and society had detachments from no less than seventeen savage nations, tall, warlike and enterprising, but fiendishly wicked, as one of his own Brunswick officers described them. On the 3rd of August, they brought him twenty scalps and as many captives, which Burgoyne approved, and to prevent desertion of his soldiers announced in orders to each regiment that the savages had orders to scalp every deserter. The Ottawas longed to go home, but Burgoyne took a pledge of all his Indians to stay through the campaign, and on the 6th of August reported himself to General Howe as well forward, impatient to gain the mouth of the Mohawk, but not likely to be in possession of Albany before the 22nd of that month. That was the very day on which I defeated Colonel St. Leger and relieved Fort Stanwix.

Now to aid St. Leger to get his cattle and provisions from the magazines of Bennington, Burgoyne, on the 11th of August, during my absence, had sent out an expedition, commanded by Baum, a Brunswick Lieutenant-Colonel of dragoons, and composed of more than four hundred Brunswickers, Hanau artillerists with two cannon, a party of British marksmen, a party of French Canadians, and some provincial Royalists, besides a horde of about one hundred and

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fifty Indians. Burgoyne, in his eagerness, rode after Baum, and gave him verbal orders to march upon Bennington. To show what sort of troops these Brunswickers were for campaigning against the Green Mountain boys, let us look at the fully-equipped dragoon as he appeared at that time. He wore high and heavy jack boots with long, strong spurs, stout but stiff leather breeches, gauntlets reaching high up upon his arms, and a hat with a huge tuft of ornamental feathers. On his side he trailed a tremendous broad sword. A short and clumsy carbine was slung over his shoulder, and down his back like a Chinese mandarin dangled a long queue. Such were the troops sent out by the British General on a service requiring the lightest of skirmishers. The English officers, even, made fun of them and said the hat and sword of one of those was as heavy as an English private's equipment. Now our successes had so inspired the country people, that they poured in, not only from Vermont, but even from as far as Middlesex and Essex Counties, Massachusetts. And thus Colonel Stark and Seth Warner had a sufficient force to break down and practically surround and annihilate his detachment, not only therefore saving our own stores, but capturing all the enemy's cannon and munitions of war. It appears that General Riedesel could not believe that Stark's men were really soldiers, because they appeared in shirt sleeves, not with the queue and jack boots that he considered *de rigueur*. As a consequence of this he was surprised and surrounded. The enemy seemed to him to spring out of the ground. By the time Burgoyne finally reached the Hudson at the mouth of the Battenkill, the few German dragoons that were left were horsed. They amounted only to

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twenty in number and this now constituted the entire cavalry force of the invading army.

This was the pleasant news that reached me upon my return. The other was not so pleasant. That damn Sam Adams had been busy with his intrigues and had secured the concurrence of eleven States out of thirteen in the dismissal of my brave friend, General Schuyler. He had never been popular with the Yankees, and in July had been under the necessity of dismissing half the militia of Massachusetts, lest the whole should go. Even the southern members of Congress became alarmed at the threatening attitude of New England, and thought it prudent not to resist the importunities of the Adamses; thus they carried out their long cherished plan of placing Gates at the head of the northern army. Both Schuyler and St. Clair were ordered to report at headquarters; the latter did so, but Schuyler remained, as I had done, magnanimous, determined to be useful to his successor.

I soon saw that General Gates was not only puffed up by his latest promotion, so that he even contested Washington in the supremacy of command, but was more than disposed to be jealous of my success at Fort Stanwix. He greeted me with a grunt, as I have said, and gave me no command.

As Captain Wakefield wrote, Gates was jealous of Schuyler and all his friends, and Wilkinson especially so of me; and, both of them finding after the battle that the whole left wing of the army, whenever I made my appearance to review, received me with shouts and cheers that rang through the whole camp, startling the enemy on the hills beyond, while Gates himself with all his staff, could go up and down the

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line, without getting more than a silent salute, and a sullen presentation of arms,—they were maddened by this preference. Indeed, Wilkinson complained to General Poor, who took orders from me at Bemis' Heights; but that gentleman said: "You might as well undertake to repress the strength and fury of Arnold on the battlefield, as to restrain the men from expressing their admiration for the man who led them to victory. Look when he rides down the line again! You will see the extravagant demonstrations, as you call them, are not confined to the rank and file, but are shown by the line-and-staff-officers as well." Wilkinson asked whether it was intended as an insult to General Gates. "Rather a rebuke, Sir," replied General Poor.

Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's light infantry were particularly devoted to me. Both of them had been with me through Maine to Quebec, and to punish them, Wilkinson induced Gates to withdraw them from the left wing, my command, and hold them subject only to orders from headquarters. The order was most offensive to them, as to me. Whenever I appeared after that, mounted or on foot, the camp rang with cheers.

Schuyler, as the reader will remember, had prudently retreated even so far as the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson, where, at Louden's Ferry, on the south bank, about three miles above the main river, he had his camp. With the news of Bennington and the news that I brought myself, I saw at once that Burgoyne's career would be ended. Whether Gates foresaw it or not, I am not sure. He should have done so, but he afterward so continuously showed the white feather, that I am constrained to doubt.

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He was about to select a position where he could throw his army across Burgoyne's path, but had no intention of giving him battle. The whole strategy of the campaign, he left to me.

There was a certain Alexander Bryan, whom I had selected as a spy or scout, a person endowed with great physical powers of endurance, well acquainted with the country, shrewd, discreet and reticent, gifted with a fine address and person and without much education, but possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. He circled round through the woods and got in the neighborhood of the enemy's camp near Fort Edward, and watched there until he was convinced that preparations were making for an immediate attack. Then, on the 15th of September, in the early gray of an autumn morning, he started to return. He had not proceeded many miles before he discovered that he was hotly pursued by two troopers, from whom, after an exciting chase, he adroitly managed to escape, and got safely to headquarters the following night, bringing the news of the crossing of the Hudson by Burgoyne, with the evident intention of surprising us at Stillwater. I at once made preparations, which led to the bloody battle of the 19th of September, the most sanguinary engagement of the war. Gates, however, was so anxious to profit by Bryan's information that he forgot either to reward or thank him, and never mentioned his exploit in any of the despatches, any more than he did my presence in either of the two battles I am now about to describe.

On receipt of Bryan's news, I at once called in Koskiusczo, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," with whom I had already made friends, and who was quite the best

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engineer we had in the northern army at that time. We soon selected a long range of hills on the west banks of the Hudson, some thirty miles above Albany, known as Bemis' Heights, four miles east of the Indian Springs, known as Saratoga. The land from the river ran up in a broken and rolling country to high ground toward the lake, and we fortified the entire slope from the hill to the river. Here Gates camped, with his right protected by the river; the centre was under Larned, with New York and Massachusetts troops holding Bemis' Heights. The extreme left remained to me. I was scattered among the detached hills still farther to the west, nearly a mile from the Hudson, and had under me Poor's brigade, the Connecticut militia, Dearborn's Infantry, and my old friend Morgan with his famous riflemen.

During the few days which preceded the first battle of the 19th of September, I passed my time continually annoying the enemy with skirmish parties. I was the more willing to do this, as I had no recognized military command adequate to my rank.

General Gates, who knew how to make himself comfortable, (in which he resembled Burgoyne,—it was a pity, in fact, the two could not have fixed up the campaign together as a peaceful pleasure party due to the ladies,—Burgoyne, however, was a fighter!) —Gates was in a snug position between the brow of the hill and the river, with the one great intrenchment of our line in front of him. Moreover, there was in front of the intrenchment a deep ravine running parallel with his line, and closely wooded. To the left the ground had been partially cleared, so that the felled trees made an abattis in the most dif-

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ficult country of all. His extremities were defended by strong batteries, the intervals by a breastwork of logs; and he should have had hot water bottles at his feet! Burgoyne, who had crossed the Hudson on the 15th, stopped on the 16th, to give a dinner party in honor of his mistress, or titular lady friend, who was the wife of one of his staff-officers; Braddock had been bad enough in this particular, but Burgoyne could give him points in gallantry. For poor old Braddock was a coarse beast at best, as General Putnam, who made the campaign with him, had often told me; and as any one will know who takes the trouble to read the accounts of his behavior, when his favorite sister, Fannie, hanged herself,—she, a lady born, having become the mistress of a tradesman in Bath, who made use of her to decoy others to his gaming tables. The poor girl, hearing that even this office was to be taken from her, and she about to be supplanted by a younger maid, after reading a stanza of Ariosto, in the original Italian, hanged herself to the curtain-rod with her own corset-strings; and Braddock, when he heard of it only remarked,—"Poor Fannie, she would always play so, I thought she would get tucked up at last." However, one cannot be squeamish at war, nor were those squeamish days; and even pretty Madam Riedesel had to go to the dinner party Burgoyne gave in honor of his mistress, and in fact it was from her that I got my information. "I observe," she writes, "that the wives of the officers are beforehand informed of all the military plans. Thus, the Americans anticipate all our movements, and expect us whenever we arrive!" Whether it was the wives or no, on the morning of the 16th, the commander-in-chief had a severe head-

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ache; and though he was within two miles of us and kept on strong ground, did nothing further. Our own commander was in similar case without this thorough excuse. He should have attacked Burgoyne before he had intrenched himself in the strong ground; but old Gates continued his masterly inactivity. "If Johnny Burgoyne be but given rope enough, he will hang himself," quoth he to me. But this was really a caution of cowardice, for after all, Howe and Clinton were on their way, and in a few days might effect a junction, if Burgoyne got anywhere near to Albany.

I might have broken with Gates then and there; and I felt strongly his treatment of Schuyler; but I purposely maintained myself on peaceful terms with the old man, in order that he might get some good advice, which he was much in need of. No one was left of rank sufficient to speak to him, except his satellites, of whom I was not. I woke him up in the morning and put him to bed at night. On the 18th Gates had a violent head-ache. On the 19th I heard that Burgoyne was in motion toward our way, for I had my scouts climb to the top of the tallest trees, and I rode out myself every morning at dawn, and every night even after I got back from talking with Gates. Burgoyne came along with bands and colors, and a bunch of generals with him, Fraser, Phillips, Riedesel, Major Ackland, and that Earl of Balcarres, who afterward insulted me before Your Majesty.

I shall never forget the opening scene of that first day's conflict. I ordered the riflemen and light infantry forward to clear the woods of the Indians, not yet seeing the regulars. As they emerged from the woods into an opening partially cleared, full of stumps of fallen timber, I said to Morgan,—"Colonel, you

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and I've seen too many redskins to be deceived by that garb of painted feathers. They are asses in lions' skins, Canadians or Tories. Let your riflemen cure them of their borrowed plumes." And so they did. In less than ten minutes the "wagon-boy," with his Virginia riflemen, sent the painted devils back with a howl to their regular lines.

If Gates had then sent me reinforcements, as again and again I begged him to do, we should have utterly routed the whole British army. Every officer on the field believed this, as Captain Wakefield wrote. And it damaged Gates so with the army that as an excuse he gave out a lie, that the store of powder and balls in the camp was exhausted, and new supplies of ammunition had not arrived from Albany. No one could dispute this, but no one believed it.

Now Morgan was under my command, and I told the old man therefore, that I had ordered him to advance with his whole company and hang on the front and flank of the enemy, and Gates had at least the grace not to countermand the order. For Morgan's men had rifles, handmade in Pennsylvania; Burgoyne could never understand how he lost so many men so far off; but his "Tower muskets" were but blunderbusses in comparison; it was hit or miss with them at forty yards! and Burgoyne never took the trouble to find out why. Morgan's men went in with a yell, a "southern" yell,—for they did not cheer like we New Englanders—and having driven in the British skirmishers, advanced only too rashly, so that they came upon the central column of the enemy and were thrown in some confusion. But Morgan sounded his shrill woodsman's whistle—that famous whistle known to all of us as the "turkey call"—and the men

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rallied bravely. Thereupon I ordered Cilley's and Scammel's regiments out to march to the left of Morgan and support him. But Gates, seeing Scammel go, swore no more troops should go—he would not suffer the camp to be exposed—so I rode back, and finding we were in for a general engagement, I just took command of the whole division, the men cheering when they saw it. I met Fraser face to face, sixty yards west of Freeman's cottage, at the van of my men. Fraser attacked my right. I turned and making a rapid countermarch through the wood, hurled myself upon his left, seeking to cut their army asunder.

In the afternoon I sent for further reinforcements, and about three o'clock we were in a general battle, which lasted until night-fall, both sides fighting hard and little to choose between them. Matters were in this condition when I galloped my old gray horse back to headquarters. As Gates and I were arguing in his tent, Colonel Lewis followed, reporting the battle still undecided. Tired of argument, and crying, "By God, I'll soon put an end to it," I galloped back; Gates sending this Wilkinson after me to order me, "lest I should do something rash," to retreat. Notwithstanding I, finding the British left again reinforced, ordered out the whole brigade of General Larned; and with this reinforcement we were enabled to maintain our position until night-fall. Twelve times we captured the British artillery but were never able to carry off the guns, nor could we turn them on the enemy for want of linstocks, which the fleeing artillery men were always careful to take with them. We killed thirty-six out of forty-eight of their artillerists. Just before night Phillips hurried Breyman to Fraser's support; and the rout of the enemy was

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checked. We lost about three hundred and the English about five hundred, but as they slept on the ground and we withdrew to our original lines, Burgoyne claimed they licked us. It was a victory "à la mode de" Bunker Hill, only more so. Two more such victories and Burgoyne was done, and "but for Arnold," says the historian, "Burgoyne would have marched into Albany on the 21st, a victor."

I am aware that this low-minded scoundrel, by the name of Wilkinson, who was afterward found plotting treason in the West, denies that I won this battle. He wrote to St. Clair that I was not out of camp during the whole action. That is true in the sense that I was at my headquarters in the field all through it—except, indeed, when I was beseeching old Gates "to do something rash." Since when has a General Officer done picket duty? Every manœuvre was performed under my orders, every detachment was sent out at my direction, and my tent was riddled with more bullets and bombs than there are lies in Wilkinson's letters. By sundown the British troops were in danger of a rout; when Riedesel, with a single regiment and two cannon, coming through the pickets and across the ravine, climbed the hill and charged our right flank. After he was checked, we withdrew within our lines, taking all our wounded and one hundred prisoners. On the British side of this battle were three Major-Generals in the field,—on the American side I was alone; yet this check irretrievably crippled Burgoyne's advance. The testimony before the House of Commons showed that their further attack was impossible. Of the 62nd regiment, only 60 men remained out of five hundred who left Canada; and the 20th and 21st had not

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a hundred apiece. The whole British army passed that night in bivouac under arms, Burgoyne's division on the field of battle, and there was this night no question of dinner parties. In the morning they buried their dead, promiscuously, save only that the officers were thrown into separate holes.

I spent the night in vain efforts to get old Gates to attack the remains of Burgoyne's division at the dawn. They were disconnected, demoralized and without intrenchments; but Gates said he wanted more ammunition and more troops! I lost my temper and told the old man to go to hell; I demanded, and got from him a passport for Philadelphia,—for Congress was still in the latter place;—of course, I was too much of a patriot to do this, and equally, of course, I stayed on with the army. But now, alas, I had debarred myself from seeing old Gates, and, owing to my host's temper, I had now no separate command —not even of the militia!

The British officers declared this the most skilfully directed and hardest fought battle they had engaged in in America. Balcarres, Phillips, Riedesel, all call our resistance astounding; the persistence of our fire amazed them. Yet in Gates' despatches neither my name, nor that of my division was mentioned. I justly took offense, writing to him a day or two after, that on the 19th when advice was received that the enemy was approaching, I took the liberty to give him my opinion that we ought to march out and attack them. "You desired me," I said, "to send in Colonel Morgan and the light infantry and support them. I obeyed your orders and before the action was over, found it necessary to send out the whole of my division to support the attack. No other troops

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were engaged that day, except Colonel Marshall's regiment." This statement I made in the face of the whole army only a few days after the battle. It was never questioned.

But Gates, having found that I would win battles in spite of him, determined to get rid of me at any cost. He insulted me every time he met me. Colonel Varick wrote from camp to Colonel Schuyler three days after the action—"He seemed to be piqued that Arnold's division had the honor of beating the enemy on the 19th. This, I am certain of, that Arnold has all the credit of the action. And this I further know, that Gates asked where the troops were going when Scammel's battalion marched out, and upon being told, he declared that no more troops should go; he would not suffer the camp to be exposed. Had Gates complied with Arnold's repeated desires, he would have obtained a general and complete victory over the enemy. But it is evident to me that he never intended to fight Burgoyne, till Arnold urged, begged and entreated him to do it." But the fact was that Gates not only could not forgive me my friendship for Schuyler, though he had succeeded in his intrigue against him, but Gates already dreamed of superseding Washington himself, and he well knew that I never would become a partisan against that great Commander. Besides, I was a friend of Schuyler and Colonel Brockholst Livingston.* His letters speak for themselves. On the 23rd of September, he wrote Schuyler "The reason for the present disagreement between two old cronies is simply this,—Arnold is your friend." So Varick, on the 22nd "He (Arnold) has the full confidence of the troops, and they will

* Later, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.—Ed.

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fight gallantly under him. . . . I apprehend if Arnold leaves us, we should move (*i. e.* retreat) unless the enemy moves up the river." Nevertheless, it seemed necessary for me to go. I had asked for my pass, as I have said. When the general officers and soldiers heard of this, they were greatly alarmed. They had lost confidence in Gates, so Schuyler wrote. To induce me to stay, General Poor proposed an address from the general officers and colonels of my division, returning thanks for my services, and particularly for my conduct during the late action, and begging me to stay. The officers of the other divisions agreed to this address, and finally a letter was written to me, signed by all the general officers, except only Lincoln, urging me to remain, as another battle seemed imminent. What could I do? I had to say that no personal consideration would induce me ever to abandon them on the eve of battle. This announcement was received with an applause that rang throughout the camp and was heard within the British lines. Riedesel, I am told, asked Fraser what it was, fearing another Bennington. "It is worse," said old Fraser, "they have got Arnold to stay."

Varick wrote to Schuyler on the 24th—"Arnold will, I believe, remain to the action we expect this day, or tomorrow, although he has received his permit to go down yesterday morning. I am happy that he has decided to stay, and I have no doubt of some hot work this day. Many discharges have already happened in the woods." And he also writes,—"General Arnold is so much offended at the treatment Gates has given him, that I make not the least doubt the latter will be called on, as soon as the service will admit."

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Schuyler wrote back on the 25th,—"A report prevails that a second fracas has come between Gates and General Arnold, and I hope that it is not of such a nature as to oblige that gallant officer to leave the army. If he does, I shall be far, very far, from being so easy as I feel myself in the reflection that he is with you." "I am pleased to hear that our gallant friend, General Arnold, has determined to remain until a battle shall have happened, or General Burgoyne retreats. Everybody that I have conversed with thinks Arnold has been extremely ill-treated. Gates will probably be indebted to him alone for the glory he may acquire by a victory." Colonel Livingston wrote on the 23rd,—"I am much distressed at General Arnold's determination to retire from the army at this important crisis. His presence was never more necessary. He is the life and soul of the troops. To him alone is due the honor of our late victory. . . . Whatever share his superiors may claim, they are entitled to none. He enjoys the confidence and affection of officers and soldiers. They would to a man follow him to conquest or death. His departure will dishearten them to such a degree, as to render them of little service." My American readers (if any) will forgive all this detail; but Saratoga was the glory of my career.

For the difference between Gates and myself had risen to too great a height to admit compromise. For sometime past, I observed his coolness and his insolence to me at headquarters. My proposals were rejected with marked indignity, my orders countermanded, myself set in a ridiculous light by having my troops detached without my knowledge. When I remonstrated, I was termed presumptuous. I pocketed

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many insults from him for the sake of my country. But at last I had waited on Gates in person. Toward the end of our talk he told me that he did not know of my being a Major General, that I had sent in my resignation to Congress, that he had never given me the command of any division of the army, that General Lincoln would be here in a day or two, and that then he would have no occasion for me and would give me a pass to Philadelphia. It was in consequence of this that I definitely asked for the pass; and received instead a permit by way of a letter, directed to John Hancock. I sent this back, demanding one in proper form, and this I got. It was the receipt of this that prompted my friends to remonstrate. As Livingston wrote Schuyler on the 24th, the enemy being hourly expected, I could not think of leaving camp. It was intimated to me that if I would get rid of Livingston, Gates might make it up with me. I replied that my judgment had never been influenced by any man, and I would not sacrifice a friend to please the "Face of Clay"!

Thus I was the hero of the army, but denied a command. Burgoyne himself, hardly now my friend, in his account given to the House of Commons, says:

> The action verified my opinion of the valor of my army, and I must in truth acknowledge a very respectable share of that quality in the army of the enemy. The honor of three British regiments in continual and close fire for four hours until one remained with less than sixty men and four or five officers ought not to lose its due applause, because it is said their opponents were irregulars and militia.

The fact was, Burgoyne had had enough of it. He is at great pains to explain why, from the 19th of Septem-

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ber on, his army remained in the same position until the 9th of October, fortifying their camp and only, as he says, "watching the enemy." And an explanation of this may be found in a certain order of Washington.

Orderly Book, June 29,

The General expects all soldiers who are entrusted with the defence of any work, will behave with great coolness and not throw away their fire. He recommends them to load for their first fire, with one musket ball and four or eight buck shot, according to the size and strength of their pieces, if the enemy is received with such fire at not more than twenty to thirty yards distance, he has no doubt of their being repulsed.

And in a certain promotion:

September 28th, Washington to Congress, writes to recommend the promotion of Captain Daniel Morgan, just returned among the prisoners from Canada, to the vacancy of rifle regiment major.

His conduct as an officer, on the expedition with General Arnold last fall, his intrepid behaviour in the assault upon Quebec, when the brave Montgomery fell, entitled him to that favor.

And during Burgoyne's stay in Albany, he repeatedly gave me credit for what he was pleased to term my bravery and military ability, and especially on the 19th of September. And this he even did in the presence of Gates himself. And I hear one of my old soldiers, Sam Downing, has said:

Arnold was our fighting General, and a bloody fellow he was. He didn't care for nothing. He'd ride right in. He's as brave a man as ever lived, and they didn't treat him right. He ought to have had Burgoyne's sword.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

SARATOGA

I WAS now without a command, and Gates meant to keep me so. He took my division under his own charge, placing Lincoln in command of the right wing. A day or two after that gentleman's arrival, I observed him giving some orders concerning my division, and inquired if he was doing so by order of General Gates. He replied "No"—I said that the left division belonged to me, and that his station was on the right, and that Gates ought to be in the centre. I asked him to state this to Gates himself; and I believe he had the sense to try to reconcile our differences. But I was determined not to suffer any man to interfere in my division, and it was said, it would be death to any officer in action who did so. Not that I said this myself, but I heard it was said by my soldiers. I remained there with the full sympathy of my brother officers, but never consulted; I was simply ignored.

On the day after the battle of Bemis' Heights, Gates began to be reinforced; the enemy was disordered; yet nothing was done; and by two days after, they had been able to make strong intrenchments. Yet we heard that they were even then prepared to retreat, and that General Riedesel advised it, at least as far as Fort Edward. Only the gallant Fraser seemed still to have any fight left in him. But Burgoyne contented himself with laying

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out a fortified camp, making the site of the late battle his extreme right and extending an intrenchment across the high ground to the river, constructing a redoubt on the right wing to join the great redoubt near the corner of the woods we had occupied during the action, on the easterly edge of the ravine. Fraser himself defended this. Breymann's corps was posted on a hill on the west side of the ravine to protect his right flank, and their entire front was protected by a deep, muddy ditch. We could hear the morning and the evening guns of the enemy, his drums and all the noises in his camp. So could they, but they did not, as it has appeared since, know where we were, how we were posted, nor how strong we were.

On the 21st they heard our shouting at the news of the capture of five companies of the garrison of Ticonderoga. Thus Burgoyne from his enemy in front got information respecting his own troops in the rear. His despatches were intercepted, his communications with Canada cut off, the pickets were more and more molested, his army was weakened by the sick and wounded. Large packs of wolves howled around us at night, attracted by the partially buried bodies of the slain. Burgoyne had to cut down his rations to a pound of bread and a pound of beef, very little for an Englishman, and hearing nothing from Clinton still, became seriously alarmed, and on the evening of the 5th of October, called a council of war. Riedesel and Fraser wished to move back again to Battenkill, their old position. Phillips would say nothing; Burgoyne reserved his decision until he had made one more reconnoissance and ascertained definitely the position of the enemy. So at ten o'clock

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on the morning of the 7th of October, liquor and rations having been previously issued to the army, Burgoyne, with fifteen hundred men, eight cannon and two howitzers, started on his reconnoissance, accompanied by Generals Riedesel, Phillips and Fraser. The Canadians, Indians and three hundred Brunswickers were sent ahead to make an attack on our rear. They got as far as a point near a log barn on our left, when they were discovered, and after a hot skirmish driven back. Meantime the main body advanced in three columns toward our left wing into a wheat field, formed into line, and began cutting up the wheat for pies. The grenadiers under Major Ackland and the artillery under Major Williams were stationed on a little hill, with the light infantry under Earl Balcarres on the extreme left. The centre was composed of the British and German troops under Phillips and Riedesel. In advance of the right wing, Fraser had command of a detachment of five hundred picked men. Thereupon the centre advance guard of our troops beat to arms. Fortunately the old man was dining early on that day. As I well remember, we had an ox's heart for dinner. Governor Brooks of Massachusetts was with us and several other officers. While at the table we heard a firing from the advance picket. As it increased we all arose from the table, and I said to Gates, "Shall I go out and see what is the matter?" He made no reply, whereupon I pressed him, and he answered; "I am afraid to trust you, Arnold." Thereupon I said, "Pray let me go, I will be careful, and if our advance does not need support I will promise not to commit you." Gates then told me I might go and see what the firing meant. So I with Wilkinson, Gates' Adjutant General, was sent

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forward to see what the matter was. We came within sixty rods of our line, and returning, informed General Gates that the enemy was foraging, attempting to reconnoitre our left, and likewise in his opinion offering battle. Lincoln and I coincided with this view, which Lincoln duly reported to the old man. "What is the nature of the ground, and what is your opinion?" asked he. "Their front is open," reported Wilkinson; "their flank rests on woods under cover of which they might be attacked. Their right is skirted by a height; I would indulge them." "Well, then," said Gates, "order on Morgan to begin the game." And he retired to his tent. My state of mind may be imagined. I continued in camp for a little while, but finally could not stand it, and rode off on full gallop to the field of battle. Gates, hearing of this, sent Major Armstrong after me, but the moment I saw Armstrong, knowing well what he had come to say, I put spurs to my horse. He pursued, keeping up his pace for half an hour in the very midst of the battle, never getting near enough to speak to me, so that in fact I was under no orders during that day, and rode about where I willed, giving orders as I chose, and I am bound to say they were better obeyed than any of Gates' would have been. I returned to Gates, Armstrong after me. "That point," said he, (the wood) "must be defended, or your camp is in danger." That touched Gates on a sensitive point! "I have sent Morgan with his riflemen," said he,—he paused— "I will send Dearborn's infantry. . . ." I could not stand it. "That is nothing," I said; "You must send a strong force," and Gates replied, "General Arnold, I have nothing for you to do, you have no business here." I answered him angrily, hurled my-

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self on my horse and galloped back to the front. There I ordered a general advance on the enemy's right.

It was this move (Burgoyne himself testified before the House of Commons) that won the day. For Burgoyne said, in his formal report to Your Majesty: "I have reason to believe my disappointment on that day proceeded from an uncommon circumstance in the conduct of the enemy. Mr. Gates, as I have been informed, had determined to receive the attack in his lines; Mr. Arnold, who commanded on the left, foreseeing the danger of being turned, advanced without consultation with his general, and gave, instead of receiving battle. The stroke might have been fatal on his part had he failed. But confident I am, upon minute examination of the ground since, that had the other idea been pursued, I should in a few hours have gained a position, that in spite of the enemy's numbers, would have put them in my power."

Captain Money testified,—"Had we gained possession of that ground,"—(where I stood)—"and been able to erect batteries of our heaviest guns, the whole line of the enemy would have been enfiladed. This ground was intrenched, and commanded the whole of the rebel camp and lines. If we had got possession of it, I do not think the rebels would have staid one hour in their camp, but General Arnold, foreseeing that possibility, had marched out all of his lines, and attacked, without orders from General Gates. . . . I did also hear that he advised the going out to meet General Burgoyne on his march, and engaging him before he approached their lines; and the reason he gave was this: If General Burgoyne should ever come near enough their lines to be able to make use of his artillery, that he would certainly possess himself of

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their camp; that their troops in that case would never stand anywhere; but if, on the other hand, we should be defeated in the woods, the troops would, after that, have confidence in their works; for which reason Arnold advised risking an action in the woods before General Burgoyne came near enough to see their works."

I suppose I was like a madman on that day. Throwing myself on my big brown horse, I burst from the camp and rode like a maniac to the front of Larned's brigade, which had so recently been under my command. With cheers they took my orders, and at half past two the New York and New Hampshire men marched in silence up the slopes of the hill where the British grenadiers and artillery were stationed, with orders to withhold their fire until the enemy had delivered his. Luckily they fired high, aiming down hill, and most of the grape and canister crashed through the trees behind us. Then we returned the fire, were over the crest in a moment, capturing the guns at the point of the bayonet, only to have them retaken four times. Colonel Cilley, I believe, it was whom I saw then leap on the cannon and wave his sword, dedicating it to our cause, and springing down, he whirled it around and discharged it against the rallying enemy, for to-day our men had had the prudence to provide themselves with linstocks. We heard them give the order "Charge!" "Damn it," I said, "two can play at that game," and I told Cilley to order "Charge" himself. He did so, and we took the hill. There was Major Ackland severely wounded, Major Williams made a prisoner, and the rest broke and fled, leaving their dying, so that the summit of the knoll was a veritable slaughter house. Eighteen

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dead grenadiers lay upon the ground, and many more wounded ones. Some, three officers among them, were propped against a tree. Here it was that that lout of the Vermonters levelled his piece against one of the wounded officers. "Save me, Sir," he cried to me, and I struck the coward's musket down. Then I rushed on, passing through the fire of both our own men and the enemy, to gain our left wing, and see what was doing there. I passed through Dearborn with his New England regiments, in front of Riedesel's Germans, and went on to Morgan, who was attacking them on the flank. I recognized his turkey whistle, and soon got close to my old friend. Just then it was that General Fraser, I did not then know him, rode up to rally his troops, mounted on a huge gray horse, dressed in full uniform. I saw that he was one in whom they all had trust and obeyed with speed and dash, usually deficient. "Morgan," I said, "that officer is a fine fellow. It's too bad, but that officer on the gray horse is a host, he must be got rid of." Morgan started and called to his side one Tim Murphy, known as the best sharp-shooter in his company. So it was that we pointed poor Fraser out to Murphy and bade him do his duty. He hid himself in a clump of bushes, and a moment later a bullet cut the crupper of Fraser's horse, another one lifted his mane. I have been told that one of his aides saw this, and avowed that the riflemen were making a target of him, and suggested that he retire. "My duty forbids me to fly," he said, and the next moment fell mortally wounded. The moment I saw this I dashed back to the centre, brandishing my broadsword, and cheering to the men. The Germans stood their ground once, and I had to gallop up and down in front of the line. On

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the second charge they broke and fled. I then turned my attention to the brigade of Patton and Glover and found them fronting the British intrenchments on the left, which were being reinforced by light infantry under the Earl of Balcarres. We drove them from the outworks but could not carry the main line. I then dashed to the extreme right through the cross-fire. There I met Larned's brigades advancing to assault the British line, at an opening in the abattis between Balcarres and the Germans under Breyman. This, the safest part of the enemy's line, between two salients, had been left to the Canadians and the loyalists to defend. I guessed that they would be easy work, and we concentrated there. They were soon overpowered, and this left the German front exposed. Let me again quote from Burgoyne's narrative:

"Disagreeable as is the necessity, I must here again," he tells Your Majesty, "in justice to my own army, recur to the vigor and obstinacy with which they were fought by the enemy. A more determined perseverance than they showed in the attack upon the lines, though they were finally repulsed by Balcarres, I believe is not in any officer's experience. It will be the business of evidence to prove, that in the part where Colonel Breyman was killed, and the enemy penetrated, the mischief could not be repaired, nor under it the camp be longer tenable."

So, leaving Larned to finish with the Hessians, I turned to the left again, and ordered West and Livingston with Morgan's corps, to make a general assault all along the line. This well started, I galloped back again just in time to lead Colonel Brooks' regiment in person against the German works. The Hessians, who, I believe, thought me in league with the devil, having met me once or twice before, stood but for one

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fire. As they fled, I rode my horse into a sally port. It was the key of the British position. There the battle ended. With these works in our hands, there was nothing for the enemy to do but retreat. And there my fortune ended. As I entered the sally port, my horse was killed under me; my good, brown horse. I was never paid for him. And at the same instant some wounded soldier within the works, propped himself up enough to shoot, and the bullet entered the same leg which had been wounded at Quebec. It was at that moment that the good Major Armstrong, again sent out by Gates to follow me, succeeded at last in overtaking me, and besought me to do nothing rash,—as if I would be likely to, with a dead horse and a dead leg, lying lonely in works I had captured from the enemy! Gates himself could do no more harm to the American cause. It was won.

The defeat of Burgoyne determined American independence. Thenceforth it was but a question of time. The great doubt was solved. Out of a rural militia an army could be trained to cope at every point successfully with the most experienced and disciplined troops in the world. In the first bitter moment of defeat Burgoyne wrote,—"A better armed, a better bodied, a more alert or better prepared army in all essential points of military institution, I am afraid is not to be found on our side of the question." Your Majesty's minister, Lord North saw it. Burke would have made peace on any terms. Charles Fox exclaimed that the ministers knew as little how to make peace as war. The Duke of Richmond urged the impossibility of final conquest. And even the historian Gibbon agreed that America was lost. The King of France came out in the open with his fleet.

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As for Johnny Burgoyne, he had to march at the head of his troops from Saratoga through the provinces of New York, out of Vermont and Massachusetts to Cambridge, which he had left a year or two before, thus verifying the prophecy he himself had made in the House of Commons when he said, at the head of five thousand troops he would march through the Continental America. His soldiers remained in and about Cambridge all that winter, where they were a nuisance, the officers still wearing their side arms and behaving like swashbucklers, the Hessians dirty and peevish and the subalterns living much in Cambridge and corrupting the youth of Harvard College. They were guilty of many highway robberies and other offenses of a gentler nature, as may be shown in the hanging of two of them, William Brooks and James Buchanan, for having seduced one Bathsheba Spooner, and then at her instigation, murdering her husband with an axe. All three, the murderess, two assassins, and one other participant were executed, hanged in Worcester in July, 1778.

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CHAPTER XXIX

THE LADIES OF THE CAMP

THE battle I had won brought fame, even to one who fought against Your Majesty. In Your Majesty's service it had been worth a dukedom at the least. Congress contented itself with restoring to me the rank which had been so long unjustly withheld from me. Honors and emoluments I got none.

No wonder that many people said that I was drunk on that day, some even charged that I took up drugs. Peter Wilkinson reported that while encouraging my troops, I once in a state of distraction struck an officer with the flat of my sword, of Dearborn's troops. It was likely enough that a Yankee subaltern deserved the flat of the sword, but I was not the man to do it. What happened was that I came just then upon a Connecticut regiment, made up from New London and Norwich, old friends. As I thought I recognized them, I cried out, "Whose regiment is this?" and one of them replied, "Colonel Latimer's, Sir," and I said, "God bless you, I am glad to see you. Now come on boys, if the day is long enough we will have them all in hell before the night."

The moment I was wounded, an American soldier rushed forward, and was about to run the poor fellow who did the job through with his bayonet. The bullet had gone through my thigh and I was faint with bleeding, but I had strength to cry out, "Don't hurt him, he did but his duty. He is a fine fellow." But my

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eyes dimmed as I looked at my poor old horse. He was dead already, reaching his head in vain toward me as he died. His name was Warren, after my old friend on Bunker Hill. It was a beautiful Spanish horse I had had to borrow from Colonel Lewis, for though my sister had sent one of my horses to Peekskill on the 25th of July, and another a week later, neither had arrived. Of course I gave Lewis an order on the quartermaster for a mare to replace the poor one killed, and this led to the slander of my enemies. Fortunately Colonel Lamb himself lives to testify to this. I am told that at a dinner given by old Putnam later at West Point, where Gates was present, and some of the Saratoga men, Gates even presumed to question my personal courage, and Lamb said he was with me at the storming of Quebec, at the battle of Compo and at Saratoga and was somewhat qualified to judge, and if these were not sufficient, this battle on the 10th of October and my storming of the German works would be enough. "Dutch courage," said Gates, "he was drunk, sir." "Sir," said Colonel Lamb, "let me tell you that drunk or sober, you will never be an Arnold, or fit to compare with him in any military capacity." And a duel would have ensued, but old Putnam lisped, "What's all this? God, cut it, gentlemen. Here's Washington's health in a brimmer."

Was ever such a battle won! I had no authority even to fight, much less to order, yet the brave loyalty of the rank and file, and my faithful Morgan, Dearborn, Lamb and others won the greatest battle in modern times, and lost to Your Majesty the greatest empire the world has known. The reader must forgive if I linger a bit over that day, which I had begun by crying, "No man shall keep me in my tent today."

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During all this, as I am told, the old man Gates was within his tent, discussing the merits of the Revolution with Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's aide-de-camp, who had been wounded and taken prisoner. When one of his aides came up from the field of battle for order, he found Gates very angry because Sir Francis would not admit his argument, and leaving the room and calling his aide after him, asked, "Did you ever hear of so impudent a son of a b——?" The poor man thus insulted died that night on Gates' bed. Thus among the British killed, were General Fraser, Colonel Breymann, Sir Francis Clarke; Ackland dangerously wounded and Burgoyne himself a very narrow escape, two rifle balls passing through his clothes. No officer of my rank had appeared on the field on my side, not even Lincoln, second in command. Of course not Gates.

One word more on Gates, and I shall have little further to do with that gentleman. While I was lying with a shattered leg in the sally port, he was, as I have said, disputing with poor Sir Francis Clarke, mortally wounded, on the constitutional merits of the Revolution. The man had no courage. That he certainly looked forward, even at Saratoga, to a possible retreat, I know. So, at the beginning of the battle he directed Quartermaster General Lewis to take eight men with him to the field to bring back to him information every five minutes as to how the battle went on. At the same time he ordered the baggage trains all loaded ready to move at a moment's notice. When the first news came that the British excelled us in numbers, he did order the trains to move on. They had hardly started before better news came, and he countermanded the order. That night,

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I am told, they continued to move on and halt alternately until the joyful news that the British had retreated rang through the camp. Thereupon even the teamsters with one accord swung their hats and gave three long cheers, and by the time the joyous troops returned to their quarters, the American camp was thronged with inhabitants of the surrounding country.

As I was thus put off the stage for a few months, leaving Gates to reap the laurels of the victory I had won, I am in a few words compelled to remind Your Majesty of the sad manœuvres that followed my victory. Burgoyne retreated before the morning; and the gallant Fraser lay dying in a little farmhouse, ministered to by the gentle, pretty Mme. Riedesel. For it happened that at about four o'clock in the afternoon, in place of the other guests who were to have dined with her, they brought in upon a litter, poor General Fraser alone. The ball had gone through his intestines, which, she tells us, were unfortunately distended by a hearty breakfast. Often amid his groans she heard him exclaim, "Oh, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!" The word ambition referred to his desire to rehabilitate in his person the old title of Lovat, attainted to his ancestor in 1715. He was buried at six o'clock in the evening of the following day; dying at Saratoga, as his ancestor had died at Culloden, in the moment of disaster. The story runs in the American Fraser family that when this same General Fraser made prisoner of General Persifor Fraser of Philadelphia, on being told his name, said it was a bad name to find among rebels; to which Philadelphia Fraser replied that it was not the first time a Fraser had been found with those that

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the Government called rebels; "For that answer," said this General Fraser, "you shall have your sword back!" While the poor man's funeral was going on, three cannon balls were fired from a distant hill across the river at the procession, until even Gates had the grace to see what it was and bid all firing cease. Thus it was indeed a military funeral; and the enemy's shell punctuated the words of the service and responded to the funeral volley. Burgoyne himself has described the scene in the following language—"The incessant cannonade during the ceremony; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust which the shot threw upon all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance,—these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing darkness added to the scenery. To the canvas and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory."

Immediately after the funeral, the whole army retreated; but close by the village of Saratoga, Burgoyne gave the order to bivouac for the night, and that enabled our militia to post themselves on the other side of the Hudson, and bar his way to Lake George. Lady Harriet Ackland, the only real lady besides Mme. Riedesel with Burgoyne's army, who had devotedly nursed the wounded through the campaign, now that her husband was wounded and a prisoner with the enemy, asked and obtained permission to cross the enemy's lines to her husband, wounded and a prisoner with Gates. Burgoyne gave her an open note and a few lines written upon dirty wet paper recommending her to the protection of

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Gates and the American Army,—as if that were necessary! This kindness was more than returned by Major Ackland; for later, while on parole in New York, he did all in his power to mitigate the suffering of the American prisoners; and still a few years later, as Your Majesty well remembers, he perished in a duel, caused by his defending the courage of the Americans against the assertion of a brother officer. Then poor Lady Ackland went insane. Later still, when her reason was recovered she married the good Chaplain Brudenel, who had performed the services over Fraser's remains that day and attended her to the enemy's camp; a chaplain who had never flinched at the cannon of the enemy! But perhaps he was already in love with her.

It was during that night that General Schuyler's house was destroyed by fire, not, however, incendiary, as has been charged. The house was occupied as a hospital and fired from a heap of straw by accident, and the wounded soldiers were hardly rescued from the place. So that when Burgoyne, in my presence at Albany, apologized for the destruction of his house, that good gentleman readily responded that it was by the fortune of war, and the like might have happened to Burgoyne. For I then saw Burgoyne often, —the man who afterward presumed to cut me in London—the man who more than I did Your Majesty a mortal ill service—for Your Majesty might have lost the battle, but not his Army, (and all America save a snowdrift and a few islands) but for that gentleman's behavior: he insisted on halting the whole army on this night of the 9th, as the Baroness Riedesel told me; and wet through by frequent rains, she had to undress the children, her own children which she took

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with her on the campaign, before a fire, and lay down without a cover on the straw; General Phillips came up: she asked him where they were, and why they did not continue their retreat while there was time, as Riedesel had pledged himself to cover it and bring the army through, even as far as the safe refuge of the lake—Phillips answered—"Would that you were only our commanding general! He halts because he is tired, and intends to spend the night here and give us a supper!" In this latter achievement, especially, General Burgoyne was very fond of indulging. He spent half the nights in singing and drinking, and amusing himself with the wife of a commissary, who was his mistress, and who, as well as he, loved champagne. While the army were suffering from cold and hunger, and every one was looking forward to the immediate future with apprehension, Schuyler's house was illuminated, and rung with singing, laughter, and the jingling of glasses. Riedesel even then ventured to remind Burgoyne of the danger of that course and only got an evasive answer in reply, and Madame Riedesel adds that on the following day he set fire to Schuyler's house and burned the bridges that he might be better able to cover his retreat. This, however, as I have said, I do not think was true.

Two days after the battle, on the morning of the 10th, General Gates got ready to pursue Burgoyne's army. That afternoon he reached the high ground south of Fish Creek, and mistook a detachment of Burgoyne's sappers and miners sent back to clear the road to Fort Edward, for a retreat of the entire army. Thereupon he ordered a brigade to cross the creek early the next morning and attack the British camp, and that in case of an attack against any point,

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whether in front, flank or rear, all the troops were to fall upon the enemy at all quarters. Having given these brave commands, he went back a mile and a half and went to bed. The result was that early the following morning, poor Morgan, who under these orders crossed the creek in a fog on a raft of floating logs, met a British picket and lost a Lieutenant and several men. Meantime Nixon had crossed near the Hudson and Glover was preparing to follow him, and thirty-five men with Capt. Goodall's regiment were captured. Luckily the fog cleared up before the rest of the army got across and exposed the entire British Army up and under arms. A heavy artillery fire opened; Larned had arrived within 200 yards of Burgoyne's battery and in a few minutes more would have been engaged at great disadvantage. If a general battle had been fought, all the victory of Saratoga would have been thrown away, we should have lost our advantage, and Burgoyne would have got back to Albany and in a few days joined Clinton. The general orders, however, were to fight, and no one wished to depart from them except Wilkinson, who had more moral courage than physical. He ordered one of Gates' aides to ride back to that General and tell him that "his own fame and the interests of our cause are at hazard; his presence is necessary with the troops"; then, turning to Larned he took the responsibility of a retreat, and a general council, hastily called, deemed it advisable. Lucky for them, —for they had hardly turned about when an officer and several men were killed by the enemy. Mme. Riedesel says they might all have been captured, which is true enough.

After this the position of the British grew more

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desperate every day. There was no place of safety for baggage, the horses were dying for want of fodder, no place for the wounded; many were killed even while having their wounds dressed. There was little food and no pure water, for although close to Fish Creek and the river, Morgan had posted all the trees with his sharpshooters. Poor Baroness Riedesel was working like an angel in a cellar, tending the wounded, when a furious cannonade was opened upon them under the impression that it was Burgoyne's headquarters. Eleven cannon balls went through the house, and one poor fellow, named Jones, a British surgeon, whose leg they were about to amputate, had the other leg taken off by one of the cannon balls in the midst of the operation. Yet the good lady would not leave her husband; though he wished to send her to the American camp, like Lady Ackland. The greatest suffering was experienced by the wounded from thirst, until some soldier's wife volunteered to bring water from the river, which she continued to do during the whole time of her stay there, the Americans gallantly withholding their fire whenever she appeared. Lady Riedesel had to beseech Burgoyne for food from his kitchen for her wounded officers, she having divided among them every bit she had.

Now the Americans, impatient at the delay, wished to finish the campaign by an attack; but Gates refused. He always preferred to wait until the ripe fruit dropped without risk of plucking. So ingloriously the tragic campaign was closed; I cursing my surgeons in hospital.

Burgoyne gave up the fight on the 16th of October, appealing to his council of war for support; Colonel

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Kingston was led blindfolded to Gates' camp and shown a review of fifteen thousand rebels; Burgoyne's best generals in council criticised all his manœuvres *except* the surrender, and nine days after my battle they surrendered and were promised, the English to return to England, and the Germans to Germany, provided only they should not again take arms in the Colonial War. But the Germans, beaten, had no desire to return to their royal masters, and mostly settled in America.

An army of 5,804 men surrendered; the entire American force consisted then of 20,817 men. This had not been the proportion when I had fought at Bemis' Heights, or been engaged at Fort Stanwix. Gates, who was always polite enough, had no general officers present to receive the arms of the prisoners; and Baroness Riedesel, I believe, saved all the colors of the German regiment, stripping them from the staves and winding them up in her petticoats, whence they were removed by way of despatches from Cambridge, Mass., where she remained during the "convention"—for in the terms of surrender it was so called—the honor of this is truly feminine! True, Burgoyne was hardly better; he had got news that Clinton had captured the forts in the Hudson highlands from the inefficient Putnam, and his advance had got so far as a place called Esopus, hardly forty miles from Albany, and thereupon he had called a second council of war, to ask whether they could withdraw from their offered treaty of surrender the day before! This amazing proposition was voted down fourteen to eight, that being the majority against that gentleman's notion of his word of honor, the gentleman who afterward presumed to be rude to me!

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True, he blamed me alone for the disaster; in his report to the House of Commons he says so.

Each night Gates and Burgoyne dined together and drank the healths of General Washington and the King of England. The gay Burgoyne was very grateful for his reception, and that no fault was imputed to him, at least in surrendering, though Riedesel, in his correspondence and reports, showed plainly enough that the army might have been saved had he not delayed in retreat two days. Burgoyne wrote to the Earl of Derby that one thing had happened that he had never known to occur in warfare: when the British soldiers had passed out of their camp to pile up their arms, none of our regimental troops were to be seen, two petty officers,—one of them that man Wilkinson,—were alone visible. Burgoyne, I am told, was in gorgeous uniform, Gates in an old blue coat; and when Johnny handed the latter his sword, Gates received it with a bow and immediately returned it! I never had found any fault with the manners of the old nincompoop. Aside from Burgoyne, however, the failure of the campaign, I have reason to believe, was due to the negligence of Lord George Germaine, who having drawn up orders to Howe to join Burgoyne at Albany, left it for a fair copy, and went down to a dinner party in the country. As Wilkinson himself said, the battle was won by the victories at Fort Stanwix and Bennington, both occurring before Gates arrived and took command. Thus the battle was won without Gates, and in spite of him. As for his personal courage, I have already mentioned my doubts. Transferred some years later to the command of the southern department, poor de Kalb, a great German soldier, in the unfortunate

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battle of Camden, played the same rôle that I did at Saratoga, only at the sacrifice of his life, and the French Marquis of Armand himself accused Gates of treason and cowardice. A company having retreated, he cried, "I will go after them," which indeed he did, for he rode sixty miles back into the country from camp. "I will bring the rascals back with me into line," he cried, as the militia broke and fled, and leaving de Kalb to bear the battle, he spurred after them so far as the city of Raleigh! Yet Gates, I was told, bore himself like a Cæsar—reporting to Congress direct like Cæsar to the Senate—fortunately Washington was no Cicero but a fighter.

Returning, alas, to my unfortunate individuality. For many hours I lay there, under that sally port, wounded, and had a chance to see the horrors of war the night after a battle. For accompanying the American army were a number of women, mostly, I am happy to say, foreigners, who stripped naked every man that was left dead on the field and even some of the supposed mortally wounded. So that the next morning when they came to bury them it was impossible to say which were the Americans and which were the British. I had noted the creatures, some of them shrieking for their husbands during the battle, one in particular, crying out often, "My husband, my poor husband. Lord Jesus, spare my poor husband!" to which one of the more hardened ones replied, "We know you are a ——! damn your poor husband, you can get another." Among the German troops who surrendered, besides Riedesel's dragoons, was the Hanau regiment and Specht's, the most remarkable of the lot. The Hessians were extremely dirty in their persons, and had a collection of wild animals in their

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train, "the only thing American they had captured." One artilleryman was leading a great grizzly bear, who every now and then would rear upon his hind legs or growl if pulled with a chain. One had a tamed deer. There were some young foxes, a young raccoon, and a good many women looking like gypsies. The Indian squaws that were captured we had to quarter under a strong guard, for since the affair of poor Jennie McCrea, their lives would hardly have been safe from the exasperated militia that made up the body of our army.

The American flag, the stars and stripes, properly made, was first unfurled at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and our band by way of a cheerful tune, played Yankee Doodle!—the tune the English had played in derision at Boston two years before.

After a few hours' waiting, a surgeon came to the entrance of the sally port, and immediately suggested the amputation of my wounded left leg. I told him I would stand no such nonsense, and if that was all he had to say, I would be put on my horse and see the end of the battle. But I was carried in a litter from the camp to Albany and remained there disabled, through the autumn and a part of the winter. There I had the pleasure of reading of the honors lavished by Congress upon Gates, and how that gentleman had ventured in his arrogance not even to report Burgoyne's surrender to Washington, the commander in chief, but passed over him and reported directly to Congress, which instead of cashiering him for insubordination, voted to cast a gold medal for "Horatio Gates, the strenuous leader." Morgan was almost the best man in the battle, and he did not even recommend him for promotion; which, however, he asked

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for the traitor Wilkinson, who was made a Brigadier. Washington, however, took pains to write to everybody that my restoration to rank was but an act of simple justice, and he sent it to me himself, with a letter in which he said, "I request you will repair to the army as soon as your situation permits. I have set you down in an arrangement now under consideration for a command which I trust will be agreeable to yourself and a great advantage to the country." This, I then presumed, meant West Point; but it turned out to be a place more fortunate to my career —Philadelphia, where I met my beloved wife. I saw much of Balcarres, and something of Burgoyne and the good ladies Harriet Ackland and Baroness Riedesel. I was cheered by letters from Washington, Schuyler, Livingston, Deane and many other friends. I lay in bed and heard of the alliance of France with the Americans. I heard also of Gates' intrigue, and already suspected his attempt to disgrace the really great Washington; Rutledge of South Carolina wrote, "I have time to tell you and I fear with reason, (as it comes North about) that a damned infamous cabal is forming against our Commander-in-Chief;" they had disgraced Schuyler, they had tried to court-martial St. Clair, and the committee formed to get evidence was composed of John Adams, Dyer, and Folsom, Roberdean of Pennsylvania and Laurens—the only one of the five not under New England influence —but Sam Adams never forgave St. Clair for dismissing those Massachusetts regiments as "disorderly and licentious—" Even this committee found no military fault to report in St. Clair, who had indeed, unlike Burgoyne, got away in the nick of time. So they turned their attention to me and Washington.

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Meanwhile, I, as before Quebec, could only lie and suffer and swear at the surgeons. All these things happened that winter; the Americans' cause was nearly won; the colonies were lost to Your Majesty; but I never drew sword on the American side again.

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CHAPTER XXX

MISS DEB. AGAIN

LATE in the winter they moved me to Connecticut. I remember that on passing Kinderhook, the door post had to be removed from a house to make room for my litter to enter. I spent a little time at Middletown; and on the first of May reached New Haven and my sister. It was just a year since I had fought Ridgefield. Since then I had made a campaign on the Mohawk, fought the battles of Saratoga, and now I found myself at last not only a friend to my neighbors, welcome in the highest society, but a popular hero as well. The officers of the army, the militia, the cadet company and a throng of the most respectable citizens of New Haven went up from the town to welcome me, calling me the gallant and suffering soldier, and I had a salute of thirteen guns. For the Connecticut *Courant* had printed on the 17th of October, written from Albany on the evening of the day I arrived there a week before, a letter in which it said, "The brave General Arnold is badly wounded in his left leg, having received a compound fracture, which may endanger the loss of the limb." The fact was that after the first surgeon had perceived my leg, at the sally port, he expressed some apprehension that amputation might be necessary. I told him I should stand no such damn nonsense, and if that was all he had to say, the men should put me on my horse and I would see the action through. So I was carried in

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a litter from the battlefield to the camp. Doubtless I was not a "patient Christian," as the surgeon, Dr. James Brown, remarked. So they healed Lincoln quicker than they did me, and I abused them for a set of ignorant pretenders; and my convalescence was naturally not increased at hearing of the unmerited honors lavished by Congress upon Gates. It will be remembered that that gentleman had made no report of Burgoyne's surrender to Washington, his Commander in Chief, and had recommended nobody for promotion except his sycophant Wilkinson (with whom by the way he later was challenged to fight a duel and ran away), while Congress, instead of rebuking him for insubordination, on the 4th of November had voted that a gold medal should be struck in his honor, with a Latin inscription, "To Horatio Gates, the strenuous leader." But the common people were not misled as to who was the strenuous one. Many a soldier from that battle had returned to his fireside and told there the thrilling story of the fight, others had written, and the dwellers of the hamlet were perhaps better informed than the members of Congress as to the true state of affairs, how a General who had no recognized command had won a great battle against the forces of the British Empire, solely by the unswerving devotion and bravery of the private soldier. But although on the 20th of January my beloved Commander in Chief, sending me my long delayed commission, had begged, as soon as my situation would permit, that I would repair to his army, "it being his earnest wish to have my services for the ensuing campaign," I found that my health would not yet permit of campaigns of this sort.

While in New Haven I had heard from Boston,

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and something of my fair friend Miss DeBlois. I had also learned that the children of my friend Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, had been left unprovided for still, so I sent five hundred dollars to John Hancock for their relief, and to Miss Scollay, the lady who had them in charge, saying that I would use my influence with Congress, such as it was, to provide for them suitably. "If they declined it," I added, "I make no doubt of a handsome collection by private subscription. In all events I will provide for them in a manner suitable to their birth, and with the grateful sentiments I shall for ever feel for the memory of my friend."

From New Haven I proceeded to Middletown, a charming village on the Connecticut, not much more than a day's ride from Boston. Warren left four children, Elizabeth, Joseph, Mary and Richard, all of them at that time under twelve years of age. I went to Boston and arranged to have Richard sent to the best school and my good friend Miss Scollay agreed to take charge of the daughter. But for this, as Sam Adams wrote to Elbridge Gerry, "They will be taken care of by their relations at Roxbury and educated only as farmers' children usually are." Sam Adams called on me later when I was in Philadelphia and thanked me for generously ordering five hundred dollars towards their support, but offered to add nothing for himself. He seemed to think, as he wrote to his friend Gerry, that as I had once begun to do for them I might as well keep on. That was Adams all over.

The state of my health while at New Haven had not been such as to permit me to enjoy the allurements of society, which for the first time in that place had fully opened its doors to me. While I have derided

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Gates for being a carpet knight and condemned Burr for being a libertine, I think him but a boor or less than a man who does not give a large portion at least of his idle moments to thoughts of the fair and more worthy sex. Independent of advancement by marriage, or the wiles of the seducer, or the intrigues of the politician, seeking from court favorites what he cannot win by the force of his brain or brawn, I hold that man a liar who will not on his deathbed confess that half his waking thoughts had been given to women. My friend Tracey at Newburyport had a favorite story of an old sailor of his, who had knocked about the world for more than sixty years and seen many tribes and suffered from many dangers, battered in body and spent in mind, who yet in the delirium of his deathbed revived sufficiently to utter as his last words, "There are pretty girls at Caddy." And Cadiz was not Philadelphia.

It was a year since I had enjoyed the charms of female society, and in that year since I had last communicated with the fair Betsey, how many things had happened! I had arisen from a defeated hero to the very pinnacle of martial fame, I was universally regarded as the saviour of my country—a country which, alas! I have once too often tried to save. The only woman of any breeding I had seen in that whole twelve months was the fair Baroness Riedesel. She was tender and sympathetic, and to her blue eyes I had confided something of my trouble with the lady of my heart. Women best understand women, and I had sought to learn whether she thought it more probable that my intervening marriage and absence, followed by the birth of three children, or my early, possibly too ardent, wooing had been the cause of

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her reluctance to reopen an acquaintance which in our youth had been so charming. The fair German was inclined to think that most women in their hearts forgive a too passionate wooing. She was a little more dubious about my marriage and my family of children. I besought her to look out for the fair Betsey and write me if she got a chance to say anything to her about me, but so far I had had no letter. Yet as Your Majesty may have learned by this, I was not a warrior to give up at the first assault, nor abandon a forlorn hope, while any spirit remained in the garrison. Moreover I had nothing to occupy my mind. Thus it happened that while at Middletown I thought much of Miss DeBlois. I remembered her as she had been when a child, and in my dreams I pictured her doubtless fairer than she was.

But here is where your man of honor is at a disadvantage compared with the professional libertine. He who seeks many conquests is like a professional campaigner; he who sets his heart at stake plays so high as to make the game unfair. Moreover he is timorous and diffident; instead of going himself with an air of conquest, which after all impresses every female breast, he sighs and doubts and shows that his heart is hers whether she will or no. Worst of all, he *will* write letters; which is like asking the garrison to surrender the citadel without the presence of the invading army. So I wrote her on the 8th of April a letter of which I have kept a copy, I was doubtless so pleased with it at the time.

April 8, 1778.

DEAR MADAM

Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my

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heart, a heart which has often been calm and serene amidst the clashing of arms, and all the din and horrors of warr, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness. Long have I struggled in vain to errace your heavenly image from it; neither time, absence, misfortune nor your cruel indifference have been able to efface the deep impression your charms have made, and will you doom a heart so true, so faithful to languish in dispair, shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent and disinterested passion: Dear Betsey suffer that heavenly Bosom (which surely cannot know itself the sense of misfortune without a sympathetic pang) to expand with Friendship at least and let me know my Fate, if a happy one no man will strive more to deserve it, if on the contrary I am doomed to dispair, my latest breath will be to implore the blessing of heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.

Adieu

Dear Madam and believe me most sincerely
Your Devoted Humble Servant
B. A.*

This time she answered. I have ever made it a practice to destroy all letters that women have written me, and I should therefore have destroyed this. But as my object in these memoirs is to tell the full life of a man, showing both his strength and his weakness, his truth and his falsehoods, his victories and defeats, I will set down her answer in full, particularly as there is no harm in it to her, much as it cast me down at the time:

April 24th, 1778

To the Honorable, the General Benedict Arnold, at Middletown, Connecticut.

HONORED SIR:—

I beg you will not come to Boston. I had hoped my silence to your letter of last year would have intimated as kindly as I might that all must be over between us. Whatever I may have felt in

* The original of this letter, unpublished, may be found in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society.—ED.

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times past, many years have gone by since then, and if your affection has survived all the events that divided us, I can deplore it but may not return it. There should be no marriage without a union of hearts. Even the romantic passion of youth is better than an alliance of interest. Whatever my family might think now, twenty years ago they thought differently, and I should appear to be but yielding to the glamour of the fame that you so happily have acquired. Whatever might be, there should be no union without a passion I do not now feel, but I pray you to be assured of my perennial esteem and my own friendship.

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH DEBLOIS.

P. S. Mrs. Emery tells me you never called for the gowns which I sent back to her. Would they not do for the young Warren girls you are so kindly taking care of?

The reader will observe that this was hardly a final reply. Although I had ventured her first name, she had not resented it, spoken of our affection in times past, and even now of something warmer in her heart which might well be revived. So I sent the following reply:

April 26, 1778.

DEAR BETSEY

Had I imagined my letter would have occasioned you a moment's uneasiness, I should never forgive myself for writing it. You entreat me to solicit no further for your affections: Consider, Dear Madam, when you urge impossibilities, I cannot obey. As well might you wish me to exist without breathing, as cease to love you and wish for a return of affection—as your intreaty does not amount to a positive Injunction and you have not forbid me to hope, how can I decline soliciting your particular affection, on which the whole happiness of my life depends. A union of hearts I acknowledge is necessary to happiness, but give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the effect of an alliance formed on a romantick passion when Fancy governs more than Judgment. Friendship and esteem founded on the merrit of the object is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness

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upon, and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the Flame, which a series of reciprocal kindness and attention will never suffer to expire. If Fame allows me any share of merit, I am in a great measure indebted for it to the passion your Charms have Inspired me with, which cannot admit of an unworthy thought or action. A passion productive of good and injurious to no one you must approve and suffer me to indulge.

Pardon me Dear Betsey if I called you cruel. If the eyes be an Index to the Heart love and harmony must banish every irregular passion from your Heavenly Bosom. Dear Betsey I have enclosed a letter to your Mama for your Papa and have presumed to request his sanction to my addresses. May I hope for your approbation. Let me beg of you to suffer your Heart, if possible, to expand with a sensation more tender than Friendship. Consider the consignment before you determine, consult your own happiness and if incompatible with mine, forget there is so unhappy a wretch, for let me perish if I would give you one moment's pain to procure the greatest Felicity to myself, whatever my Fate may be my most ardent wish is for your happiness. I hope a line in answer will not be deemed the least infringement on the decorum due to your sex, which I wish you strictly to observe.

In the most anxious suspense
I am Dear Betsey
Unalterably yours

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Miss E. DeBlois.

I waited in Middletown some days and then had occasion to go to New Haven.

The lady, for a virgin of thirty-five, was somewhat slow in making up her mind.

In New Haven I received the following letter from Washington:

VALLEY FORGE, 7 May, 1778.

DEAR SIR:—

A gentleman in France having very obligingly sent me three sets of epaulets and sword-knots, two of which, professedly, to be

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disposed of to any friends I should choose, I take the liberty of presenting them to you and General Lincoln, as a testimony of my sincere regard and approbation of your conduct. I have been informed by a Brigade-General of General Huntingdon's, of your intention of repairing to camp shortly; but, notwithstanding my wish to see you, I must beg that you will run no hazard by coming out too soon.

I am sincerely and affectionately your obedient, &c.

At the time, the receipt of this letter drove all thought of her out of my mind. Moreover, I was always one who needed action. Without waiting further I ordered my horse saddled, took leave of my sister Hannah and with but one body-servant left for Valley Forge. I bestrode the same horse that had been given me, or rather promised me, by Congress to replace the one that had been shot at Saratoga. By Ridgfield, the scene of my exploit, a year agone, I rode my way to Fishkill, a poor Dutch village, just north of the mountains in Dutchess County, New York, but once Washington's Capital—and on to West Point, then and now the key of the American strength. "Who holds the line of the Hudson and St. Lawrence holds the American States in the palm of his hand."

Should the colonies or any of them repent on their rash action; should Your Majesty have cause to intervene between them; should the war be renewed, Your Majesty will remember this.

It was the 15th of May. The same mail which had brought me Washington's letter had brought the news of the celebration of the alliance with France at Valley Forge. All hope of a constitutional union with England had been abandoned. Congress in an address to the inhabitants of the United States as-

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sumed that independence had been secured on the day that they had declared it, and the rescript of March dated the independence of America from that day. Lafayette smiled prophetically when he read it. "Therein lies a principle of national sovereignty which will one day be recalled to them at home." We were now in alliance with the historic enemy of England. Little further reason had we to complain of Hessians, yet that very month Your Majesty had communicated conciliatory acts of parliament to Congress and appointed three gentlemen commissioners to bear them to Philadelphia, of whom my Lord Carlisle was one. They offered all that we had claimed up to the 4th of July '76. All that Massachusetts and my own colony had gone to war for. Greater privileges in exemption from taxation than had the people of England themselves. As I rode away for the last time from my native State, I could not but ponder on these things. Which had the highest claim on my loyalty—the King of England or of France?

Little I knew that I was leaving my native State for the last time—never to return except as an enemy under arms. I was in love, or thought myself so, and I was about to rejoin my honored chief. Yet I sometimes wonder what would have happened had Betsey answered my last letter ere I left New Haven. A man who has lived has always secrets which he must keep from the best of wives. I never spoke to Peggy of Miss DeBlois—yet she was my first love. Suppose I had married her, I then had missed the most devoted and adorable wife a man ever had. I should have been wedded to a New England spinster, her senior by some twenty years at least,—who perhaps would bear no children. Yet, yet, I should have

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stayed in my home; I should at last leave my dust mingled with the dust of my forbears.

Yet I do not repent. In Boston, the hot-bed and forcing house of the rebels, I should have persisted in the rebel cause. My name would hardly have been heard of by Your Majesty. I ne'er had made that last great effort in Your Majesty's cause, which, turning fruitless, broke my heart and my career.

As I rode down the declivity of Breakneck Hill above the village and garrison and behind the Sugar-loaf Mountain, which separated me from the Hudson, one lovely May morning, one crow rose slowly from a thicket and perched on a high pine before me, then another, then a third. Were they birds of ill omen, or was my journey auspicious? One crow, they say, means disaster, and three—a wedding. I crossed the Hudson that night and went down behind West Point, through the Ramapo valley and Morristown to the Delaware at Trenton.

The world lay before me. I dismissed poor Betsey from my mind.

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BOOK III

PHILADELPHIA

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CHAPTER XXXI

VALLEY FORGE

On the evening of May 18th I crossed the Delaware at Coryell's Ferry, spending the night at a hamlet called Rising Sun, as near as I could to Philadelphia. There I watched sky-rockets and other fireworks going up in the air and wondered what might be doing, whether the army was retreating or the fleet arriving. In the morning I heard that it was a great ball and what they called a regatta, a sort of water pageant, given in the evening and ending in the mummery of a mediæval tournament, where "The Knights of the Burning Mountain" tilted against "The Knights of the Blended Rose," and ending in unlimited champagne wine and a dance till dawn; at which time I was riding and spattering at a slow trot through mud and snow, frequently accosted by pickets more miserable than myself, overcoated in torn blankets and stuffed straw in their boots for want of stockings. Then and there I swore that if I ever had the power I would see these poor fellows better clad, and so I did before another winter, when I was Military Governor of Philadelphia, and only met with slander and opposition from my detractors and the Gates and Conway cabal.

Yet I noticed that the houses were better looking than even ours would have been in Connecticut, more likely to be well built of stone or brick; not only with thatched but with slated roofs, great barns such as

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in England we call tithe-barns, some so great as to be supported on flying buttresses, three stories high, to support the pressing weight of grain. I saw that the country might be a fat land in summer; it looked richer than ours and the farmers better to do. There were larger offices for the slaves or servants, ornamental trees and clipped gardens new and striking, looking all like places for pleasure, with comfort to spare, and lived in by gentlemen farmers, not a poor peasantry as I was used to in our Connecticut. Their place was taken I suppose rather by the servants or slaves.

On the way I met my old friend Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, who, on the promise that it was neutral ground, put me up in a place even nearer Philadelphia, the tavern at Germantown, where he was with Colonel Grayson and another to meet the English Commissioners on the exchange of prisoners. The English Commissioners, Colonel O'Hara, Colonel Stevens and a Captain Fitzpatrick, had gone into town to attend the ball. Congress had become excited over the exchange of prisoners, in consequence of the capture of Charles Lee. I told Boudinot that I thought it was rather an excellent thing to happen the way it was, and that he was hardly worth a private soldier. This precious Congressional Committee, moreover, had secretly instructed Washington and the Commissioners to avoid an exchange of prisoners just at the opening of a campaign, and said that settling this cartel should be merely ostensible for the purpose of satisfying the army and throwing the blame on the British. The Chief, said Boudinot, had treated this proposition with silent scorn, and told them to make the best cartel they could, for, he said, his troops looked

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up to him as their protector and he would not suffer an opportunity to be lost of liberating every soldier who was then in captivity,—even I suppose, Charles Lee—let the consequence be what it might.

The Commissioners were very sociable, and Boudinot, who had previously obtained the characters of his opponents, was convinced that they depended much on out-drinking us; but, he said, he knew that Colonel Grayson was a match for any of them, and therefore had left all that part of the business with him. They soon found themselves foiled at this; so the next day they had met and objected that their powers were not sufficient and proposed to discuss the form of the cartel. The third day they had gone to this ball. The fourth, the day I spent at Germantown, they all returned with the statement that General Howe did not now consider Germantown neutral ground, I having arrived there! and would adjourn for the night, thus giving them time to get again to Howe's army and back. Thereupon, Boudinot very properly gathered up the papers from the table, remarking that he considered himself ill used by such a breach of public faith, and therefore they should after dinner return to headquarters and not meet again. After some argument, finding that they could make no effect that way, they invited themselves to dine with us. Boudinot perceived their drift, to keep us engaged until it was too late to go, or by drinking freely to prevent it. He was on his guard and set Colonel Grayson to manage them. When they could scarcely sit upright, they were put on their horses and went to the city; and as we started at daylight the next morning, a trumpet was heard and a flag appeared, bringing a letter from the General Howe,

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begging that we would delay an hour or two and the Commissioners would be with us again. But we refused and set off for headquarters. The end of this matter was that Washington, having heartily approved the Commissioners' proceedings, another meeting was agreed to at New Town, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, General Howe expressly pledging his faith for a positive neutrality. Here they disputed for ten days, and when the cartel was finally finished, the honest O'Hara unburdened his breast to Boudinot, who had grown to be his friend, in the following manner: "Gentlemen, you have behaved since we have been together, with so much propriety, and as gentlemen, that we feel hurt at any kind of hypocrisy. We can therefore no longer keep a secret from you, though we trust you will keep it entirely to yourselves, that we have spent all this time disputing about the insufficiency of our powers, etc.," under Howe's orders, because he has no authority to agree to any cartel whatever. We are under positive orders from him that when we can prolong the business no longer to make some excuse and break off the treaty. This we consider as dishonorable conduct merely done to satisfy the British army and try to throw the blame on you, but this is our situation and we candidly reveal it to you in confidence to free yourselves from blame. It is, therefore, in vain for us to spend longer time in settling the treaty. Let us continue together till our stores are exhausted and then separate." Boudinot, greatly surprised at this unofficerlike conduct in a British General, and the head of such an army, hinted that perhaps the report he might make to Washington might give them offense, and proposed that they should make simultaneous and identical objections

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to the powers of each side as insufficient for any cartel whatever, and therefore dispose of the business finally without prejudice to either of the Commissioners. The two Irishmen enthusiastically approved of this, as they had gone on like brothers; and the papers were drawn up accordingly, and they separated,—but not before Colonel O'Hara said to Alexander Hamilton, "If I am ever taken prisoner, I expect you will immediately come to my aid and take care of me, and if any one of you are taken prisoners, call upon us and we will return the compliment." Strange the event of human jest! At the capitulation of York Town, hardly three years later, Lord Cornwallis being sick, this same Colonel O'Hara, the second in command, delivered up his sword on the parade to General Lincoln and immediately called out for Colonel Hamilton, who came up. "Now, Sir," said O'Hara, "perform your promise, though when you made it I little thought I should ever have the opportunity of requiring your performance of it." Colonel Hamilton accordingly took care of him. But to return to my journey.

This Boudinot was an excellent fellow, and was later of service to me, as the readers will see. He was the man who received the famous message from Lydia Darrah of the attack planned by Howe on Washington when at Whitemarsh. The next day, as we rode back to the army, he told me of this, also of Mistress Elizabeth Ferguson and her attempt to corrupt him, and how he had passed her on to Joseph Reed, President of the Council of Pennsylvania, with what result he knew not.

Boudinot later became President of the Continental Congress, but at that time he was Commissary

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General of prisoners in the army of America, at sixty dollars a month, and he showed me a letter Washington had written him adding to his other duties that of "the procuring of intelligence." "The person engaged in the department of commissary of prisoners will have as much leisure, and better opportunities than most officers in the army, to obtain knowledge of the enemy's situation, motions and (as far as may be) designs." * That he was using this function to good advantage is shown by this amazing story:

In February, 1778, when he was sent under a flag of truce from Staten Island to New York, on the countless serious complaints of the treatment of American prisoners in that city, he was received by General Robertson, then commandant of the city, whom he had formerly known. Accordingly he was permitted to visit the jail in New York, where he met among others, Ethan Allen, who was very free in his abuse of the British on account of the cruel treatment he had received, though he was then no longer in irons. But upon his return to Colonel Robertson, after these matters were rectified, Robertson asked him whether he had any objection to a free political conversation, and on Boudinot saying that he could not have any, asked him up into his bedroom, where after exclaiming against the inhumanity of war and the natural ties which bound him to the colonies, he told Boudinot that he was authorized to assure him that if any one would step forward and heal the unhappy difference, he should be rewarded in any manner he should ask, even to a pension of ten thousand pounds sterling, and that Lord Howe and General Howe had been authorized to make peace on almost any terms. And

* Washington to Elias Boudinot, April 1, 1777.—Ed.

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when Boudinot doubted this and went on to justify the reasons for the war, General Robertson lost his temper and wanted to know what American gentlemen had done with their oaths of allegiance? Boudinot answered that this had indeed been a matter of some difficulty to him, until he was legally discharged by an Act of Parliament. Robertson said he had never heard of such an act, and Boudinot told him that he had long known the misfortune of the British officers, how they were kept hoodwinked and in total ignorance of the causes and reasons of the war in which they were engaged. The other still swore that the statement there was such an act of parliament was a mere congressional lie, that no such act had ever been passed; whereupon Boudinot asked him if he was acquainted with the British constitution, and upon his saying yes, asked him what he thought of allegiance and protection, whether they did not always go together, and he said "Surely, without protection, no allegiance was due." Boudinot then said, "Have you never seen, sir, an act of parliament putting all the colonies, friends and foes, out of the King's protection?" The old gentleman, said Boudinot, seemed alarmed at that, and with warmth said, "A damned act, a damned act! I told the ministry so at the time. They were distracted. A damned act! Let us go downstairs again." And so their conversation ended.

General Charles Lee was a prisoner at that same time, but confined in a handsome house under the care of half a dozen field officers, who lived with him and kept a genteel table, besides filling his company at the cards. Now I had always distrusted Charles Lee; and I liked Boudinot and believed he was telling the truth, as I always believed of any man I liked.

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It was strange that this first proposition should have been made to him when he was the very man who signed the treaty of peace with Your Majesty in 1795, having been chosen president of Congress in November, 1782. But at this time he was a military man merely, about my age, and only Commissary General of prisoners. Lee had been taken prisoner at Basking Ridge, as I have related, and had the assurance to write from New York to Congress requesting a committee of their body to be sent over to him under a flag of truce, that he had something of consequence to say to them, and he actually sent General Howe's safe conduct for that purpose. Congress very justly refused this, and treated the application with contempt, but when Boudinot was in New York he had orders to pay particular attention to General Lee and accomplish his exchange if possible.

I told him I believed there was no particular hurry about this, and the good gentleman only winked in reply. "However," he went on, "I waited on General Lee the next morning, who received me with great pleasure and asked me to breakfast. Then he also asked me up to his bedroom, where he complained that Congress had not accepted his invitation. I told him I thought they had done quite right not to trust any of their members within British lines on such an errand. He answered that he had a safe passport for them from Howe. I then asked him what end could have been answered by their coming. 'Sir,' said he, 'I had discovered the whole plan of the summer's campaign on the part of the British, and would have disclosed the whole to the Committee, by which Congress might have obviated all their measures, for, Mr. Boudinot, it is in vain for Congress to expect

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to withstand British troops in the field. In the next campaign we should be completely defeated, and Congress itself made prisoner.' He therefore urged that they would immediately have a strong fortress built at Pittsburg, and also several hundred boats, that they would order all the riches of the country to be sent there, with the old men, women and children, and that when they found themselves there, Congress might take boat and go down the Ohio to the Spanish territory for protection."

When Boudinot had finished this extraordinary tale, I asked him what he thought of it. He replied that he could not but entertain the greatest jealousy of the integrity of General Lee. But he had still endeavored to negotiate his exchange, and it was agreed that it should take place for Major General Prescott, subject to General Howe's approbation. Howe objected and ordered General Lee round by sea to Philadelphia, that he might be exchanged under his own eyes. General Lee, abhorring the sea, applied to Boudinot by letter and most earnestly requested that he might be permitted to go through New Jersey, under the care of a British officer, to which Washington had consented, and he had accordingly gone to Philadelphia, but of course no consent had yet been obtained for the exchange, their cartel having failed of accomplishment at Germantown, as I have related.

Thus the good Boudinot gossiped as we rode and I but listened, for all such talk may become valuable. Yet I felt later how Boudinot, if caught, might well have been hanged like André. We were none too safe ourselves, for we were riding up to the Valley Forge and furtively crossing the neck of land between the

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Delaware and the Schuylkill. Some miles out we met Captain McClure, the officer of the day, who was kind enough to lead me to headquarters, and also informed me that by the orders of the day the whole army had been directed to prepare for immediate and sudden moving, and he wondered what this might mean; but I well knew that such orders were given too often to amuse the rank and file and make them take an interest, poor fellows. They were like starved dogs, blinking in the sun after a long and terrible winter. There had not been enough corn in the country for the army to live on, though Washington had had to condemn one half of all the forage within a fifty mile radius. Sometimes I was told his headquarters were in an old log house, he alone having a bed, his family on the floor about him, and had for food but sepawn and milk, and all were contented,—for his family, that is to say his aides, always lived with him at headquarters, and there were always many others to sit at table, both bidden guests and the ladies or the gentry of the neighborhood.

Never shall I forget when we rode into camp late on that beautiful spring evening. The summer was at hand, and the suffering and starvation of the winter over, yet I could read in the drawn faces, the attenuated forms, almost in the ragged clothes of the soldiery, what they had been through. Hearing that I was at his tent, Washington arose and came out himself, grasping me with both hands, an honor I had never seen him accord to any one before, not even to Lafayette, or his pet Private Secretary, Alexander Hamilton. As I disengaged my right foot from the stirrup, it was still impossible for me, on account of my wounded leg, to throw it over the horse's back without assist-

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ance. Two sentries helped to let me down to the ground. Washington saw that I was still not fit for service. I was too exhausted to eat or even drink with him that night, but the next day he had me to dinner with all the general officers of the army and all the military aides from France and Poland and even Germany, that had joined his official family. And there it was that he proposed to me the highest position in his gift, the governorship of our capital city of Philadelphia.

However, the dinner was not so bad this night. There were fifteen officers present besides the General and his wife, General Greene and, to our amazement, General Charles Lee. This should have aroused our suspicion. Even then, had we known it, he had left plans with Clinton in New York for the surprise and surrounding of Washington's whole army, having had himself taken prisoner and spent the winter in the warm city while that army starved. But that night we had quite an elegant dinner, served in the American style, vegetables, roast beef, lamb, chicken, salad dressed with vinegar over it, green peas, puddings and some pie, all on the table at the same time. Washington's family then consisted, besides General Knox and the others mentioned, of Anthony Wayne, Howe, and Colonel Alexander Hamilton. He told me that for some months after the fire of December he had not had a kitchen to cook a dinner in. Eighteen of his servants and all of Mrs. Ford's crowded together in her kitchen and scarce one of them was able to speak for the cold they caught. Washington was a gentleman. Imagine his mortification at having to complain to Congress that his general officers could not invite a French officer of high rank to a

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better repast than stinking whiskey, and not always that, and a bit of beef without vegetables. John Adams alone was pleased with this, and said Washington set a fine example; he had banished wine from his own table and entertained his friends with rum and water. But Washington once apologized in general orders to the effect that he had been without his baggage since the middle of September, and on that account "is unable to receive company in the manner he could wish. He nevertheless desires Generals, Field Officers and the Brigade Majors of the day to dine with him in future at three o'clock in the afternoon." Any one that doubts the great man's humor may read his letter about Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingston, whom he had asked to dine; how he wrote that a shoulder of bacon and a piece of roast beef graced the head and the foot, with a dish of greens or imperceptible beans in the centre, or "when the cook had a mind to cut a figure," two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which otherwise had been twelve. "Of late the cook has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it's a question if in the violence of his efforts we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteak. If the ladies can put up also with plates, once of tin but now iron, not become so by the labor of scouring, I shall be happy to see them."

By orders of Washington, tents had been provided for the men too ill to be in the huts. These were erected in streets, fourteen by sixteen feet each, side walls six and a half feet high, the ends of ropes and logs, the sides made tight with clay. A fireplace of wood faced on the inside with clay, eighteen inches thick,

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was placed in the rear of the hut, the door being in the end next to the street and to be of slabs or board if the same could be procured. The officers' huts were in the rear of those of the men, one hut for each general officer, one for the staff of each brigade, one for the field officer of each regiment and one for the staff. The commissioned officers of two companies and twelve non commissioned officers and soldiers were assigned to each of the ordinary huts. Washington himself, when "Lady" Washington came to stay with him in January, had removed to Mr. Pott's house, a plain two story building. At first there was no dining room separate from their living room; and for the accommodation of the ladies a little log house was built for a dining room, concerning which Mrs. Washington wrote, "It has made our quarters much more tolerable than at first." The place was full of secret doors, planned for the Commander in Chief to effect an escape in case of an emergency, and also of secret drawers under the window seats or closets behind the window shutters.

At the very time that our army was marching shoeless and shivering from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge, engaged in the work of preparing such winter quarters, there were hogsheads of shoes, stockings and clothing lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams or money to pay the teamsters. They were as badly provided with food as they were with clothing, mainly for lack of transportation. Washington had once or twice written Congress for permission to move his army against Lord Cornwallis or Howe, on the ground that fighting was preferable to starving. At one time two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men were re-

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ported unfit for duty because barefoot and otherwise naked. Blankets were so scarce that men had to sit up all night by the fire. The camp was soon stripped of trees, and the region of fuel supply became each day farther off, so the men yoked themselves like oxen and hauled the lumber on temporary sleds, using grape vines for ropes. All this depended upon want of proper transportation, the first thing I tried to remedy when placed in command at Philadelphia. Yet because I insisted upon an adequate supply of military wagons and carts to bring forage and supplies, I was complained of for maintaining them to my own advantage.

Here I first met Baron von Steuben, whose skilled services did more for the Americans than Riedesel and others had done for Your Majesty. De Kalb I had known before. Conway was there, but behaving like a whipped dog, for his cabal had been discovered —through the fop Wilkinson repeating to the aide of General "Lord" Stirling at Reading part of a letter received by Gates from Conway, in which Conway had said, "Heaven has been determined to save your country or a weak general and bad councillors would have ruined it." Stirling, as his duty bound, notified Washington, who calmly referred the matter to Conway himself. Conway explained, Gates explained, they all had to explain,—and finally Conway had to accept the humiliation of a pardon from his Commander-in-Chief.

The morning after my arrival, Lee lay very late, and breakfast was detained for him. When he came out he looked as dirty as if he had been in the street all night. Soon after I discovered that he had brought a miserable hussy with him from Philadelphia, a British

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surgeon's wife, and had actually taken her into his room by the back door, and she had been with him all that night. This conduct, however, did not concern his military character; and it would hardly do for me to speak of it to Washington, though I did mention it the next day to Boudinot. He then told me that Lee had approached him again and asked him whether he had made that communication to Congress. "When I told him no, he said he was going to Congress for that purpose, and would never rest until it was done, that he was more than ever convinced that nothing else could save us, that he found the army in a worse situation than he expected, and that General Washington was not fit to command a sargeant's guard." Boudinot and I consulted whether we ought not to tell Washington this, but on the whole I decided not. He that bears the truth against a favorite is but damned himself. I told Boudinot to say nothing, but let the man talk.

So that night he began to ask him about his reception at Philadelphia, and whether he had seen General Howe, and Lee told him that he had been closeted with Howe all the evening before he left the city, and that Howe talked of the claim of independence by the Americans as absurd, for all the rest would be granted them; and Lee had intimated that the claim of independence was merely advanced as a makeweight, to have something to surrender in case of a treaty of peace being made; that if the colonies got all they wished, they could give up the independence. Whereupon Howe had been much delighted, and sent him a store of wine, spirit, porter, etc. to take with him to Valley Forge. They would have liked these stores well enough, having had, as I have said, little

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all winter there but rum and now and then stinking whiskey; but Lee told Boudinot that the British soldiers had found it out where it was stored in the cellar of the house where he lodged, and broke into it the night before he had come away and stole the whole of it,—all of which increased Boudinot's suspicions of Lee exceedingly.

Lee did go to Congress, and fortunately this was the end of him. It lessened him so greatly in their eyes that they never paid respect to him afterward; and shortly after he had the quarrel with Lafayette and got into disgrace at Monmouth. All the world knows of this and of Washington's fiery words, but they do not know, as Boudinot told me afterward, that when Lee came up with our General Clinton near Freehold Court House and a skirmish took place, in the very midst of the engagement, he rode up to a Lieutenant Colonel who had a single field piece firing, and called to him, "Colonel have you seen anything improper in my conduct this morning?" The Colonel, who had been convinced of something wrong in the General all the morning, answered, "No, by no means." "Well then," said the General, "do you remember that." An extraordinary question from a commander-in-chief of a division, under such extraordinary circumstances, is proof enough that he must have felt something unusual in himself. Possibly General Howe's stores had not all been taken by the British soldiers after all. Lee was beaten; and had not Washington come up at a lucky moment, it might have been fatal to him.

His behavior in Washington's house that night was not uncustomary. People had complained of his dirty manners and ways even at Cambridge, as I now re-

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membered. No camp is a moral place, but Lee was rather worse than anybody. He had in Holland after the war an illegitimate daughter Sarah, who became the mistress of the celebrated French novelist, Restif de la Brétonne, and indeed is the heroine of one of his principal novels, although, in 1790, when I saw her at Paris, she was a common prostitute. That he was a coward is shown in his duel with Laurens.

Life at Valley Forge was monotonous enough, and I anxiously awaited the enemy's evacuation of Philadelphia. There was a court martial or two each day, men were whipped for striking their officers with or without cause, lost horses were advertised, usually to be found, as it appears from the Orderly Book, at a place called Cuckold's Town! Washington was very severe on gaming, however, insisting on more than a reprimand, and on the 22nd Lieutenant Edison of the German Battalion was discharged from the service for behaving in a manner unbecoming a gentleman and an officer in abusing Colonel Nixon's family. All liquors found in unlicensed tippling houses were seized. On the 26th of May the mud plastering around the huts was ordered removed and every other method taken to render them as airy and pleasant, the powder of a musket cartridge to be burned in each hut daily, or a little tar when it could be had. On the 30th Captain Hull of the 15th was tried for being so far "ellivated with liquor when on the Parade for exercising, on the 14th inst., as rendered him incapable of doing his duty with efficiency." *

All these petty police matters made me weary of camp life. I was anxious for active service, and pos-

* See *Orderly Book*, p. 21.—Ed.

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sibly my leg would never permit of it. I was not yet getting weary of the struggle, but I sighed personally for rest and peace. I already had thoughts of applying to Congress for some grants of land in the west in return for my services, where I might become a planter and by breaking the wilderness benefit my country and rest, but I had no one to go thither with.

Though my life had been full of adventure, I had had but little happiness. My wife had been three years dead, my growing boys were well placed in good schools, since I could not at present take them with me. Such position as I had made for myself in the world was military; and I feared that my martial career was ended. I had surely succeeded as a soldier. Would I succeed so well in civil life? For although I was to be a military governor, yet I was the only governor there was. I knew that I could do much for our suffering army, I believed that I could hold the just balance between the Tories and the oppressed Whigs in Philadelphia. Surely here was work enough for any man, yet I felt a sense of loneliness and oppression at my approaching task.

I could not walk, but I used to take long slow rides in the evening at dusk. One night I rode as far as Whitemarsh, whence from the slopes above the valley I could see the distant lights of the city. It was strange to me, I had never been there; I had never even been in a great city, unless you call Boston one. I had never even seen the city of New York, for it had been in the possession of the English all the time. My position was to be one of high honor, even of social rank. I felt that I was a soldier and a gentleman; but I had some mistrust of my qualifications to shine in genteel

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society as a carpet knight. My life had been a rough one after all, though my blood was of the best. I was not used to the manners of court, and Philadelphia under General Howe had been a kind of court city, as I well knew. Even Washington desired that the contrast should not be too marked under continental occupation. That cultivated society had been far away from the ways and manners of the uncouth backwoodsman, of Morgan's men, and the Yankees from remote New England, the Green Mountain boys and the rangers. I was to dissipate these feelings and show them that though a republic we could be civilized.

Yet that was in part a woman's job. I thought much more than I admitted to myself of the beautiful Miss DeBlois. Had she been kinder or had my wooing been both bolder and more gentle! I could hardly believe it was all over between us.

On the 27th of May a board of general officers met in General Lee's quarters, Lee, whom I knew, had still in his pockets his correspondence and plans with Clinton. On the 1st and 2nd of June directions were issued for the expected movement of the army. On the 7th we heard the guns that announced the coming of the British Commissioners, who arrived just in time to see the city abandoned. On the 18th intelligence reached us that the British had at last evacuated Philadelphia.

It took more than two weeks for a letter to leave Valley Forge and an answer to be received from Boston; but it was nearly three weeks since I had written a friend intrusting him with the delicate mission of seeing Miss DeBlois and finding out whether indeed all was over between us. That night had come

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his answer. Its nature may be derived from my response.

MY DEAR DR. TOWNSEND:

I received your two favors of the 16th and 23rd July and am much obliged to you for the trouble you have had in my affairs, which by your letter appears to be at an end, and I cannot say that I am not most mortified and disgusted in not having a line in answer to my letters. The evasion is too palpable not to be understood. I think, however, I might have been indulged with a line in answer to their sentiments, notwithstanding the enemy were marching through the Jerseys. But enough of what I wish—I am determined to forget.

The rest of the letter was filled with my directions about poor Warren's children, with which I will not further bother the reader. Suffice it to say of Miss DeBlois, that I never thought to meet her again, though I heard, some years later, of her ludicrous betrothal to one Martin Brimmer, who was then a mere factor to my friend Tracey of Newburyport. The bans were forbidden, for what reason I do not know, and she did not go to church. And I proceeded to forget.

The next day Washington and the army left for New Jersey to cut off Clinton's retreat, crossing the Delaware at Coryell's Ferry. I with my staff, my servants and a private guard, made my way in carriages to Philadelphia, as military governor of that city and of all eastern Pennsylvania and southern New Jersey. I brought in my suite the German Baron Steuben and Duponceau, his aide-de-camp.

The world was before me.

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CHAPTER XXXII

I TAKE PHILADELPHIA

I FIRST took up my quarters in the celebrated Slate-roof House on Second Street at the corner of Norris Alley; a singular old-fashioned structure laid out in the style of a fortification, with two wings like bastions and a central main building as a curtain, a spacious yard on the back of it extending half the way to Front Street, enclosed by a high wall and ornamented with a double row of venerable pines—a very agreeable 'rus in urbe' in the heart of the city; while the house itself presented the most stately appearance of any within the city proper; as was necessary for one who was there to maintain the dignity of a governor. My detractors never realized this; but as a man of the world, I knew how much show of importance and power impresses the common public, and it was peculiarly necessary that we, who succeeded the royal government and had been derisively termed a rabble of half starved provincials, should make up for the truth of the last part of the assertion, by showing that we could maintain a continental government with dignities and honor. This is why I detailed one or two private soldiers from a militia company to do sentry duty at my door,—for no purpose of protection nor of boastful ostentation, but to represent the power of the United States of America. They were more than willing to do the duty, and the spectacle of these two guards in continental uniform was a visual sign

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to the populace that we had a real country and officers as worthy of respect and of fear as the British ministerials.

The house was named from the slate or tile-stone which covered the roof and was believed to have been imported from England. As a matter of fact it was now occupied by a certain Mrs. Graydon, who kept a fashionable boarding-house. Baron de Kalb had boarded there in 1768 and it was he who first spoke of the house to me. He was then an officer of the French army, and had been sent even during the seven years war, ten years before ours, as agent of the French government to ascertain the sentiments of the colonies toward Great Britain, the French court even then perceiving how England could be weakened if the American colonies were separated from her. Sometime during this visit he was arrested as a suspicious person and went to Canada, returning thence to France, but had come back to the colonies in 1777, offered his services to Congress and was now a Major General. Poor fellow, he fell gallantly at the battle of Camden, South Carolina, fighting on foot, commanding the right wing under Gates, when that General fled to Camden. Though a Frenchman born in Alsace, he was a friend of my friend Steuben. Of that excellent officer, but rather a military man than a scholar like de Kalb, we both had a good joke at the time, in his having refused a degree in Princeton College! Considering that this was the alma mater of Aaron Burr, it is not possibly to be wondered at, but Steuben did not decline it for that reason. He heard that the College had bestowed the dignity of LL.D., upon Washington after the battle of Princeton, and having occasion to march his division through

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that town, put them at the double quick, lest a like indignity might be conferred on him. We assured him that it was no disgrace to be a Doctor of Law, nor even of Divinity, although from Princeton. Colonel Burr himself had studied there for the latter degree, and his respected father was a D.D. and President!

Mrs. Graydon had had distinguished boarders in the last few years; Washington and John Hancock in 1775, Lady Moore, wife of the last British governor of New York, Lady Susan O'Brien, daughter of Stephen Fox and niece of Lord Holland, who made up for all this by eloping with Billie O'Brien, an actor that had been imprudently employed to teach her elocution! Her sister was the poor Lady Harriet Ackland, of whom I spoke so much at Saratoga.

The first observation I made on entering Philadelphia was that the city had been left by the British and Hessians in a most filthy condition. As fast as our cups were filled, millions of flies took possession of them. We e'en called them Hessian flies and made the best of it. The spectacle of filth and ruin which presented itself to their eyes, accustomed to the neatness and good order of the Quaker town, exasperated the whigs, who determined to seek reprisals on the tories; and I soon saw that I should have much to do to hold even justice between the two parties.

I soon removed to Mrs. Marster's on Market Street, which I found cleaner and more spacious. Sir William Howe, while he occupied this house, was driven in Mary Pemberton's coach drawn by Mary Pemberton's horses, which conveniences he had seized. I could not maintain so much state because whatever I took I paid for.

I had chosen for my special guard the Massachusetts

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regiment under Colonel Jackson; Baron Steuben with Duponceau went to a house on New Street, a quarter of the city inhabited almost entirely by Germans. The Baron was delighted, for hardly any other language was heard on the streets, and a great number of the inns bore the sign of the King of Prussia, who was very popular with us, his sympathies for the American cause being well known, his detestation of the harrying of the Hessians, and his admiration for our own beloved chief.

The first thing I had to do was to receive reports from my own General. Colonel McLean with his rangers had got in so quick that he almost caught some of the retreating Britons, indeed one or two had to be routed hastily from bed and thrown into a ferry-boat. The Honorable Cosmo Gordon had stayed all night at his quarters and lay in bed so long the next morning that the family thought it but kind to wake him and tell him his friends the rebels were in town. It was with great difficulty he procured a boat to put him over the Delaware; he I believe was the last that embarked, but many soldiers hid themselves in cellars, and were found by our dragoons. The British crossed at Gloucester Point, having before transported their stores and most of the artillery into New Jersey. After sending my aide, Major Franks, to Henry Gurney and his family to apologize politely as was possible for the inconvenience to which I had put them by being quartered for a few days at the Slate-roof House, I took up more serious affairs.

On the 4th of June Congress had adopted a resolution requesting Washington to take measures "for the preservation of order in the town against insult, plunder or injury to the inhabitants of the city, and

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to prevent the removal, transfer or sale of goods or merchandise in the possession of the inhabitants belonging to the King of Great Britain." My first duty was to issue a proclamation reciting this resolution (June 17th) and ordering all persons having European or India goods, iron, leather, shoes, wine, the provisions of every kind beyond the necessary uses of a private family, to make return to the Town Major at his quarters on Front Street, by noon of the 20th. This proclamation was read in Congress and approved June 26th. Under these orders the shops were closed, and notice given that a removal, transfer or sale of goods made without permission would be considered a breach of the regulations of Congress, and such goods would be seized for the public use. All this was in order both to revictual our starving army and garrison, and to provide for the impoverished loyalists to the continental cause, many of whom had been in great distress during the British occupation; but primarily for the purpose of confiscating enemy's goods. Hearing that many British officers and soldiers or deserters from our army were concealed in the city or suburbs, I had to issue another proclamation on the 20th, declaring this to be an offense for which severe punishment would be meted out.

Now this proclamation was written at the suggestion of the leading patriots of Philadelphia, and penned by General Joseph Reed himself, President of the Council of Pennsylvania, head of the civil authorities therefore, and the very man who was to be my chief accuser. Washington himself had enclosed me the instructions on the 18th of June with the resolution of Congress. Military order, however necessary, always seems oppressive to civics and shopkeepers.

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The shops and stores were shut up only eight days, all the markets meantime being open for the sale of provisions, and the attendance of country people in market was invited. As soon as we had taken an inventory, the shops were opened again. Naturally in purchasing such provisions and necessaries as were required for the use of the army and the starving public, in some cases we got more than we needed. There was no authority to pay for such excess, and for it I became personally liable; so I entered into an agreement with James Mease, the clothier general of the army, and West, his deputy, that such goods so bought by him and not needed should be sold and liquidated at our risk. This agreement was made on the 22nd of June, at once, as we saw it to be necessary. Otherwise neither Mease nor anybody would have taken the responsibility of acting. Yet my enemies pretended that the personal guaranty I hereby made was more than extinguished by the chance of a profit in the excess of such goods,—as if they were likely to rise in price in six days when all the markets and stores were universally made open.

But I was really in a political difficulty which I did not foresee. Although I had had plenty of experience of the narrowness and stupidity of the civil officer, I did not soon enough realize that I was in a position almost like that of Washington with the Congress. However stupid and narrow their action, I must use tact and forbearance. I realized that I was Governor of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, replacing the royal governor, besides being the chief military authority; but there was a Civic Council in Pennsylvania which still assumed to rule the State as to civil rights, and of this, that man Joseph Reed was head. He had the

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Executive Council meet at Lancaster and adjourn to Philadelphia on the 26th, and on that day directed that Colonel Matthew Smith and the Secretary "should wait on General Arnold and inquire what was his intention in ordering the shops to be shut." I told them that it was a military measure, necessary for the support of the army and the starving Whigs in Philadelphia, but that as a matter of fact I intended that very day to issue the proclamation opening the shops; which was duly done; and I invited them all to dine with me. Even this seems to have given them offense. Though the luxury was not unusual, nor the half of what Howe had maintained, it was considerably more than they were used to, and they, like everybody, assumed that it was being done at the public expense, —as if indeed there were any public funds upon which I could draw, for even my own pay was two years in arrears. I had a few thousand pounds left from my good sister Hannah's negotiations in New Haven, and I conceived it a higher duty to do what was best for the cause of the colonies rather than my own personal solvency. Of course I had a coach and horses and servants in livery; and of course I had a military guard. One of these fellows, emboldened by the spirit of democracy which was raising its head, wrote to the Packet newspaper a complaint of being compelled to stand as sentry at my door, "subject to the whims and caprices of this officer, and to be ordered upon the most menial services, contrary to the spirit of the true citizen." The fool seems to have supposed that I did it for my own protection; for he adds, "he is exposed to no real danger in this city; with a public enemy there can be none. From Tories he has nothing to fear,—they are all remarkably fond of him. The

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Whigs to a man are sensible of his great merits and former services, and would risk their lives in his defence." Meantime, however, I got the army clothed; Mease, the Clothier General to the United States, having succeeded in getting garments enough for that purpose under my proclamation.

Having got my military and public affairs into some order, I now began to think of my social duties. If the gayety of the city under Howe had been unrivalled, the license of his officers had been unsurpassed. I was told that one of them had a beautiful English girl, his mistress, ride in a carriage with the colors of his own regiment, at the dress parade of the general army, up and down the line where she might be seen by every one. Pleasure had degenerated into license. In the newspapers open advertisements had appeared: "Wanted to hire with two single gentlemen, young woman to act in the capacity of housekeeper. Extravagant wages will be given, and no character required. Any young woman who chooses to offer may be further informed at the bar of the City Tavern." This City Tavern was the place where Howe was wont to meet with his favorites, who were, I regret to say, the most debauched young gentlemen in the army. If we Americans could not hope to rival in luxury, we could at least shine by contrast in good breeding and decency. Furthermore, something was due to the loyal ladies who had withheld themselves from the gayety of the Meschianza. Accordingly I caused a special entertainment to be given in their honor at the City Tavern, July 4th:—a ball given to the officers of the French army by the American officers of Washington's command, "as well as in honor of the young ladies who had manifested their attachment

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to the cause of virtue and freedom by sacrificing every convenience to the love of their country." This of course was a hit at the Meschianza ladies.

Of this ball and fête champêtre, perhaps the most famous and luxurious ever yet given in America, I had only seen its rockets as they illuminated the sky; but I heard of nothing else from the ladies of Philadelphia, and much of a certain elegant Major André, poet, painter, stage manager, who had invented, contrived and managed it: (I wondered whether it was the same André that had passed me, not seeing me from his coach, when I was in the street at New Haven). It was gotten up in favor of General Howe, who had been a failure as a commander, and was about to return from England, with no laurels save those of the invitation card, and I might add, no cannon or standards of victory. But it seemed to have left a refulgent glory on the setting sun of his departure, at least in the hearts of the Philadelphia girls, that no victory would have done. Many a one of them, as she showed me the gilt button of her favorite officer, would show me with pride the invitation ticket. Properly enough, it bore a view of the sea with the setting sun beyond, and the lying motto, "I shine going down, but with restored splendor shall dawn again," this of course in Latin, also the General's crest, "Live, and farewell." This latter was truthful enough, but around the shield ran cannon and spears and spontoons and fasces and laurel wreaths, one small drum and an empty gunpowder barrel. The cost of this tomfoolery was defrayed by twenty-two field officers, among them my friend Colonel O'Hara, who had so hastily left his engagement at Germantown with Boudinot, for reasons I now understood!

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Also, oddly enough, Montresor, the chief engineer, the very man who had drawn the map which I had used in my expedition against Canada. The entertainment had begun with a regatta, a military procession of boats, barges and galleys, filled with guests and officers, including two Lords, Howe and Rawdon, General Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, all the vessels in the river decked with flags, and the wharves teeming with the common public. As the boats landed a quarter of a mile from the Wharton house, in the grounds of which the ball was held, all the men-of-war in the harbor fired salutes. The company passed from the wharf through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers and the line of light horse, who might have been better employed at Whitemarsh or Valley Forge,—to a square lawn of a hundred and fifty yards, also lined with troops and prepared in mediæval style for a tournament. All the bands of the army moved in front through triumphal arches and pavilions; in each pavilion were placed seven of the principal young ladies of the country dressed in Turkish habits and wearing in their turbans favors with which they meant to reward their knights. These latter appeared at a blare of trumpets dressed in white and red silk, mounted on gray horses and attended by esquires, each with four trumpeters, a herald, and the device, for the one band, two roses intertwined, with the motto "We droop when separated"; hence they were called "The Knights of the Blended Rose." Lord Cathcart was the chief of these. Two young black slaves with sashes and drawers of blue and white silk and silver clasps on their necks and arms, their breasts and shoulders bare, held his stirrups. On his right walked two British field officers, and his two

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esquires, one bearing his lance, the other his shield, his device—Cupid riding on a lion, the motto—"Surrounded by love." His Lordship appeared in honor of Miss Auchmuty. Then followed the other knights; Captain André in honor of Miss Peggy Chew —his device, two gamecocks fighting, with the motto, "No rival,"—and the rest. After they had made the circuit of the square and saluted the ladies, their herald advanced and proclaimed after a flourish of trumpets that the ladies of the Blended Rose excelled in wit, beauty and every accomplishment those of the whole world, and challenged any to deny it by deeds of arms. At the classical third call, the sound of contrary trumpets was heard, and another herald, with four trumpeters in orange and black livery, galloped forward, the "Knights of the Burning Mountain," in black and orange silk, the device a heart with a wreath of flowers, motto—"Love and Glory." Then after more flourishes, the encounter took place; the knights received their lances from the esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and making a general salute, encountered at full speed, shivering their spears. The next encounter they discharged their pistols, and on the fourth fought with swords. The final triumphal arch was erected in honor of Lord Howe, who had just arrived; the pediment adorned with naval trophies, I was told, and on the top a figure of Neptune with a trident. Between these two arches was an avenue a hundred yards or more long and a couple of rods wide, lined with the troops and the colors of the army, between which all took their station, and the company moved in procession, with the ladies in Turkish dress in front. There was still a third arch of the Tuscan order, as they approached the banquet hall, also dedi-

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cated to the General, at the top a figure of Fame. The ball room had been painted by André and a Captain Delancey in imitation of Sienna marble enclosing festoons of white marble, the surbase black. Tea, lemonade and other cooling liquors were prepared, and a full cornucopia on the entrance door, with one shrunk, reversed and empty on the exit door, invited the company to partake of food and drink freely. The ball room was of a pale blue, panelled with a small gold bead, the interior filled with drooping festoons of flowers, a rose pink surbase, and thirty-four branches of wax candles on the tables. On the same floor were four drawing rooms with sideboards of refreshments, decorated and lighted in the same style and taste as the ball room. Nigh midnight the dancing stopped that the guests might have the windows thrown open and witness a wonderful bouquet of rockets which preceded the fireworks, all planned by this same Montresor, engineer of my march to Canada, consisting of twenty different exhibitions of set pieces: this was what I had seen while plodding through the mire from Coryell's Ferry to Germantown. Military trophies, bursting of balloons, Chinese fountains succeeded; and finally Fame appeared at the top, spangled with stars, and from her trumpet a device in letters of light—"Thy laurels are immortal." A sauteur of rockets bursting from the pediment concluded this display.

I had feared this might be the signal for a general advance on the enemy! In fact, it was the signal for supper, which took place in a room with no less than fifty-six large pier glasses ornamented with green silk and artificial flowers, one hundred branches of lights, a thousand wax tapers, and four hundred and

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thirty covers, twelve hundred dishes and twenty-four black slaves in oriental dress with silver collars and bracelets:—but the reader, like me, will be weary of this silly talk. Suffice it to say that they danced till dawn, at which time while the ball was in full progress, it was suddenly interrupted by the thunder of distant cannon.

This was our indefatigable Captain McLean, who could not stand it any longer, for he knew that a ball was going on and guessed what the fireworks meant. Placing himself at the head of one hundred infantry and Clowe's dragoons, dividing his command into four squads, each of which was provided with camp kettles full of Greek fire and other combustibles, at a given signal the whole line of the abatis was fired. The sudden blaze took the British by surprise, the long roll was beaten, the guns of the redoubt were fired, and ships of war and transports on the river and the park of the artillery at Southwark replied, and general confusion and alarm reigned. But at the Meschianza it was supposed that the fusillade was only in honor of the celebration, the ladies were re-assured and the dancing proceeded. The brave McLean having accomplished his purpose, to annoy and frighten the British garrison on their last night of revelry, re-treated along the road to Wissahickon, pursued by dragoons as far as Barren Hill, where they captured a picket and an ensign and he himself escaped by swimming his horse across the Schuylkill, protected by Morgan's riflemen on the opposite bank.

Now Washington, at headquarters at Valley Forge, had secret information. Choosing the time when McLean's demonstration was over, the ball ended and, it might be presumed, all officers safe in bed,

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Lafayette with twenty-five hundred men and eight cannon crossed the Schuylkill. Unfortunately, Howe himself, goaded either by the trophies of the night before, or by a last hope of redeeming his military honor, suddenly woke up, and on the next evening ordered Grant, with Sir William Erskine and General Grey at the head of five thousand three hundred men, to gain the rear of Lafayette's position, while he himself accompanied by Sir Henry Clinton, General Knyphausen and Admiral Howe also, set out with five thousand seven hundred more the following morning, expecting to intercept the American army in retreat to Chestnut Hill. It was a surprising piece of activity on the part of the enemy, and poor Lafayette had really no reason to expect it. Though hardly more than a boy, and never before in general command, he behaved with singular intelligence. Sending forth small bodies of troops to deceive Grant in the belief that they were the head of the attacking force of Washington's whole army, he stole with his whole command through the country between the Ridge Road and the Schuylkill, where he knew of another ford that Grey had failed to cover; so that when the two columns of the British army finally united near Barren Hill Church, where Lafayette had been, it was as empty a meeting and clash of arms as the Meschianza itself. So sure had the British officers been of success that before the troops left town for Barren Hill, they had invited the ladies to sup with Lafayette upon his return. They did so a short time later; myself, not Howe, the host.

Joe Galloway and the other tories were furious in their criticism. The royalist newspapers, the *Ledger* and the *Gazette*, had announced the affair as a victory,

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and Lafayette's retreat as ignominious; but the truth had come out when the *Gazette*, four days after, had its publication suspended. It had said that, "Mr. Washington and his tattered retinue had fled precipitately back to their camp, determined to act no further on the offensive than might be consistent with their personal safety." That was a little too much even for Howe, and its publication was stopped and the *Ledger* ceased to appear on the 23rd, the very day before General Howe relinquished his command to Clinton and embarked for England. Let me quote Major André's account of his departure, which came before my eyes much later. "I am just returned from conducting our beloved General to the water-side, and have seen him receive a more flattering testimony of the love and attachment of his army than even the pomp and the splendor of the Meschianza could convey. Gallant officers shed tears, the affectionate General of the Hessians, Knyphausen, (the same who used to put butter on his bread with his thumb) was so moved that he could not finish a compliment he began to pay in his own name." Possibly his English was inadequate.

Now, I made a rule that the so-called Meschianza ladies were not to be invited. It was bad enough to have to give the ball in honor of the freshly arrived fine officers of the French army, without advertising to the fine gentry that it made no difference whether they were tories or loyalists,—for the French alliance was but a new thing, and I had not yet reconciled myself to it. We fought as Englishmen for what we thought were the liberties of Englishmen. No one had questioned our loyalty to the crown and Your Majesty's sacred person. We had declined to recognize

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the usurpation of the local parliament of England undertaking to govern as well the country of America. They did not govern Ireland, it was only recently that they had governed Scotland. In a hundred years, or a hundred and fifty years, they had made no claim to govern us; our State charters had been from the Crown, as was proper. Our own local assemblies, our representatives, were well able to speak for us, in privy council or to Your Majesty's ear. That we had been right in this was evident in the very first concession that Your Majesty's government had made, that of giving us a representation in the British parliament. That of course was not then enough, if it had ever been. We acknowledged no subordination to England, we had had our own state parliaments, and now indeed, as we were already beginning to call it, a national Congress.

Nevertheless it was only a few weeks since this alliance had been celebrated at Valley Forge, as I have said, with salvos of artillery. Many of the French gentlemen hearing the news were already in Philadelphia, our close friends from the beginning: I mean men like Lafayette, a brave young gentleman, loyal and true to his great chief, who had always done what he could and, had his capacity permitted, would have done even more. The Commander-in-Chief indeed gave him all the chance and distinction he dared. The cabal had been trying to seduce him from his allegiance by the offer of an independent, if not supreme command, for a new invasion of Canada urged by Conway and Gates; that I knew, and so I suspect did Washington; and Lafayette had had the loyalty scornfully to decline it.

On the 6th of June had arrived the Earl of Carlisle,

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William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, with George Johnson, Governor Johnson of New York, the new commissioners appointed to negotiate peace! (as well for us to have sent Your Majesty the Adamses). This delayed the departure of Clinton for some days. Your Majesty's emissaries were not well chosen. Carlisle was the man who had in the House of Lords called the Americans rebels, and base and unnatural children. The second commissioner, an under secretary, had called Congress a body of vagrants. I presume Your Majesty was too justly incensed to require any accommodation. Certainly these were not the men to bring it about. Would Your Majesty had seen with the eyes of the Peace Commissioners themselves, however, what they saw when they sailed up the Delaware to Philadelphia, in a country even ravaged and in part destroyed! They write that, "in sailing up the Delaware they saw enough to regret ten thousand times that the English ministers instead of a tour through the worn out countries of the world had not finished their education with a visit around the coast and rivers of this beautiful and boundless continent." The English rivers sunk for them into rills and they predicted that in a few years the opulent village of Philadelphia would surpass in prosperity the cities of the Old World.

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CHAPTER XXXIII

I MOVE IN HIGH SOCIETY

PHILADELPHIA indeed had in those days the gayety and charm of a court residence with the wealth and luxury of a really capital city. Boston could best compare with it; but with all the brilliancy and dissipation of its intimate upper circle, of whom many had left as Your Majesty's friends and gone to Nova Scotia, it was still in great part a town of traders and Puritans. New York was a big rambling village of Dutch burghers, where the pigs still ran in the streets. But Philadelphia was a finished place. Its people were divided in loyalty to Your Majesty, but all of them were still regretting the departure of Howe and his brilliant army. Echoes of their gayety, stories of the prodigal hospitality with which their guests had been entertained, met me on every side, and regret for the gayety that had departed with them. In fact one got tired of hearing it; particularly when on the lips of the young lady one best liked names of certain youthful officers were repeated with a damnable iteration, that the greatest Tory might have wished them at the devil.

So, the government of the city set in motion and the affairs of the State for a time disposed of, I found myself face to face with this social obligation. I made a sort of headquarters of the City Tavern, where I met such gentlemen as I was not prepared to receive in the Government House. Here also I could com-

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municate with the leaders of both parties, without laying myself open to the charge of intrigue, and it was essential in a city where the loyalist element was so strong that I should hold the balance even, social as well as legal, between the two parties. I soon found that I was hearing more conversation about my coming ball than the battle of Monmouth; even if it might not eclipse the famous Meschianza; for though it was only to be given in the Masonic Hall, in Lodge Alley, it was evidently looked upon as the first court function of the new republic, and one which for all time might set social precedence therein. Yet our list of invitations and acceptances was surprisingly small. I would not ask the tory ladies, and the whig young men were with Washington in his army. We had of course plenty of French officers; but to give the ball merely for them and for the rebel girls would make too small a family party, however pleasant, nor have the result I intended.

The young men available about town mostly belonged to those families who had maintained a more or less neutral position in the war, willing to maintain their estates and hold offices with either side that won; that is to say, they were among the richest and most prominent classes of the city. Among the leading young sparks left at home were Ben Chew and the Shippen boys; I found myself meeting them frequently at the City Tavern. They looked up to me as a kind of viceroy, deferred to me in all things military and relating to the civil government, but it did not take many glasses of Madeira before I discovered that something lay in their minds as to social affairs, and particularly as to our coming festivities. This Ben Chew was the son of Judge Samuel Chew, a

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Quaker, who had however broken with his sect by announcing that he had no scruples about the propriety of lawful war in defense of Your Majesty. Both young Chew and the Shippens were under suspicion of loyalty to the crown, and were on a kind of parole, which however had recently been enlarged to extend to the entire colony of Pennsylvania. This sort of parole naturally did not interfere with their social festivities at home. Chew, the father, was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and had entertained both Washington and John Adams in his house in 1774, at a great dinner which so much impressed the Yankee countryman that he gives the full bill of fare in his letters, from turtle to sweet meats, adding that he drank Madeira at a great rate and found no inconvenience in it. The year before (the story was told me on all sides), Judge Chew had delivered a famous charge to the Grand Jury, defining high treason as opposition by force of arms to the lawful authority of the King or his ministers. Dr. John Cox was one of the Grand Jury, and interrupted to ask what was to become of them who were opposing the military power now attempted to be exercised by the British ministers. Whereupon Chew, as if he had been interrupted in the middle of a sentence, went on, "but in the moment when the King or his ministers shall exceed the constitutional authority invested in them, submission to their mandate becomes treason." Thereupon Cox and most of the jury made a low bow to the court and the case proceeded. The old gentleman had a beautiful place near Philadelphia, called Cliveden, where I was entertained; and his daughter the fair Peggy, showed me with much pride a water-color of the house executed by André himself; he had been

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her partner at this infernal Meschianza. In July, 1777, Judge Chew had been arrested under an order of Congress to make prisoners of such of the late crown and proprietary officers as are disaffected or dangerous to the public privilege; taken from his house by the City Troop, he had been offered a parole and refused, but upon being ordered to be imprisoned at Fredericksburg, Virginia, he sent a person to declare to the Supreme Council, Mr. Chew's willingness now to sign the parole offered. Nevertheless, he was arrested; but this previous Spring, Congress, afraid that it had arrested rather too many influential citizens in Pennsylvania (mostly members of the Society of Friends), directed that all the prisoners sent to Virginia should be delivered over to the Council of the State of Pennsylvania, of which Mr. Joseph Reed was President, so that I found Chew comfortably established in his own house, at Germantown,—a house forever famous because the delay in taking and holding it probably caused Washington to lose the battle of that name.

So one day it happened that going down as usual to the City Tavern, after my dinner, to get the news and take a dish of tea or its equivalent, I was accosted by young Chew with the statement that the coming ball could not possibly be a success if we left out the Meschianza ladies. "You may think, sir," he said, "it is because one of them is my sister, or you may think that they are confirmed Tories. Neither is the case; but, though I do say it, they are the most attractive and best bred girls in Philadelphia." I made no answer to the latter proposition, for except Miss Chew I had seen none of the young ladies. Indeed I had suspected them and their families as rather holding aloof from my court. I did however consider

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them insufferably vain, as having been the chief figurants in a drama which had been even written to London and commented upon in the fashionable magazines. A pamphlet had already come back from London, entitled *The Triumph of Leaving America Unconquered*, which while it bitterly attacked General Howe, mentioned several of these ladies by name. "He bounced off with his bombs and burning hearts set upon the pillars of his triumphal arch, which burst into squibs and crackers to the delectable amazement of Miss Craig, Miss Chew, Miss Redman and all the other Misses." But then, he was the King's brother.* I gathered that they all seemed to feel that they were entitled to a presentation at court, and indeed I make no doubt that Your Majesty would have received them, considering their looks in their Meschianza dresses, several of the sketches for which I had seen. But many of these, Chew said, really came from Whig families; and had taken part in that festivity out of a natural desire for amusement, not thinking any politics were involved. I asked him whether there were not other young ladies, as good-looking and as fit for a fine occasion as the Miss Franks and others he had named. "Well," he said, "you know my sister was one, but I certainly should not ask you to include her without the others. Why not come and talk it over for yourself, I think they are out to the Shippens this afternoon."

"Well," I said, "I should like well enough a dish of tea, and we can hardly take it here. I am here to protect both factions, perhaps it is my duty."

Thus making a duty of what was after all a pleasure,

* It seems incredible that Arnold meant to leave the last sentence for the King's eye.—Ed.

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we went around to the Shippen house. There was my friend Miss Chew, whom I already knew, Miss Franks and possibly half a dozen other young ladies, all attractive. Shippen introduced me to two of his sisters, and we engaged in conversation. They told me how nice the British officers had been, how they had all come around to make farewell calls a day or two before their army left Philadelphia, and how they had noticed a distinct change of manner toward the Americans, since the beginning of the occupation. "In fact, you know," said Miss Franks, "they went out like a beaten army. They had come in as conquerors." I told them that I hoped there might be conquerors in both fields, in our army as well.

"Well, you know," said she, "when the band played 'Britons Strike Home' at the Meschianza, I told them it should be 'Britons Go Home.'"

"After that," I said, "you must come to our party."

While engaged in this badinage, the door from the stairway opened and a still younger lady appeared. She seemed shy and did not engage in the general conversation, so I had a chance to watch her; a charming face, reflecting like a sensitive plant every change of humor, every sally of wit, every display of emotion, to which the conversation turned. Her blue eyes had a most winning expression of frankness and sincerity, conjoined with the highest breeding,—which indeed was a characteristic of all Philadelphia young ladies. As Miss Franks afterward remarked, you would have to talk to many a New York girl before you met such clear eyes and such gentle manners. Soon I found myself engaged in conversation with her. As we became interested, the others fell somewhat apart. I

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turned the conversation on the Meschianza and began to inquire more definitely about it. I asked her how she was dressed, knowing that to be a topic of first interest among young ladies. She said that the ladies of the Blended Rose wore a white silk, I think she called it a polonaise, forming a flowing robe and open in front on the waist, the pink sash six inches wide and filled with spangles, the shoes and stockings also spangled, the head dress towering and filled with a profusion of pearls and jewels, the veil spangled and edged with silver lace. While the ladies of the Black Knights wore white sashes edged with black and black trimmings to white silk polonaise gowns. "Why, Miss Shippen," I said, "white and black are the colors of the cockades now worn by our American soldiers in celebration of the French and American alliance."

"You see," she said archly, "there is no reason why they should not be asked."

"Certainly," said I, "the costume must have been quite charming."

"Let me show it to you," she said, and ran upstairs.

"Miss Franks," I said, "why are all you pretty ladies Tories?"

"I am neither one nor the other—didn't I tie white and black bow-knots on my poodle at the Meschianza and set him loose among the British officers?"

"Miss Franks," I said, "tell me your honest opinion of this Meschianza."

"Well you know," said she, "what the old major of artillery said. I asked him the difference between the Knights of the Burning Mountain and the Blended Rose. 'Child,' said he, 'the one are Tom-fools and the others d—d fools'—I know no other."

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I was not prepared to hear such strong language from the mouth of an unmarried lady and while I was considering my retort, the youngest Miss Shippen reappeared with a painted drawing. It was her own portrait in the Meschianza dress. As I noticed that she appeared to value it highly, I asked who it was by. "Major André," she said with a blush, and then hastened to add, "you know he was our master of ceremonies." To cover her confusion, I asked how many there were. She said about fifty ladies. The proceeds of the entertainment (I did not know there had been proceeds) were given to the widows and orphans of the soldiers.

Thinking of our own entertainment, I asked if fifty were all. "Oh," she said, "you know I mean the young ladies. The others were married ladies. Many of the young ladies too had gone from the city, and what remained were of course in great demand."

"And the gentlemen?"

"The only American gentlemen present were aged noncombatants; our young men you know, General Arnold, were generally Whigs."

"Then," I said, "why should we not make the same distinction?"

"And exclude all young ladies you mean? I hardly think you would get on so well without them."

"Well, my dear," I said—the disparity in our ages justified this address—"at least I will promise you two an invitation, and my friend Miss Chew there."

"Oh, I am asked already," Miss Shippen said, "it is for the others I speak. You know I myself did not go to the Meschianza after all."

"Then after all, I am speaking to a little patriot."

"I must not claim a credit that I do not deserve,"

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she said. "Papa and Mamma would not let me go. They thought it was too gay for me. Besides, none of the wives of the British officers were present, save Miss Auchmuty, the new bride of Captain Montresor."

After a few more speeches I took my leave.

And indeed both public and private business kept my mind full of more important matters. I had at this time definitely made up my mind to retire from the army, take up a grant of land in the West, which I was sure I could get, and there settle, plant and bring up a colony which should be a credit and a benefit to my country. Washington assured me I could have such a grant, either in Western New York or beyond the mountains in Virginia. The western reserve, north of the Ohio, was claimed by my native state of Connecticut, and I confess I had little desire to submit myself to their jurisdiction. I had some correspondence with the Commander-in-Chief on this point, but he begged me repeatedly to stay with the army until the end of the war. If however, I was to live in the capital city, maintain open house at my own expense at a standard adequate to the entertainment of all the foreign generals and French Marquises that were coming over on every ship, it was essential that I should add to my means, for it was certain that Congress would never repay me. The best I could hope would be to get arrears of my own back pay in their paper money. Of course I saw much of Robert Morris, the banker. It is not too much to say that his financial ability made the carrying on of the war possible. When the credit of the Congress and the Continental Government itself failed, he would put out his own paper instead, and this the

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public were more than willing to take. Thus in a sense he indorsed or guaranteed the Revolution; noble and public spirited conduct, on a large scale of the same sort as I had been blamed for, and was certainly attacked for when I had guaranteed our purchases both in Montreal and Philadelphia. Morris, although he afterward went to a debtor's prison and I believe died there, was at that time reputed to be and was I believe enormously wealthy. He was a merchant, of course, and something of a banker; but it was well known that the bulk of his large fortune had been made in privateering, or in taking shares in prize ventures. One day, when dining with him, as my sister Hannah had written that at present there were no more supplies to come from Connecticut, the last schooner having returned from the West Indies, and she in fear of the British fleet to sail any more, Morris himself suggested to me this method of recouping my fortune.

A proper occasion soon presented itself. The British sloop *Active* sailed from Jamaica for New York on the 1st of August, and in the crew were four good Americans, one Gideon Olmstead, a plain seaman, and three others. Near Cape Charles they fell in with two British cruisers, which informed them of the evacuation of Philadelphia. Hearing of this, these four Americans were bold enough to form a plan for the recapture of the vessel. They actually fell upon the captain, mate and passengers, confined them in the cabin, with the rest of the crew, by piling a cable on the stairway, and all this without firing a shot, for they had no powder, with which both officers and crew below were well provided. So the captain from the hold threatened to blow up the deck. The four

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Yankees were naturally afraid that if this happened they would be taken to New York and hanged; and a truce was finally agreed upon by which they were allowed to escape privately toward land in a small boat. But before this was carried out the Pennsylvania brig *Convention* fell in with the *Active* and captured her, and brought her with her cargo of rum and coffee, passengers, crew and mutineers to Philadelphia; and of course claimed prize money, as did a privateer from Philadelphia called the *Gerard*, which merely happened to be in the neighboring seas at the time. There was no question but what the real persons entitled to prize money were the four brave sailors who had captured the ship, but being poor and not having good lawyers, the first court only awarded the sailors one-quarter, the other three-quarters going to the *Convention* and the *Gerard*. In despair they sought my interference, and believing them to be in their right, I purchased their claim at their own price. I was justified by the fact that then the Congress passed a resolution which revised the decision of the Court of Admiralty and declared that all the prize money should be given to Olmstead and his companions, and the Pennsylvania court was ordered to revoke the decision.

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CHAPTER XXXIV

MY LOVE!

It was not long before I found myself at the Shippen house again. The ladies were all at this time hard to work getting subscriptions to supply destitute soldiers with clothing. I had made this suggestion, giving them something to do rather than think of the balls and dances, and to do them justice they were most diligent. In a few weeks they had raised three hundred and six thousand dollars in paper, equal to seven thousand five hundred pounds gold. The wife of Lafayette contributed one hundred guineas and the Countess of Luzerne six thousand dollars in paper and a hundred and fifty dollars gold. The money thus obtained was employed in furnishing shirts to the army, and many of these garments were made up by the Philadelphia ladies themselves. The French gentlemen were much amused that it had become the practice of marking or embroidering their initials on each shirt, with the date and perhaps a patriotic motto, —but the French have ever curious minds where their relations with ladies are concerned! I found Miss Shippen busy with these matters,—I mean Miss Peggy. I had been impressed by her wit, since she was by no means gay and frivolous, but seemed particularly devoted to her father. Her sisters had gone to the Meschianza, but she stayed at home. I told her that at her intercession we had decided to invite all the Meschianza ladies. Her face blushed with pleasure,

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and I think if she dared she would have grasped my hand. I was rather glad that she did not dare. Then there was a question whether there was any danger that these girls should be given the cold shoulder. Miss Shippen intimated that it would be the worse for those who did; and I confess when I found myself at the ball that night, I thought she was more than right, for the Meschianza ladies looked differently habited from those who had gone into the country following the army; they had assumed the high headdress, which was the British fashion and, as they belonged to the wealthier classes, their gowns were superior, and it was evident they had more usage in society. I have poor André's sketch before me as I write; the high coiffure rose, I should fancy, above cushions, with the turban of gauze and spangles and the ropes of pearls, the two or three telltale pearls at the neck, the low bodice with the bow in front, the wide sash below. Looking through the hall casually one could immediately perceive which were the Tory girls, and which the Whigs,—and the comparison was not to the latter's advantage. But at my own suggestion, at which Miss Shippen seemed very much amused, lots were cast for partners, both factions were soon intermixed, conversation ensued as if nothing but jealousy had ever existed, and all umbrage was forgotten.

I found that I was treated not as master of ceremonies but almost as a royalty at a state ball. The young ladies all courtesied to me, and I had to refrain, at young Chew's hint, from bowing too low in reply. "They like it," he said, "They like it. You must remember that nothing pleases an Englishwoman more than to back to the wall of the room, courtesying be-

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fore some chit of a peer's daughter, whom she wishes to go out before her." I did not wholly like the comparison; in fact, with my democratic ways, I soon found so much distinction rather a nuisance. Toward the end of the evening, as the ball grew more informal, I found myself again near the youngest Miss Shippen, and asked if I might be her partner. "You should have thought of that before you made us cast lots," she said. I was nonplussed, but the young fellow who was with her had the grace to disappear; and I sat down and began to talk with her once more. I liked her because unlike all others she never made any attempt to compliment me on my past exploits; so, as she made no effort at conversation, I asked her to point out to me who were the ladies of the Meschianza.

"Our leader," she laughed, "has gone to New York" —(this referred to Miss Auchmuty who had gone off of course with Captain Montresor of the guard). "The Chew girls and my sisters, and Miss Franks, you know. There is Miss White, and Miss Craig, and the handsome dark girl in the corner is Miss Bond; beyond you, her sister; just across from us Miss Smith. Miss Bond, I hear, is engaged to one of your best Generals, Mr. John Cadwalader."

"The King, Miss Shippen," I said, "may address General Washington as Mr. Washington; but we call Mr. Cadwalader General Cadwalader in the army."

"We still call him Mr. Cadwalader in society," she remarked, "or sometimes Jack," but with a charming blush as if she had offended me she went on: "Miss Smith's Knight was the cavalry leader Tarleton. You will hear of him again I think." (I did indeed.) "Miss Sally Chew's, Lieutenant Hobart. Miss N. White's, the Honorable Captain Cathcart."

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"And who might have been yours?" "You know I did not go. Mine might have been Lieutenant Withian."

"But who was he, your knight, I mean?"

"That, sir, is a question you should never ask a lady."

"Were they all subalterns?" I said. "Whom did Major André dance with?"

I am ever quick in my social perception, especially where women are concerned; and I could not but feel she took some slight umbrage at this.

"With Miss Peggy Chew, I believe," she said, but just then her young squire came up, and she gave him her hand for a minuet,—for I hardly thought it consistent with my dignity to dance, even if my wounded leg permitted; and as I was bitterly reflecting how, when young, we do not get the ladies' favor, for want of achievement, and after we have won achievement, the first youthful spark may carry her away from us,—when one of my aides came and told me I was needed at headquarters. So I left the ball to busy myself with the affairs of my country; but I understood that they had kept it up till morning.

I found trouble enough when I went back to Government House to entitle me to the little relaxation I took in the pleasant society at the Chews and the Shippens. The fair sex have a most extraordinary faculty not only in tactfully justifying a man to himself, but reminding him that there is another world than that of sordid affairs and that the present moment is the only one we live in. I had hardly got over my first clash with the Council, represented by Joseph Reed, when I found the newspapers, which had been loyal during the occupation, now with the Whigs in

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their manifestations of dislike to me. The Whig papers charged me with the fault that I did not seize and capture all Royalist property and effects and banish or imprison the owners, and there were none but Whig newspapers now. The slanders caused by these newspapers' writers who were patriots but for what they were in it, would hardly be believed in this country. St. Clair had been charged with treason, also Schuyler himself, for having surrendered Ticonderoga against a certain number of silver bullets,—the foundation for this story being that one silver bullet had been discovered on the person of a British spy, who was promptly hanged for it. Washington himself was being continually intrigued against. His example ought to have been consoling to me, but being younger and of hotter blood, I fear it was not. The morning after the ball I found the newspapers had a new grievance against me—that I had used some of the carts and teams which I had commanded for revictualling the army for the transportation of some of my private effects. In the first place I had not done so, and in the second place it was a lie—I mean it would have been quite justifiable, my effects having been transported as the effects of a general in the Continental Army.

The difference between the world in which moved the Chews and the Shippens and the Franks, and the sordid world of affairs, of petty political intrigue that I found myself confronted with was then borne upon my vision for the first time. Rightly were all civil officers and traders called 'Mohairs' by the British officers. Although I had been in business, I had been at the head of my own business; and my life had really been that of a military man used to command,

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to large and immediate views, to strong action and a sacrifice of petty details,—perhaps some would say, scruples. I was doing what was necessary for the country, but I found myself checked at every point by some petty magistrate or an attorney to split straws and raise technicalities. But alas, I did not realize how the aggregate of petty spites may make a thunderstorm indeed.

So I found myself going oftener and oftener to the houses of gentlemen and ladies for my consolation. Miss Franks was always the most amusing. Then there was a perfectly beautiful Miss Vining, who was afterward highly admired at the Court of Marie Antoinette of France, and, of course, my friends the Shippens and the Chews. I inquired a little as to the history and circumstances of some of them. Edward Shippen, the ancestor of my friends, had been Mayor of the City nigh a hundred years before, having fled from Boston where he had suffered persecution from the Puritans for being a Quaker. I had some sympathy with him in this. He was said to have been the biggest man and had the biggest house and biggest carriage in all Philadelphia. The Governor's house had disappeared; but the famous house and orchard outside the town built on an eminence overlooking the city, yellow pines shading the rear, a green lawn extending in the front, with a view unobstructed to the Delaware Shore, with its gardens, its summer-house, its tulips, its roses, its lilies, made a most attractive resort for the wearied statesmen.

Here I betook myself the next afternoon, and was told by the old white-haired colored butler that the young ladies "was in the garden." I wandered to

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the summer house, but there only found my lively friend Miss Franks. She was full of the news of the battle of Monmouth and of General Charles Lee's behavior. We knew that the British army was in retreat, for eight hundred of Clinton's men had deserted, of whom seventy had arrived in Philadelphia on the fourth of July, the very day of the second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Congress had recommended that there should be no illumination on the evening of the 4th owing to the scarcity of candles and the intense heat of the weather, but made provisions for a decent entertainment at the City Tavern. I brought this news to Miss Franks with at the same time an invitation to her and I trusted her friends, to attend the entertainment in question. I told her that I thought Lee little better than a traitor and believed he had caused himself to be captured on purpose at Basking Ridge. "I have little doubt of it," said she. "You heard of his green breeches patched with leather? I have always noticed that when a man gets untidy in his person, his morals have gone long before." I said I had never heard of the incident in question.

"Well," she said, "he took the trouble to write me a letter about it, stating that they were not green breeches, but actually legitimate sherryvallies, such as His Majesty of Poland wears, who let me tell you, has made more fashions than all your Knights of the Meschianza put together." (Sherryvallies are a kind of long breeches reaching to the ankle with a broad stripe of leather on the inside of the thigh for the convenience of riding.) *

"Well," I said, "I have heard of some Tory ladies

* See *United States Magazine* for January, 1779.—Ed.

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having nothing on their feet at all. Colonel Stewart yesterday——"

"Jack Stewart never told you anything of the sort," interrupted she. "What he meant was a caricature, a manikin that we saw from the window yesterday. We heard a crowd jeering in the street, and sure enough they had a stuffed figure of a Tory belle, her skirts ragged and her feet bare. He said something about her being equipped altogether in the English fashion, and I told him that though the style of her head was British, her shoes and stockings were genuine continental."

Now there was something provoking about this young woman. I did not know whether she was Tory or Whig, and she was already reported engaged to the British Colonel, Sir George Johnston. I was well aware that in the highest circles in which I now moved, less attention was paid to propriety both of costume and of manners than in our middle class New England communities. I therefore made bold to pull from my pocket a copy of the United States *Gazette* I had been reading up in my chariot on the way out. "Here's what they say of the Tories: 'Ladies are accused of robbing their breasts of gauze and muslins for the use of their heads, with quilts and supernumerary upper petticoats for the cushions of their hair—above, their heads tower to the extremity of the fashion, below, a single petticoat leaves them as lank as rats.' Surely our continental ladies showed you nothing of that sort the other night?"

"Perhaps their figures are too wasted," retorted Miss Franks. "But as for the head dress, it is French; and we are in a French alliance. And as for continental ladies, you look at Mrs. Anne

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Willing Bingham when she comes to the dance to-night."

"We shall all be there to give a kindly greeting to the British prisoners."

Now I knew that there were a number of flirts in Philadelphia, equally famed for their want of modesty as for their want of patriotism, who were giving triumph and comfort to these redcoated prisoners just arrived from London; also, I had found the luxury prevailing in Philadelphia far ahead of that which had impressed me even in Boston. General Greene and I had dined at one table where there were one hundred and sixty dishes; at one dance they spent eight hundred pounds in pastry; tea was given unblushingly, sometimes from a punch bowl,—and there was no lack of punch nor Madeira either. But I could not be countryman enough to explain to this experienced girl about luxury; while woman's dress as a subject was always most safe and interesting. The heat of the summer house was most oppressive, and as Miss Franks leaned her chin upon her hand her light sleeve slipped from her arm and revealed a most beautiful elbow, with no sharp point, but a dimple at the end. I made bold to show her another passage from the newspaper; "The display of a beautiful elbow is now becoming an old fashion, and some dashing belles intend to introduce a display of a finely shaped knee."

"That will be no difficulty," she answered undisturbed. "I made a verse upon it last night:

> 'Their elbows naked now we view,
> I'd almost said, their bodies too,
> For many filled, 'tis said, with pride
> Have laid their underclothes aside.
> Such antique dress they do despise
> And naught but gauze and muslin prize.'"

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I saw that the fair Jewess was quite a match for me at this conversation, and she must have divined it, for after a brief pause,—which I cannot attribute to embarrassment on her part,—she cried,

"I see you've come for Peggy, I'll run and fetch her." As a man of truth I could not deny it, but I said,

"Pray do not disturb her on my account."

"Oh, but 'twere a pity for her to lose so fine a gentleman caller," she laughed. But I went with her, and we soon found two of the sisters on a lower terrace by the river.

There is a strange instinct in women which makes them quite conscious of the one in the company to whom the man present most inclines. With no suggestion on my part, the elder sister and Miss Franks pretty soon went back to the summer house, and we walked as slowly as my lame leg required in the twilight down by the river. Her manner was gentle, I had almost said reverent, and though of course it would not have been seemly for her to take my arm, under the pretense of supporting me, her little hand rested lightly on my elbow. I had something to ask and did not know how to go about it. Though a war-worn General, I was shy with this girl of nineteen; or was it that I was humbly conscious that I was nearly double her age, and a widower with three children at that? Of course I know now that I was in love with her, but I did not know it then. Still I hesitated like a schoolboy about the question I would put. Clumsily at last I turned the conversation on the Meschianza after having got her promise to come to the ball that night. Then I asked her, "Is it true that your device was a bay-leaf and your motto 'Unchangeable'?"

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"I have told you that I did not go," she said. "Those were Major André's."

It was insufferable how this man's name recurred. By this time I had sketched his entire character and drawn a picture of him. Indeed Miss Franks had maliciously shown me one in the Shippen house. It was a rough miniature of a young man, hardly over twenty-one, extraordinarily good-looking, with large and tender brown eyes. Now it had been rumored to me that this man André was a spy upon the land, that he had acted in that capacity for General Gage about Boston. Certainly he had the appearance of pretty carefully studying the country that day that he had passed through New Haven. And Congress urged me to adopt stringent measures for the suppression of treason and disloyalty in Philadelphia; and indeed, on that very day I had ordered the arrest of one Verner and Spangler, and, also under their orders, Colonel Flower, Commissioner General of our army. They bade fair to anticipate the Reign of Terror.

"Well," I said, "since he's a friend of yours I trust he will keep away from Philadelphia. I held a court martial on two of his officers to-day and they were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, also one Ford who had deserted after the battle of Monmouth." I thought her adorable complexion was a shade paler.

"Alas Sir," she said, "I fear the Whigs but thirst for vengeance. The Tories must trust to your justice and your honor: I have heard how you interceded with Congress for Rhodes and Gandy. I have heard of your generosity to the children of General Warren."

How could she have heard of this? It was a private matter, hardly known to any but my intimate friends.

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A divine glow thrilled through me as I reflected that she must have taken the trouble to inquire particularly about my concerns. Doubtless then also she knew of my marriage and of my family of children!

I was emboldened. "My dear Lady," I said, "no man who may at any moment leave three boys of his own orphans, but must have compassion for others. Moreover, Warren was a brave gentleman and my loyal friend." I might have gone further, but just then Judge Shippen came to join us, and the interest of our conversation was ended. The Judge (afterward Chief Justice) was ever careful not to talk politics with me. So after a few desultory remarks about the ball that night, I had my chariot called and took my leave.

I do not know whether at the ball word had been passed around by the fair Polly, but the Tory ladies turned out in force, and as if to show the high fashions to we conventional Americans, the revelations of costume were indeed limited only by the essentials. Mrs. Anne Willing Bingham in particular! Even the by no means Puritan, Harrison Gray Otis, wrote home to his wife: "A bill for divorcing Maria Bingham has passed both houses at Lancaster, where Mr. Bingham now is. She was, however, every day walking with her mother while this business was pending and in a dress which you will hardly believe it possible for a lady to wear, at least at this season. A muslin robe and her chemise, and no other article of clothing upon her body. I have been regaled with the sight of her whole legs for five minutes together, and do not know 'to what height' the fashion will be carried. The particulars of her dress I have from old Mrs. F——, who assures me that her chemise is

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fringed to look like a petticoat." Even some of the unmarried girls, Miss Vining, my friend Miss Franks, were almost as frank in their disclosure of charms. I was relieved to note my dear Peggy dressed maiden-like, with only such concession to the prevailing fashions as was necessary to prevent her from appearing out of mode.

Now it was the custom in those days for each lady to have a partner with whom she danced the whole evening. I naturally hesitated to confine a young woman to a continual seat, for I would not limp through a minuet. Miss Franks engaged me to the last moment, when her partner came. They nearly all were paired off. I could hardly credit my eyes when I saw the youngest Miss Shippen sitting alone in a distant corner. My heart gave a leap as I thought that no other man could have viewed her with my eyes, for in my jealousy, I wanted no one to find her lovely but myself. Even André with his twenty years advantage of me, was for the moment forgotten. I hastened to cross the rapidly emptying ballroom, and with as low a bow as I was capable of, besought her company for the evening. With an adorably heightening color her eyes met mine. They were gray-blue, like a mountain range, as changeable as its surface, as I many a time found afterward, but with all as truthful as the sky it reflected. She murmured something as she took my arm. Could it be the words, "I hoped that you would come"? I hardly dared hope so. However, her light hand lay in mine and I led her to the banquet-room, and then soon to a balcony above the stairs, whence we could hear the distant sounds of the music, for I told her that my steps would follow her, but were not yet for dancing.

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All the doubts, all the wickedness of the world, the intrigues of enemies, the troubles of my fortunes, were forgotten when by this fair creature's side. Herself was such that naught else mattered. I shall not set down our courtship for the general reader; but I do write these few lines in the hope that she may some day read them after I am gone and be pleased thereat. And so I shall say no more of what happened on that evening. She will remember, and I shall never forget—in the next world if I go first, or in this, if I have the misfortune to outlive her.

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CHAPTER XXXV

I TRY TO MAKE MY FORTUNE

I WOKE up the next morning late and dreaming, I leave my first and dearest reader to imagine of whom; but as what I write, though meant first for her to read, is finally to vindicate me before the world, I beg her not to feel wounded when I set down that I also had other dreams. Toward the dawn, when one's sleep grows more troubled, and the worries of the day begin, I found myself not only thinking of my own unworthiness to ask her to share my doubtful fortune, to link her fair young life to mine, already scarred and weary, but more dreadful than all this, the hateful suggestion of my common sense that her heart could hardly still be free,—so wonderful a lady, the toast of all officers among fair women of whom she had been the fairest flower, and not unknown, but the chosen partner (as alas! I knew) of him who was perhaps the most attractive of all the brilliant courtiers that came with Howe, and the most likely to sway a maiden's heart. I found myself in my waking hours turning and turning over in my mind the possibility of there being something between these two already. I was a gentleman, not a Yankee, to ask continual questions; and I had known better than to ask her a further word about her relations with Major André. Indeed I may say that in all the ensuing months, until the tragedy that linked our fate together, his name was never mentioned between us. But alas! I was too much a

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man of the world not to know that this was not by any means the best sign. She might have spoken of him often and naturally as she did of many another. Impatiently I rose from my couch; the birds were already singing in the garden behind the house; I wished that they might meet with their songs the songs of hers in that fair garden miles away beside the river.

And then I found a lot of vexing affairs of State awaiting me, before I had even had my breakfast; complaints of tradesmen, charges of Whigs, piteous appeals of Tories, accusations of enemies, applications for place, possession, power, troublous news from my own business ventures, nothing heard of this schooner or that privateer, nothing from New Haven, nothing from Robert Morris, anonymous letters from enemies, and last of all an annoying leading article in the morning *Gazette* complaining of my attitude toward the State Government, (what government had they, forsooth, in Philadelphia before I had got there?), evidently written by Joseph Reed, the President of the Council. He had already made one charge openly against me, and I suspected him or his adherents of inspiring others. The man who would be just in this world gets but kicks and slanders from both sides. All I had to do was but to join him in his fanaticism, to persecute the poor people, mostly women and children, who were left by their Tory husbands and fathers in the town, to truckle before Congress, to gain the promotion I deserved.

Getting rid of my business as best I could, I wandered to the garden. Ah, how I yearned to see the fair girl I had only left a few hours before! Doubtless she was still asleep, and I could not go to her until

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the afternoon. Moreover I must do my duty: and this thought of the world's affairs brought back again my horrid doubts about this André. I suspected that he had the art of a spy; but I knew he had the genius of a poet and the person of a knight irresistible to fair ladies. I had heard some story of his intrigues, even in Philadelphia and I had heard of his traversing our lines in disguise before Bunker Hill. Just then, by good fortune, on his way to take his seat in Congress (July 7), my good friend Elias Boudinot appeared, with a budget of news from the army and full of gossip as usual,—how Lee had bidden Laurens retract his words and Laurens had told him to take the twa' ends of a handkerchief or have done with it: how Conway and even Gates were in hiding: how Clinton was driven to his coop in New York, and Washington watching like a hawk from the heights of Morristown.

"Boudinot," I said, "did you ever hear of one John André?"

"Major André, you mean? I should think I did; an artful fellow, a very artful fellow, for it was he that offered me ten thousand pounds and a commission, you remember. He has the ear of the General, Howe, and his brother and is a most charming gentleman. You want to look out for him."

"You mean you think he is an intriguer, a spy."

Boudinot laughed. "As for spying," he said, "you know a Philadelphia woman beat him on that game. Surely you have heard of Mistress Lydia Darragh, only last autumn?"

"Last autumn," I said, "I was recovering from a gunshot wound at Saratoga."

"I beg your pardon," said Boudinot, "Well, it was

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in September, I think, after the unfortunate battle of Germantown. The American army lay sometime at Whitemarsh. I was then Commissary General of prisoners, as you know, and managed the intelligence of the army. One morning I was reconnoitring along the line near the City of Philadelphia. I dined at a small inn at Rising Sun, a village, you know, only three miles out. After dinner a poor, little, insignificant old woman came in and begged leave to go out into the country to buy some flour. While we were asking some questions, she walked up to me and put in my hand a dirty old needle book with various small pockets in it. I was surprised; naturally I had no use for it. I asked her to return, however, and she should have an answer. I had the curiosity to open the needle book and could find nothing but needles, until I got to the inside pocket where was a piece of paper, rolled into the form of a pipe shank. On unrolling it, I found information that General Howe was coming out the next morning with five thousand men, thirteen pieces of cannon, baggage wagons and eleven boats on wagon wheels. I jumped on a horse and rode to headquarters, where Washington received the intelligence with more thoughtfulness than even I had given it, but was of the opinion that while undoubtedly true, Howe's design was to cross the Delaware under pretense of going to New York, then in the night recross above Bristol and come upon our rear, and this attack was, you know, in fact made the next day. Now that information came from Lydia Darragh, and it was at her house that André lodged while in Philadelphia.

"When she got back after the attack was repulsed, André came into her room that night, being as is his wont on excellent terms with her, and inquired if any

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of her family were up the night before. She said that all had retired at 8 P. M., which was true. André said, 'It's very strange how Mr. Washington could have obtained information of our attack. I know you were asleep, Lydia, for I rapped three times before you waked up, and we were certainly betrayed. Washington was prepared at every point to receive us, and we had to march back to town like a parcel of fools.'

"André," concluded Boudinot, "was not much of a spy in that case. Indeed I am inclined to think that he is rather a gentleman. As for Lydia, by the Commander-in-Chief's recommendation, she was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life, and had conferred upon her the commission of Sargeant, so she is now Sargeant Darragh, very much at your service if you want to know who the Tories are. But I am come upon more important business."

I looked up.

"You are surrounded by enemies here," he said.

"I am surrounded by enemies everywhere," I replied.

"Well," he said, "but I mean particularly now and here in Philadelphia. Charles Lee has been down to see Joseph Reed, who owes you some grudge for something that happened in Cambridge. Has he seen you?"

"No," I said, "and I shall countersign my sentries against him."

"Well," he said, "he believes you have more influence with Washington than anybody here, except perhaps Reed, and if he asks you to intercede for him with the Chief, I authorize you to tell him what Lee himself told me at Valley Forge—that he found the Army in a worse situation than he expected and that

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General Washington was not fit to command a Sargeant's Guard! You may also tell him that we know that he has been in correspondence with Howe, not after, but before his disgrace at Monmouth. I have reason to believe that he intended to betray us there and hoped for our defeat; but when he learned that the command of the advance guard had been given to Lafayette, he knew that he was a man who would fight, so he appealed to Washington, and got it back again. You know that Reed attacked him and he replied in print in the Trenton *Gazette*. I have no doubt Reed is loyal; I certainly hope so; but what do you think of a man who poses as the best friend of Washington who engaged in correspondence with a disgraced general, suspected of being a traitor, whom Washington himself has just cursed and sent to the rear, and allows him to write to him: 'This is my recompense for having twice extricated Washington from perdition and now I have given him the only victory he ever tasted. No attack it seems can be made on him, if the circle which surrounds him choose to erect him into an infallible Divinity; but if, great as he is, he attempt to tarnish my name, he must thank his priests if his Deityship gets scratched in the scuffle.' Damn the cur!"

"I am in no danger from Charles Lee," I said.

"Well," said the good Boudinot, "at all events have no quarrel with Joe Reed. He may be a public friend, but I know him to be in private an implacable and malignant enemy, to all who offend him. Remember he is the head of the civil government of this great Commonwealth and now, into the bargain, has got himself into Congress; he married in London, was the friend and correspondent of Lord Dartmouth

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himself before the war and, for aught I know, is still; and is jealous of you as a military adventurer."

"The term he used was 'baseborn adventurer,'" said I. "Do not mince matters, Boudinot. I have a secret service of my own."

"Well, forget it if you can," said he, and with a laugh the good man departed, but turned to say: "He says you yourself have been giving passes to New York."

"And why not? Only one, to a young woman, a Miss Levy."

But the very next week (August 13) I received an order to recall all passes, from Congress itself. And I saw indeed that Reed had got their ear.

On the 2nd of July the Continental Congress had felt emboldened to meet once more in Philadelphia; the next week the articles of confederation engrossed on parchment had been signed by eight states; on the 8th of July the French fleet anchored in the Bay, just ten days too late to cut off Lord Howe's retreat,—Queen Marie Antoinette herself having ordered the expedition. And on the 12th Wayne, hearing of our gayeties, wrote to my good friend Peters, War Secretary— "Tell the Philadelphia ladies that the heavenly, sweet, pretty redcoats, the Knights of the Burning Rose and Blended Mountain, have resigned their laurels to Rebel officers, who will lay them at the feet of those virtuous daughters of America who cheerfully gave up ease and affluence in a city for Liberty and peace of mind in a cottage."

Sunday, the 6th of August, was the day of the formal reception by Congress to Gerard, the French Ambassador, at which of course I assisted as the military Governor of the City. It was a very marked impres-

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sion that my adored one made upon the French noblemen and officers,—to me an unquiet distress that added ardor to my pursuit. I wrote to Washington begging for a command in the navy. "My wounds," I said, "are in a fair way and less painful than usual, though there is little prospect of my being able to be in the field for a considerable time; and my being wounded would not be so great an objection as it would to remaining in the army. I am sensible of my inability and of the great hazard and fatigue attending the office, and that I should enjoy much greater happiness in a retired life, but still my wishes to serve my country have had greater weight with me than domestic happiness for many years." Perhaps I should not have written so decidedly about domestic happiness. Anyhow, nothing came of it. Washington, in his reply, professed his ignorance of naval affairs; and my rapidly increasing interest in domestic affairs, in the city of Philadelphia, caused me not to press the application. I consoled myself by increasing my privateering ventures.

It was about this time that I had a piece of apparent good fortune, which, as is so often the case with the ardent and sanguine, by leading me to rely too much upon it, involved me in still greater misfortune. In the case of the *Active*, in which it will be remembered I had now a sole interest in the prize money, Congress ordered the Court of Admiralty of Pennsylvania to revoke their decision, and execute their resolution, under which the money was paid to the poor sailors of whom I was the assignee. Matters were already somewhat strained between myself and the civil government, or rather Mr. Joseph Reed, when the City Judge Ross actually refused to obey this decree

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of Congress, declaring that there was no appeal from the Admiralty Court of Pennsylvania to the Congress of the United States, and I suddenly saw myself cut off from this money upon which I had counted. Regretfully, therefore, I had to continue in my civil government, for which I had little taste, and engage still more in mercantile affairs, usually hastening, as soon as my business was despatched, to my afternoon walks with my betrothed. The nights were full of pleasure, which I was glad to share with her, as I saw how much they added to her enjoyment. The relaxation was great, and although some captious critics complained that the young ladies of Philadelphia had lost their charms by over familiarity with the fashionable ways of the British officers, it struck me they were rather enhanced by a conscious knowledge of the ways of the great world. Private theatricals were again taken up, naturally under my patronage. It was my duty to see that no unfavorable comparisons were drawn between the gayety of life under a free country and that of a colonial government. Yet I heard that Mr. John Adams writing to Boston, presumed to criticise me on this score, not indeed mentioning me by name, as he dared not, but only as a "certain general."

Now the Shippens were what I call moderate Tories. While strongly opposed to the Declaration of Independence, they would nevertheless have deemed it dishonorable to lend active aid to the ministerialists. They certainly thought our alliance with France was wrong, and that we should have instead accepted the liberal proposals of Lord North. The Declaration of Independence, they said, would never have been made had it been supposed that the constitutional liberties

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of the American people could otherwise be secured. Even Samuel Adams admitted this; and, of course, it was my own view. My victory at Saratoga had driven the British government to pledge itself to concede them once and for ever. Why not be magnanimous in our hour of triumph? Why subject the country to a terrible strain for years more in the hopeless effort to secure a final result, which even Washington only three years ago had regarded as undesirable? Should we reject the overtures of our kinsmen, and cast our lot with a catholic and despotic power, ever the deadliest foe of the English speaking people?

No one in Philadelphia kept a finer stable of horses, or gave more costly dinners than I did, and this perhaps for a private as well as a public reason of state. My nature was warm, impulsive and impressible, and I found my place for the first time in the society of red-blooded people, gentle folk, magnanimous with the usage of the great world, a happy contrast to the narrowness of the Puritans. I was particular to invite our Tory friends, for I supposed that the country knew well enough that the Whigs were with us anyhow. Yet for this, I was termed little better than a "pert Tory" myself.

Among the Whigs Robert Morris was the most intimate friend of my great Commander-in-Chief; and as he, like myself, though in a smaller way, had devoted his credit and fortune to the American cause, I naturally had his sympathy. Morris too had been opposed to the Declaration of Independence and was opposed to the unnatural alliance with France. As I naturally could not discuss politics with Tory sympathizers, and the extreme Whigs were impossible, I found myself often at Mr. Morris' table, and as I

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have intimated, he assisted me with his advice how better to repair my damaged fortune. Like him, I engaged in some business ventures besides taking some underwriting risks, which in those days it was customary for every gentleman to do, and I helped to fit out a few privateers. He also warned me that this Reed, President of the Council, which sapient body had now ventured back to Philadelphia, had complained of my demeanor to him on one or two occasions. To tell the truth, I had not realized that he professed to be the head of the civil government, which under English constitutional doctrine, is, in time of peace at least, always superior to military; I may have treated him as an interloping and meddlesome civilian, which he was. It never does to disdain any enemy, however bitter, especially if malicious. Mr. Morris warned me one day that Reed was spreading slanders against my conduct of the city government, and especially my order closing the shops. One of the newspapers bore an allusion one day to the use of the government wagons in moving stores. This, you will remember, had been done primarily to revictual and resupply the army. Incidentally, I had permitted some of the empty carts to bring back loads from the direction of New York to the City, and had made no particular distinction whether the loads belonged to Whigs or to deserving and unoffending Tories. One Jesse Jordan drew back a train of twelve public wagons from Egg Harbor. I did not at the time know that this was a convenient point where the traffic between the British army and the Philadelphia Tories was carried on. I was honest in supposing the goods to be bona fide household goods belonging to noncombatants, and of course when they came to the

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city they were taken by their respective owners and not placed in the public store.

But the first thing I knew was that Joseph Reed made public complaint of this, and claimed that I should repay not only the actual money spent for the hiring of the teams, but the total value of the cartage to the owners. The next thing that I heard was that there had been an attack made, oddly enough by Major André, on Egg Harbor, which however we had beaten off. This should have aroused my suspicion; perhaps it did, but I did not see how a gentleman was bound to inquire too closely into a few miserable packages of dresses and supplies that the ladies, my good friends, in Philadelphia, had forwarded to them by their friends in New York. My aide, Franks, was a gentleman, and brother to the fair Rebecca, and upon my saying something to him of it, he said that while he could of course ask Miss Becky what had been in the carts, his opinion was that as a lady and his sister he would not get the truth from her in reply. "I suspect," he said, "it is principally tea."

Now I had had to wink at tea served in punch-bowls, or in place of coffee, in the society in Philadelphia, well knowing it had paid no duty to His Majesty; so I treated Mr. Joseph Reed's aspersions with the contempt their pettiness deserved. Meantime I went on with my privateering adventures, sometimes on Morris' advice, sometimes without. I had the power to issue passes for our ships or letters of marque, and of course I did so, for my own as well as those belonging to others, and Mr. Joseph Reed, Colonel he now called himself, also made complaint of this. And this was the same Reed that had written in August, 1775, "But for the gunpowder that Arnold sent from

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Crown Point, we had been lost. The whole powder of the army was in the cartridge boxes, and there not twenty rounds to a man!" John Adams had called him to my friend Warren, "a delegate of great fortune and piddling genius," and for once an Adams was right. Washington had written him, of me, when I was continuing the blockade of Quebec, "Under the heaviness of our loss there, it is a most favorable circumstance and exhibits a fresh proof of Arnold's ability and perseverance in the midst of difficulties." Reed had himself approved the closing of the shops; and it was at my suggestion, not his, that I had called a meeting on the 22nd of June of all the inhabitants to see who would be disposed to act as volunteers and reinforce Washington by following the rear of the British army; and had indeed secured the services of a small detachment for that purpose,—as much patriotism as was then left in Philadelphia—and Reed himself went with it, under my orders; so he ought to have been my friend.

But I heard that one of the royal commission, Sir George Johnstone, had been in correspondence with him, through his father-in-law, one De Berdt, who lived in London. I was favored with a sight of his correspondence, and I quote its final sentence,—"The man who can be instrumental in bringing us all once more in harmony and to unite together the various powers which this contest has drawn forth will deserve more from the King and the people than ever was yet bestowed on human kind."

This letter had been shown to Washington and his family at the camp at Valley Forge; and at his suggestion a courteous but decided answer sent in reply. Mentioning this one day to Mr. Morris, that gentle-

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man showed me a letter of which the following is an extract:

"I believe," says Sir George Johnstone, "the men who have conducted the affairs of America incapable of being influenced by improper motives; but in all such transactions there is risk, and I think that, whoever ventures should be secured, and honor and emoluments follow the fortunes of those who have steered the vessel in the storm and brought her safely to port. I think that Washington and Mr. Laurens have a right to every favor that grateful nations can bestow, if they could once more unite our interest and spare the miseries and devastations of war."

Morris was strongly of the opinion that this was reasonable and that we ought to do it. He asked me to think about it.

Now I detested the French alliance as much as I detested the French officers whom I met in society, perhaps none the less that they carried all before them with our belles. Everyone else to whom I spoke was of the same opinion in Philadelphia. Mr. Powell, with whom the Earl of Carlisle, the other commissioner, had stayed, told me that he had been very polite and acutely conscious of the somewhat extraordinary behavior of being quartered in a gentleman's house without asking his leave, taking possession of all the best apartments and placing a couple of sentries at his doors and using his plate and china, and that he scrupulously visited Mr. and Mrs. Powell every day and talked politics with them. Mrs. Powell was a sister of Thomas Willing, and my lord Carlisle described them to his correspondent George Selwyn as very agreeable, sensible people. Here in London George Selwyn has shown me a letter dated July 22 of that year, from New York, announcing the ill suc-

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cess of his, Carlisle's, mission, and the fact that they were marooned indoors and out by Congress. "We are blocked up by a French fleet of twelve sail on the line, and have Mr. Washington and Mr. Gates upon our backs."

In private life I had never known anyone interfere with other people's disputes but that he heartily repented of it. And those very commissioners were having private correspondence with Joseph Reed all the time, and sending to him as an emissary one Mistress Elizabeth Ferguson,—of whom more anon. My good friend General Green told me that Reed had written to him, complaining that I "made a public entertainment the night before last, of which not only common Tory ladies, but the wives and daughters of persons proscribed by the state and now with the enemy at New York, formed a very considerable number." Common Tory ladies indeed! but I have fully explained how this came about; and how it was not only necessary but politically advisable, that I should reconcile the warring factions to their united state.

I now for the first time since I had obeyed that hurried call, on New Haven Common, had time to think of my own affairs. Though I was solvent and well-to-do enough for a plain citizen of New Haven, I had to maintain the state of a royal governor. Disappointed in my *Active* prize money, it was no consolation to know that even then there was a conflict between the rebel Admiralty Court and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Indeed Your Majesty may rest assured that the system they have established bears seeds of its own destruction. The government of the more intelligent and prominent classes by an

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unbridled democracy has already shown its evil results in open rebellion in Massachusetts and in western Pennsylvania. The system of divided sovereignty can never work. Sooner or later the State and the central government, or the states among themselves, will be at ears together and probably one side or both will ultimately seek Your Majesty's aid and protection. But to return to my affairs.

Again I applied to Washington for a command in the navy, but he answered pointedly that as long as there was hope that my leg might become well, he could not spare me from service in the army. I then went back to my good friend Robert Morris and sought his help; but not all his speculations were favorable. Alas! indeed, all the world knows that he almost ended his days in a debtor's prison. Such is life! The time-serving sycophant, Joseph Reed, President of Congress, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, rich and prosperous; and the noble, broad minded, free handed patriot, Robert Morris, of whom Washington's own stepson said "to no one else did he give the privilege of the heart," in jail. In 1798, as I heard, when Washington repaired to Philadelphia for the last time, in command of the continental army, to prepare for that war with France which I had apprehended twenty years before, he paid his first visit to the old man's prison house; and there the great Washington wrung the hand of the financier who had made the Revolutionary War possible and successful, and could not give him freedom.

The thirst of the political Whigs for vengeance was almost as great as their greed for the spoils of the Tories. I have mentioned how in August Verner and Spangler were tried by my court martial and

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hanged. Four others, Lieutenant Samuel Lyons and several officers of the Ranger were tried by naval court martial for having deserted to the enemy during the attack on Fort Mifflin. Ford, who foolishly returned from the British army, deserting a second time after Monmouth, was also shot. The man who kept the gates under the city was arraigned; a man who had acted a guide for the British army, and several others, poor tradespeople, were convicted and sentenced to be hung. Naturally I got off as many as I could, for these poor civilians were not to be tried by martial standards. Finally however they got hold of two of the Friends, Carlisle and Roberts, and they indeed were hanged; but that woke up the Quakers, and I had some peace thereafter and could exercise more clemency. A vast concourse of people witnessed the funeral and for the first time my attitude met with some sympathy.

The ball to which Joseph Reed so sarcastically alluded, was the ball I had given in honor of the first French minister. What more natural then, than that I should attempt to unite all factions and at the same time show King Lewis's courtiers what we could do, for fair damsels and high bred dames! Indeed more than one of them, as a result of this, afterward became the favorites of the court of Versailles. At this, the first Assembly of Philadelphia, we had cards for those who did not dance, a manager or Master of Ceremonies, the partners' names handed by him in folded billets as usual, each partner sticking to his fair one for the whole evening, as was the custom. And that there was not much Tory about the occasion may be seen from the names of our dances, which were—"The Success of the Campaign," "The Defeat

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of Burgoyne," "Clinton's Retreat" and others; and the Manager of Ceremonies was Colonel Wilkinson himself, my old enemy at Saratoga, who afterward became Clothier-General of the army to succeed Mr. Mease. The Count de Dumas had Mrs. Bingham for a partner, and the Viscount de Noailles Miss Shippen. "He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings," say the Scriptures; and I, whom enemies have called the horse jockey of Montreal, or the druggist of Norwich, sat in a chair upon a raised dais, as was proper, to receive the envoys of his most christian Majesty, with due ceremony; a sight by no means pleasing to Mr. Joseph Reed, who had made some effort to contest my precedence; but being a military ball, he could not—and I had my adored one by my side.

I do not know when I first had the thought I might hope to make her my bride. Was I even then unconsciously seeking to dazzle her, to meet the disparity in her age by the disparity in our stations? for no one in Philadelphia questioned my social pre-eminence. Indeed, her own brother wrote in a letter I have seen, that I was a "fine gentleman"; and her father told his brother, "a certain great General lays close siege to Peggy." I did not miss the codfish aristocracy of Boston any more than I did their narrow Puritan ways. I never could stand the middle classes, but I can always get on with a real aristocracy or the plain people. Sam Adams was horrified and had Congress pass a resolution "to prevent Stage playing and such kind of Diversions as are productive of Vice," writing home to Boston, to Savega, the Massachusetts President of the Board of War: "You must know that in humble imitation, it would seem, of the British

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Army, some of the officers of ours have condescended to act on the Stage; while others and of superior rank (that was me) were pleased to countenance them with their Presence." *

Yet I should not disguise that in Philadelphia I met with a mode of life and a standard that was new to me, and all the more delightful that its manners, like the manners of all good breeding, were simple and easy, neither stilted, nor pompous nor sour. Everybody treated me with deference! I found myself at last in an atmosphere where I was at home. The Whigs knew me for their most dashing and perhaps most successful General; the Tories liked me, for I had never given in unreservedly to the Declaration of Independence; and that I was suspected not to like the French alliance. The French officers courted me for that very reason; yet I shook them all off impatiently for a chance to talk with Margaret.

She will remember how I always resented the nickname "Peggy"—as bringing her into a class with others. I think it was at this very ball that I called her Margaret first. Naturally I sought her, naturally I sought her friends. Mrs. Robert Morris wrote her mother that we were too liberal to make any distinction between Whig and Tory ladies. "If they make any it is in favor of the latter. Such, strange as it may seem, is the way those things are conducted at present in this city! . . . and that I may make some apology for such strange conduct, I must tell you that Cupid has given our little General a more mortal wound than all the hosts of Britain could, unless his

* Ford, *Journals of Cont. Congress* XII, 1001, 1003. 43 Mass. Hist. Soc. 334.—Ed.

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present conduct can expiate for his past. Miss Peggy Shippen is the fair one."

Naturally there was a reaction from Valley Forge. The expense, wasteful as it may have seemed, was in some ways necessary. I had to give a grand banquet to the French Ambassador Monsieur Gerard. On the 23rd of August, the birthday of King Louis XVI, the President and all the Members of Congress in the city called upon him to offer their congratulations; and two days afterward he gave a handsome entertainment in the City Tavern, which I again had to return. No wonder that my father-in-law that was to be, Edward Shippen, wrote to his father that he should be under the necessity of removing from this scene of expense to Lancaster, "for the style of living my fashionable daughters have introduced into my family and their dress will I fear before long oblige me to change the scene. The expense of supporting my family here will not fall short of four or five thousand pounds a year." Madeira was selling at eight hundred pounds a pipe, and other things in proportion, yet we did not stint. Why should we? The end was in sight; moreover we were paying in paper money. The day after this banquet, walking in the garden by the tulips, through the long, dark alleys of box and clipped yew, my dear Margaret promised to become my wife.

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CHAPTER XXXVI

OF MR. JOSEPH REED

I could hardly believe my good fortune. A man that has had nothing but hard knocks from the world, is more than dazzled, he is softened, touched by the good wonder of a fair young lady intrusting him with her care. And my Margaret, though gentle and simple in her taste and ways, was yet of a high family, used to a leading position and to the expenditure, as has been said, of five or ten thousand sterling a year. But now she was to be a greater lady still, the wife of him who was like to a royal governor, and lived in a royal governor's house. But I feared that my affairs were such that I could not long keep up this state, and I could hope for little assistance from Congress; they, ignorant provincials, unacquainted with the great world, did not realize the necessity of decent expenditure and display in matters of state. As they stinted their Ambassadors abroad, so they would stint me. I never got one dollar back of the thousands and tens of thousands that I expended for the cause in Philadelphia in this way. Indeed I never asked for it. But without money, my position must come to an end. In the note I wrote her father after that day in the garden (for I had adopted the American fashion of asking the daughter first), after the happy formality of asking his permission to address his daughter, I said, "My fortune is not large though sufficient (not to depend upon my expectations) to make us both

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happy. I neither expect nor wish one with Miss Shippen. My public character is well known; my private one is, I hope, irreproachable. If I am happy in your approbation of my proposal of an alliance, I shall most willingly accede to any you may please to make consistent with the duty I owe to three lovely children. Our difference in political sentiments will, I hope, be no bar to my happiness. I flatter myself the time is at hand when our unhappy contests will be at an end, and peace and domestic happiness be restored to everyone." For my Margaret, though she never told me, was a Tory at heart; as indeed were most of her family, only not avowedly so. And it was true that we all looked forward to a happy ending to the war at that time, with or without independence.

I may not tell the reader of our happy courtship, of those moments, blessed memory to both of us, into which no stranger may properly intrude. But the formalities of such occasions are, in a sense, public. So I copy here the formal letter I wrote to her, as was the custom, after the answer had been reported: it was written on the 25th of September:

DEAR MADAM:—

Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my heart, a heart which, though calm and serene amid the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with a diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness.

Dear madam, your charms have lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished; your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced.

My passion is not founded on personal charms only; that sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart, that sentiment and sensi-

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bility which so strongly mark the character of the lovely Miss P. Shippen, render her amiable beyond expression, and will ever retain the heart she has once captivated. On you alone my happiness depends, and will you doom me to languish in despair? Shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent and disinterested passion? Do you feel no pity in your gentle bosom for the man who would die to make you happy? May I presume to hope it is not impossible I may make a favorable impression on your heart? Friendship and esteem you acknowledge. Dear Peggy, suffer that heavenly bosom, which cannot know itself the cause of pain without a sympathetic pang, to expand with a sensation more soft, more tender than friendship. A union of hearts is undoubtedly necessary to happiness, but give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the fruit of an alliance founded on a romantic passion, where fancy governs more than judgment. Friendship and esteem founded on the merit of the object, is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon; and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart (unlike yours) must be callous to every tender sentiment, if the taper of sentiment, love, is not lighted up at the flame.

I am sensible your prudence and the affection you bear your amiable and tender parents forbids your giving encouragement to the addresses of anyone without their approbation. Pardon me, dear madame, for disclosing a passion I could no longer confine in my tortured bosom. I have presumed to write to your Papa, and have requested his sanction to my addresses. Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider before you doom me to misery, which I have not deserved but by loving you too extravagantly. Consult your own happiness, and if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself. Whatever my fate may be, my most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessing of heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.

Adieu, dear Madame, and believe me unalterably your sincere admirer and devoted humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

September 25, 1778
Miss Peggy Shippen.

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All love letters are somewhat stereotyped, and I am afraid this is something like a copy of the one I had previously written Miss DeBlois. As a matter of fact, I had pressed her tender form on the evening before, and ventured to snatch a kiss from those fond lips which never were to utter an angry word to mine, and to look into those clear eyes that were destined to be, after a short time, the only light of my life! Therefore, I was far from languishing in despair. But that is the sort of thing we suitors write. Like the family portraits, it looks well and proper in the family collection.

Her father made no other opposition than one based purely on matters of convenience, financial affairs, delay. Still the matter was not openly announced. Even as late as the 21st of December, when Washington was in Philadelphia, I was not permitted to tell him. On that day, Mr. Shippen's other daughter, Betsey, was married to Neddy Burd with great Jollity and mirth, and he wrote to his father, I find, "My youngest daughter is much solicited by a certain General on the same subject. Whether this will take place or not depends upon circumstances. If it should, it will not be until Spring." The reader may easily imagine what those circumstances were; and I bent my best assiduities to alter them. I again thought of my hope of obtaining a grant of land in western New York, and realized the kind of life led by my friend Schuyler in Livingston, the Van Renssalaers and other country gentlemen. For this I was fitted, I knew. As I wrote to Schuyler, my ambition was to be a good citizen, rather than shining in history.

So things went on until, early in December, Joseph Reed succeeded in being made President of the Coun-

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cil. This decided me to leave Philadelphia; and as I was still unfit for active service, I again endeavored to obtain a grant of land in western New York, and on the 1st of January, 1779, set out for Albany to consult with the New York legislature thereabout. My betrothed was rather reluctant, but had brought herself to face exile to the back woods through her love for me. The delegation in Congress from New York took the matter up. John Jay, its President, cordially approved the grant and they wrote a joint letter to Governor Clinton requesting his aid in obtaining the favorable action of the State legislature. "To you, Sir, and to our State," they wrote, "General Arnold can require no recommendation. A series of distinguished services entitle him to respect and favor"; and President John Jay sent me a copy of the letter he wrote, also to Governor Clinton, saying:—

> I wish that in treating with him The Legislature may recollect the services he has rendered to his country, and the value of such a citizen to any State that may gain him. Several other general officers have thoughts of settling in our State, and the prevailing reason they assign for it is the preference for our Constitution to that of other States. They consider it as having the principles of stability and vigor as well as of liberty; advantages which the loose and less guarded kinds of government cannot promise. I have no doubt but that generosity to General Arnold will be justice to the State.

Had this appeal been heeded, what a change had been in history and in my own fortune!

The first act of General Joseph Reed, on being elected President of the Supreme Council, was to see that most of the enemy's property was duly confiscated, among them the estate of Joseph Galloway, the Tory, owning one of the most elegant private houses in

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Philadelphia; and he actually procured an act of the Assembly vesting title to this in him himself as President of the Council, to be occupied as the official residence, or giving him permission,—canny Joe!—if he so preferred, to rent it and take the money for his own use. Yet this is the man who presumed to blame me because I hired, out of my own purse, a house no more splendid than this as my official residence!

This same month, General Washington paid a visit to us at Philadelphia, and I entertained him. Lady Washington came first and was honored by a ball at the City Tavern on the 17th. He arrived on the 22nd, too late in the day to be received by the City Troop, which was never in good condition after dinner, but he participated in a procession of the Free Masons, and the next day returned to New York. Would that at that time I had anticipated Reed's representations, and had a talk with him about them! Reed, I suspect, did. For this Reed, as President of the Council, had a secretary, one Timothy Matlack; and that secretary had a son in the militia, all unbeknown to me. I beg the reader to mark this point. My active A.D.C. was, as I have already said, Major Franks, a Philadelphian, but a Jew, certainly one of the oldest races in the world (to which I suspect the Russells, Bentincks, perhaps the Arnolds and many other noble houses do indeed belong), but the Jews never quite enjoyed the social position in Philadelphia that was accorded to others, although their friends and neighbors. Yet Franks was a Major and my head A.D.C. and as such second in rank in the city at that time. It was his custom to be shaved every morning, and for that purpose to send for a barber who was attached to a neighboring regiment; and one morning in this month of

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December, 1778, (I wish I knew the exact date) he told the housemaid to go to the orderly at the door and ask him to go to this regiment and fetch the barber. A trifling action, yet woven with the fate of nations, and pregnant with the doom of destiny to him who writes these lines! For that order given to young Matlack to fetch a man to shave his townsman Franks, a Jew (there may have been just a touch of social revenge in the errand) came near to give Your Majesty back his Colonies and proved my ruin.

On the 3rd of September, at Washington's request, Congress had ordered the Council of Pennsylvania to call out three hundred of their militia to do guard duty in the City of Philadelphia, and perform "such other military services as may be required of them," as the Continental troops had been sent to join the main army. Reed had opposed this; and the militia were a bitter lot and objected to doing any duty, being indeed pretentious young citizens, too big for their boots; so that the order led to much trouble, and the further exacerbation between me as Military Governor in command and President Joe Reed. Now in our duties of entertainment to our French guests and others, and our general effort to restore brighter times to the City of Philadelphia, we had had one or two private theatricals, as well as regattas and balls. To at least one of these I had lent my presence as Governor, my friend Becky Franks, my aide (her brother) and some others appearing. Accordingly, Mr. Joseph Reed found nothing more important for the Continental Congress than to cause a motion to be introduced. "Whereas frequenting play-houses and theatrical entertainments has a tendency to divert the minds of the people from a due attention to the

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preservation of their liberties, and it being necessary for the defense of their country, *resolved* that any person holding an office under the United States, who shall act, promote, encourage or attend such place, shall be deemed unworthy to hold such office and shall be accordingly dismissed." To this ridiculous resolution, Robert Morris, the New York members and the Southern gentlemen generally had the sense to vote no, but owing to the bigotry of Sam Adams, the motion was adopted. Incidentally, at this time, Reed also began the persecution of David Franks, my aide's father—I did not at the time know why—the charge against him being that of correspondence with his brother in London, he holding the office of Commissary for British prisoners. I was ordered to arrest him on the 21st of October, and on the 22nd asked again whether I had done so, as of course I had. References to committees and so went on, with the grand result that the proceedings finally broke down, and on the 7th of November, poor Franks was discharged from my custody and no longer a prisoner of the United States.

In December came the three court martials in which I was most interested,—two of them of my dearest enemies and one of them my dearest friend. Lee was one; he was found guilty on the 2nd of December. St. Clair was barely acquitted. But my friend Schuyler was acquitted with the highest honor, and the proceedings of the court martial ordered published.—We were all of us court martialled sooner or later during that war, once if not twice; and my own second trial was even then impending.

Captain Christopher Heath, whom I have mentioned, had been arrested and confined in jail, but

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on the 12th of December was set free on parole, he to continue in the City of Philadelphia. This I suspect was what he wanted, as he could conduct his correspondence from there and have frequent interviews with me, Robert Morris, or any other whom he there should approach. On the 24th of December Washington arrived in town for Christmas, was formally introduced to Congress, and became my guest; and I returned the visit soon after at Morristown. At Morristown a letter overtook me with the information that the moment my back was turned I had been publicly attacked by Reed and the council, and they had dared to prefer formal charges against me. First, that I had improperly granted a pass for a ship to come into port. Second, that I had used public wagons for the transportation of private property. Third, that I had usurped the privilege of the Council in allowing people to enter the enemy's lines. (It is to be noted that this Council had no military authority whatever.) Fourth, that I had illegally bought up a lawsuit over a prize vessel. (This refers to my making advances to the poor sailors of the *Active* already mentioned.) Fifth, that I had imposed menial offices upon the sons of freedom serving in the militia. This meant that I had sent young Matlack for a barber. And sixth, that I had made purchases for my private benefit at the time when I had ordered all shops to be shut.

Your Majesty will care nothing for these charges. My dear wife knew all about them at the time, and was more enraged than I was myself over their malignity and falsity; and even the general reader may I think by this time answer them without my saying more. I have told all the facts upon which they were

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based. But they were promulgated in a most extraordinary and malicious fashion. Not only were they laid before Congress, which had little or nothing to do with them, being a State matter, but copies of them were sent to the Governors of all the other states, with a circular letter signed by this Joseph Reed, requesting them to communicate them to their respective legislatures.

My chief concern at the time was for the effect they might have on Miss Shippen, or rather on her family, so I returned at once to Philadelphia, leaving undecided the matter of the New York grant.

Camp at Raritan, February 8th, 1779.

MY DEAREST LIFE:—

Never did I so ardently long to see or hear from you as at this instant. I am all impatience and anxiety to know how you do; six days' absence, without hearing from my dear Peggy, is intolerable. Heavens! what must I have suffered had I continued my journey—the loss of happiness for a few dirty acres. I can almost bless the villanous roads, and more villanous men, who oblige me to return. I am heartily tired with my journey, and almost so with human nature. I daily discover so much baseness and ingratitude among mankind that I almost blush at being of the same species, and could quit the stage without regret was it not for some gentle, generous souls like my dear Peggy, who still retain the lively impression of their Maker's image, and who, with smiles of benignity and goodness, make all happy around them. Let me beg of you not to suffer the rude attacks on me to give you a moment's uneasiness; they can do me no injury. I am treated with the greatest politeness by General Washington and the officers of the army, who bitterly execrate Mr. Reed and the Council for their villanous attempt to injure me. They have advised me to proceed on my journey. The badness of the roads will not permit, was it possible to support an absence of four weeks, for in less time I could not accomplish it. The day after to-morrow I leave this, and I hope to be made happy by your smiles on Friday evening; 'till then all nature smiles in vain; for you alone, heard, felt and

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seen, possess my every thought, fill every sense and pant in every vein.

Clarkson will send an express to meet me at Bristol; make me happy by one line, to tell me you are so; please to present my best respects to your mamma and the family. My prayers and best wishes attend my dear Peggy. Adieu! and believe me, sincerely and affectionately thine.

B. ARNOLD.

Miss Peggy Shippen.

At Morristown I had got Washington's permission to resign my command, but I now deferred acting upon it, not caring to leave the army under fire. I was relieved to find that my bride's family valued these charges as lightly as I did. My dear Margaret's grandfather wrote on the 2nd of January about our engagement, and Mr. Edward Shippen agreed that our marriage should take place in the spring.

I found, however, that my dearest was not herself inclining to a wild country life, clearing the forest in the Mohawk Valley, or hunting buffalo in Ohio. The massacres by the Indians at Wyoming and elsewhere were still unavenged; and she was used to the charm and social congregation of a great city. Moreover my application hung fire; so I had to seek other methods of giving her a station to which she was accustomed. Fortunately (or unfortunately), at this time one or two of my privateers came back after successful voyages, and I became possessed of a number of thousand pounds. Young Ben Shippen was delighted to hear of my success with his sister, and from very early times had been made a confidante of our affairs, and it was due to his suggestion that I then bought an estate near Philadelphia, where we could live in proper comfort, and I could carry on my affairs as a merchant after the war, near their own house,

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not on my beloved's beloved river, Delaware, but on the even prettier Schuylkill,—the fine old country seat in Fairmount, which was called Mount Pleasant. But before I come to this and to the wedding, I must relate more unhappy annoyances, caused by the accusations of my enemies.

Privateering was a hazardous business. Robert Morris himself only got through the Revolution about even. He lost as many as one hundred and fifty vessels, mostly without insurance, as he could not get it effected, but of those that escaped he made excellent profits, so that his losses would have been more than made up had he not been so generous. Once, for instance, when a vessel arrived full of stores and clothing, at a time of great want, he gave the whole contents to Washington without remuneration. At another time when there were no cartridges in the army but those in the men's boxes, he gave all the lead ballast of his favorite privateer. At first, however, I made money, as he had done; and with it, unhappily, I bought this house.

My Aide, Major Clarkson, on the 8th of February, while I was at Morristown, had published a card to the public, asking them to suspend their judgment on the charges, until they could be explained, and proclaiming the injustice of condemning an absent man unheard and the malignant cruelty of ordering the charges published and circulated before trial. On the 10th of February, I printed a card to the public, in which after referring to my services for four years, I complained of the cruel and malicious manner in which false charges had been dispersed, for the purpose of prejudicing the minds of the public, and I at once requested Congress, to whom the charges had been

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referred, to direct a court martial to inquire into my conduct in all these particulars. The last charge contained a complaint that my office in Philadelphia was supported by an expense of four or five thousand pounds per annum to the United States, and declared that they, that is the Council of Pennsylvania, would not pay their share thereof. I could only wish this had been true, for as I have said, the four or five thousand pounds, and much more, were met from my own pocket, and never one shilling did I get from the United States, beyond my military pay, and this was largely in arrears!

But when we married we both deemed this cloud removed from the sky forever; for on the 15th of March, the first Committee of Congress had reported that while half the charges were offenses triable only in a court martial and in no sense the business of Mr. Joseph Reed or the civil government of Pennsylvania, and the fourth charge an offense, if any, triable at the common law; the remaining (sixth, seventh and eighth) charges contained no offense whatever, either at court martial or common law, and were only an appeal to the disfavor of Congress, entirely unsupported by any evidence. So arrangements for our marriage went on. I was prepared to make a fitting settlement on my intended wife, and with what moneys I had, the balance upon the mortgage, I purchased the fine estate of Mount Pleasant on the 22nd of March, and made settlement of it on my wife and her children. It was the fashion of that period for persons of wealth to repair to their country seats, and it was a mark of social distinction to have such. And, on the 8th of April, at Mr. Shippen's residence on Fourth Street, we were married.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

OUR BRIEF HONEYMOON

My two eldest sons were present at the wedding. They were now at school; but the youngest was with my sister Hannah. I was apprehensive that she and Margaret might not understand one another, and consented therefore that she should remain in charge of him at New Haven: but the admiration and respect that my two eldest sons felt for their young mother was immediately evident, and there never could have been a more united family:—not now, alas! for my sons by my first marriage have chosen to avail themselves of Your Majesty's grants and settled in Canada.

The élite of Philadelphia was present at my wedding, and if they were mostly Tories, that was due to the proclivities of my bride's family. Mrs. Anne Willing Morris, Mrs. Bingham—all the leaders were there; Miss Franks came on from New York. Owing to my wound, I was still unable to stand entirely without support for the length of time the reception after the ceremony required. Indeed toward the end I was permitted to be seated, my disabled limb propped upon a camp stool.

Mount Pleasant, my new mansion, stood on a bluff, high above the Schuylkill, to which the grounds extended; a board walk from the front led down to the banks of the river, a carriage drive passed round the house, or houses—for there were two, with outhouses for coachman and gardener, a carriage house, barn

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and a pleasure pavilion; the whole well wooded with grand old oaks, sycamore, yew, and cypress. John Adams, who was not openly my enemy, had dined there in October, 1775, and told me it was the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania. Here we made a brief retreat, and as soon as possible I closed my town house and we came there permanently to reside, as I hoped for life. My dear bride and I would naturally have prolonged our retreat, but reasons of state forbade. I had to entertain the French Ambassador for several days at the house, with his entire suite. I was continually entertaining foreigners, members of Congress, and all others who thought, rightly or wrongly, they had a claim. I had to keep a coach and four, and for all this expense could rely on no remuneration from Congress because of the precarious winnings of the business I had engaged in under Mr. Morris' advice.

During my honeymoon I left my defense to my friends, determined not to cloud the dear eyes of my wife with any references to the troubles or dangers of her husband. Although the Pennsylvania Council, Joseph Reed, President, had been repeatedly urged to bring their evidence forth, after fruitless application for three weeks, during which time several letters passed between said Executive Council and the Committee of Congress, in which letters the Council even presumed to threaten the Committee with partiality, the Congress had reported that as to the first and second charges, there was no evidence, moreover that they were fully explained. The third charge, that I had carelessly given a pass, was admitted by me, and therefore referred to the Commander-in-Chief. On the fourth charge, there was no evidence. On the fifth charge, as to wagons, as I had admitted the use

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of wagons to move the goods of friends and of enemies who were civilians, the wagons otherwise being on the point of returning empty, if there was anything in it, this also was to be submitted to the Commander-in-Chief. As to the seventh charge, that I had written them an indecent letter about the wagons, Congress found that although the letter was not in terms of perfect civility, yet it was not expressed in terms of indignity, and after the conduct of the Executive toward me and the unexampled measures they took to obtain satisfaction, they were totally and absolutely precluded from any right to concessions of acknowledgment or apology on my part. On the eighth charge, as to the management of social events in Philadelphia, that there was no evidence to prove the same. Mr. Shippen, all my friends, Mr. Morris and I myself regarded this report as a finality. Indeed I had no real enemies in Congress except the Pennsylvania people and Sam Adams; for when the motion was made, February 1st, to suspend me from all command during the time the inquiry was being made into Reed's accusations, Congress had almost unanimously voted against the motion, and even Pennsylvania split, Mr. Shippen voting against it; and only Sam Adams, Ellsworth of Connecticut and Frelinghuysen of New Jersey voted aye. My name thereby vindicated, I had resigned the command of Philadelphia, under the express permission of Washington to do so. And on the 17th of March I addressed a letter to Congress begging them to examine and decide upon the report of their Committee without delay:

> If Congress have been induced to take this action for the public good and to avoid a breach with this State, however hard my case may be, I will suffer with pleasure until a court martial can have an opportunity of doing me justice by acquitting me a second time.

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But the Executive Council of Pennsylvania was not satisfied, and although in their circular they had said "the proofs were ready to be exhibited, and Arnold had departed from the State pending the complaint," (the reader will remember my prompt return, after three days absence, on the 10th of February), they complained there had been a misunderstanding which had prevented them from presenting their testimony. And Congress was so timorous that, on the 3rd of April, they passed a resolution saying, among other things, that "Congress is highly sensible of the importance and services of the State of Pennsylvania in the present contest, and that any disrespectful and indecent behavior of any officers of any rank, under the appointment of Congress, to the civil authority of any state in the union will be discountenanced and discouraged; therefore the complaints against General Arnold were transmitted to His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, in order for trial." But, on the 28th of April, a letter of Joe Reed's had been read to Congress, making extensive charges against me, on which that body, on motion of Drayton, seconded by Morris, impatiently wrote him that the President of Pennsylvania should specify those transactions respecting General Arnold, which "are likely again to become the subject of discussions between Congress and the authority of the State"; Congress "not being acquainted with any such transactions on their part." But with the usual absence of moral courage that body showed, it was referred to a committee, only Rhode Island and North Carolina having had the courage to vote against it, which committee was instructed to make such application for specifying the transactions; but on the previous question being

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moved, the whole matter was set aside and Pennsylvania was duly snubbed. But Congress, improperly and outrageously, instead of acting on the report of their own Committee, referred the whole matter over again to a joint Committee of Congress and the Council of Pennsylvania itself; Sam Adams moving that Joseph Reed's letters be also submitted. Such joint committees are always a compromise. Congress had exculpated me utterly; yet, to flatter and conciliate the most important colony—the State of Pennsylvania, I mean—they reported a few resolutions intended to soothe their hurt feelings and Mr. Joseph Reed's dignity, recommending, as indeed I had desired, and as the first report had suggested, that the four charges which contained any evidence of any martial offense, be referred to a court martial. Thereupon I wrote as above and to Washington, begging an early trial. Washington replied promptly by ordering a court to meet on the 1st of May, whereupon the Executive Committee applied for further time, following out their policy of wearying, delaying and ruining me by expense, which continued as will be seen for many months, to the distress of my dear bride, the ruin of my affairs and the breaking of my heart. Their first step, therefore, was to apply to Congress; and with difficulty they extorted one month's delay from Washington. I wrote him May 5th:—

> Delay is worse than death, and when it is considered that the President and Council have had three months to produce the evidence, I cannot suppose the order, ordering a court martial to determine the matter immediately, is the least precipitating it. I entreat the court may sit soon.

And on the 14th of May wrote to him again expressing my happiness to hear that the court had been

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fixed for the 1st of June, calling attention to the cruel situation I was in, my character suffering and I prevented by all this nonsense from joining the army, which, I said, I wished to do as soon as my wounds would permit. Whereupon, the very next day Washington wrote to Reed saying that he had received my letter, and saying of me, "that gentleman has a right to expect from me as a piece of justice, that his fate may be decided, as soon as it can be done consistently with a full and fair investigation:" and on the same day wrote to me:—

I feel my situation truly delicate and embarrassing. Your anxiety, natural under the circumstances, strongly urges me to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion; on the other side, the pointed representations of the State, on the subject of witnesses, seems to leave me no choice.

To this I replied the next day:—

I have not the least doubt of Your Excellency's wishing to bring my affair to a speedy conclusion and of doing me ample justice. I am extremely sorry that my cruel situation should cause Your Excellency the least embarrassment.

And I called attention again to the fact that my prosecutors by this time had four months to procure their precious testimony. But the movements of the enemy prevented the meeting of the court in June, so on the 13th of July again I wrote to Washington asking whether now the situation of the enemy would not admit the court martial to proceed. Naturally I had but little evidence to prepare; the facts in question being well known to pretty much everybody in Philadelphia, but my happy summer with Margaret in our new estate was clouded by the continual anxiety, more

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on her behalf than on my own. Both she and I were at a loss to account for the animosity of this Mr. Joseph Reed, for it hardly seemed that even a defect of manner, a certain brusqueness, on my part, could have left such a malignant wound behind.

Matters were in this condition when one night we entertained at dinner, among several others, a certain Mistress Elizabeth Ferguson, a lady of great charm, wife of a British subject who had been attainted of treason by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. She was a handsome woman, with hair powdered high in the French or now British fashion, fair of speech and fairer still of skin, which she made no scruple of showing. I found her on my left at dinner, and had some little conversation with her about her husband. Of course I mingled with the other guests. What was my surprise, therefore, when toward the end of the evening she came and asked me would I not walk for a moment with her in the park? I thought it rather a marked piece of coquetry on her part, but hardly deemed it my business to refuse. Only excusing myself therefore that I could walk but a few steps owing to my wounded knee (which, by the way, I often found rather a convenient excuse in such matters), she led me to a seat in the cypress walk, where we sat under pretext of admiring the moonlight. Pretty soon the conversation turned on my coming trial by court martial; and she asked me what I thought of Mr. Joseph Reed. I told her that I presumed as President of the Council, he had some virtues. She said, "then you are very much mistaken," and pulling a letter from her bosom, showed me the signature which in the bright moonlight it was easy to read. It was no less a person than Governor George Johnstone, one of Your Maj-

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esty's three commissioners, whom I had never met but whose signature I well knew. I had seen it before on the letter submitted by him to Congress, August 11th, '78; this was evidently a later and more confidential communication. Now this Mrs. Ferguson was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Graham, and the granddaughter of Sir William X—, and a particular friend of that Dr. Duché who had been chosen Chaplain to Congress on the 9th of July, 1776, five days after the Declaration of Independence; but when the British army took possession of the city in '77, he remained in Christ Church and surprised his congregation by restoring the prayer for the King and the royal army, instead of reading the prayer for the American States, which had been in use since the 4th of July the year before, from which time the prayers for the King and the royal family had been omitted. General Howe had him taken into custody after he was leaving church; I know not why, except that he may perhaps have first discovered that he had been the Congressional Chaplain; and worked upon his feelings to such an extent that only eight days later he had addressed to Washington a remarkable letter urging him to represent to Congress the indispensable necessity of rescinding the hasty and ill advised Declaration of Independence. "If this is not done," said he, "you have an infallible resort still left, negotiating for American submission as the head of the army." Now, this letter had been given to Washington by this same Mrs. Ferguson, as I knew, for he had told me so at the time. Duché had been succeeded in his office by the good William White, who was Chaplain of Congress during the Revolution, and Chaplain of the United States Senate afterward, and was, I be-

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lieve, the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

"May I read the letter?" I said to Mrs. Ferguson.

"I promised," said she, "that I would show the letter to no one; but I will tell you what it says."

At this I laughed: but she betrayed no humor and went on. "It says that if Reed would exert his influence in favor of an amicable adjustment of the difficulties between the colonies and the mother country, he might command ten thousand guineas and the best post in the service of the government."

Now I knew that this good lady had cause of complaint because her husband was born a British subject, and had left Pennsylvania a year before the Declaration of Independence, at which time first he could be supposed to have owed a possible loyalty to the new Congress; but I also knew that Washington had blamed her for engaging in the hazardous occupation of a go-between, particularly unsuited to a lady of gentle birth, as she was, both beautiful and learned, the translator of Telemaque.

"How did Sir George come to pick on Mr. Reed?" I asked.

"He mentioned both him and Mr. Morris to me," said she, "and said he heard they had a great deal to say in our politics."

I answered, "I believe they have. They are both gentlemen of the cleanest character for good faith, and patriotic principles."

"I know something of the reason," she said, "I forwarded letters to him of Mr. DeBerdt. 'I knew Mr. DeBerdt well,' said Sir George Johnstone; 'I wish I could see Mr. Reed and Mr. Morris, particularly Mr. Reed. I think I could say many things to him

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that would be for the advantage of settling this contest! I heard' he went on, 'that Mr. Reed had a great deal to say with Washington.'

"'I believe, Sir,' replied I, 'that General Reed stands very well with General Washington,'—for I always made it a point to give our officers their titles, especially when any of the British gentlemen omitted them.

"'In these matters,' he said, the fewer people one applies to the better. I should be particularly glad of Mr. Reed's influence in this affair, Mrs. Ferguson,' and then he mentioned the price of the ten thousand guineas.

"I felt hurt and shocked, for I regarded the hint as indelicate, and he seemed to read my countenance, for he said; 'Pray open your mind freely.'

"'Do you not think, Sir,' said I, 'that Mr. Reed will look upon such a mode of obtaining his influence as a bribe?'

"'By no means, Madam,' he answered. 'This mode of proceeding is customary in all negotiations. One may very honorably make it a man's interest to step forward in a cause.'" Mistress Ferguson paused, I thought meaningly.

"Well," I said, "what did you do next?"

"I wrote General Reed a note begging an appointment near Valley Forge, at a little cottage or farmhouse, as I would avoid passing through the camp. He could not keep the appointment, but called upon me in Philadelphia."

"All this," said I, "seems but the thrashing of old straw, as it has been all laid before Congress,"—and indeed Your Majesty will remember it was afterward made the subject of some discussion in the House of

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Commons, where Sir George Johnstone took occasion to say that Mr. Reed had lied in his throat in his relation of the transaction.

"True," said she, "but here is a letter from Mr. Reed of much later date. Mr. Reed was quite virtuous at only ten thousand pounds and a post."

"I hardly thought him a civilian worth so much," said I, laughing.

"Of course," with a flash of her blue eyes, the lady responded, "a General were worth double the amount, and a General with an army, a peerage into the bargain."

She lay her white hand upon mine, as she spoke.

"It is getting late," said I, "and I think my wife must be expecting me," but I kept her hand to help me rise.

"You seem to be through with Joe Reed," I said, as we went slowly back through the cypress path.

"Through with him? I am never through with him until I have done with him. He gave my name to Congress, he refused to set my husband free, and he has insulted me in my personal honor."

Thus it was that, rightly or wrongly, I was goaded into making the charge of treason against my persecutor Reed. I could manage an army, but I was but a child in the management of men when their passions or their interests were concerned. The natural result was to envenom Reed against me more than ever; yet in spite of the fact that he had been Washington's Private Secretary, and as I believe continued to be his special friend, that great man always sided with me against Reed in his intrigues. Joe Reed wrote indignantly to my friend Greene, who sent me the letter, as I have said. I replied that it was the part

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of a true soldier to fight his enemies in the open field, not to proscribe or persecute their wives and daughters in private life. But as I now know, Reed's machinations were all the more dangerous for being conducted in secret. Congress, though importuned by my enemies, was now disposed to do me justice. They decided in my favor in the matter of the prize money, as I have said, and though now and then grumbles were still made from my old enemies in Canada, and stories of claims of false accounts, they were all ignored.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII

MR. JOSEPH REED CONTINUES HIS MACHINATIONS

THUS ended the last attempt at conciliation Your Majesty's servants made during the continuance of the war. It would be hard to say whether they had blundered more in military affairs or in diplomacy. Carlisle wrote to Selwyn, "Whatever may be our reception at home, I think I have strength of mind enough to stem the torrent, I have served my King with zeal. If I had succeeded my country would have reaped the benefit of my labors. As I have not, I only hope the approbation of the attempt will not be refused me." Johnstone defended his conduct in respect to General Joseph Reed, as he called him, denying that Mrs. Ferguson or anybody had any authority to make an offer of a money bribe, but not disavowing that he had transactions "where other means than persuasion were used. It was necessary. In my situation it can be no reproach"; and that Reed so understood, he claimed to have proof in his possession. "Congress," said he, "took no notice of that business till the 11th of August; then, the indignation of the virtuous assembly rising at the very moment they are about to evade a solemn engagement and transmit their names with infamy to future ages,—You, Sir, are well acquainted with the forms of public proceedings. You know that any declaration of Mr. Reed's, of what a woman unknown had said to him, cannot affect me. The Congress in this

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case were bound to have obliged Mr. Reed to name the lady, and next to have brought that lady before them." *

To all this, Mrs. Ferguson had angrily replied in the newspapers, and Reed himself was busy collecting pamphlets and publishing them; all of it leaving the general impression with the public that either the Earl had not gone high enough or had not thought Reed worth even the bargain that he had begun to make. They had chosen their man on account of a celebrated essay he had composed for Mr. Sargeant's prize medal on "The reciprocal advantages of a perpetual union between Great Britain and her American Colonies"; but scribblers are plenty and do not come high.

Thus that summer which should have been so happy, went on week by week with continual delay by the Pennsylvania council of my hopes for investigation, and one day a man came to me. This man introduced himself as Lieutenant Hele. He had been with Major André in the attack on Egg Harbor, and had been taken prisoner, and asked permission to see me in Philadelphia, desiring to enlist in our army. I told him that under orders of Washington that was never done. He said that in New York report was that both sides were very tired of the war and ready to bring it to an end, should any convenient chance occur, which would save the pride of both parties. Washington was doing nothing in Morristown, and Clinton still pent up in New York. Offensive war seems to have been given up on both sides, and nothing to look forward to but the impoverishment and ruin

* Speech before the House of Commons, November 26, printed in Reed, vol. I.—Ed.

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of the colonies. To show the stress to which Your Majesty's government was reduced, he left a packet which he said had been picked up from General Clinton's own table, and was part of the instructions of Lord Carlisle himself. Whether he got it directly, or whether he found it on the vessel which bore him to Egg Harbor, I was not clear, but after a few more unimportant remarks, he took his leave. I never saw the man again. I believe he perished the next year in Your Majesty's service.

After he had gone, I found myself wrapped in a brown study. I had heard that very morning of another postponement of my court martial. My wife was indisposed, it being a short time before the birth of our first child. My desk was covered with correspondence, both city affairs and private. A letter from Robert Morris bore bad news of one of our ventures, and he closed this with the wish that the war might end and we engage in a less hazardous occupation. As I was thinking of these things, I mechanically opened the letter which Captain Hele had left. I have it with me yet, and I transcribe it herewith:

Among the Americans who have joined the rebel banner are counted a number of good citizens who had for object only the welfare of their country. No motives of selfish interest will detach them from the cause they have embraced. We must offer them what will make their beloved colonies really happy, and the only recompense their virtue will accept.

The colonies shall have an American parliament composed of two chambers; all the members to be Americans by birth, and those of the upper chamber shall have the same title, the same rank, as those of the House of Lords in England. (I laughed at this: fancy a Marquis of Connecticut, a Duke of Massachusetts Bay!) All laws, and especially tax laws, shall be the work of this legislature, with the signature of the Viceroy. All commerce through-

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out the world and particularly in all parts subject to English rule, shall be as free to the citizens of the thirteen colonies as to the English themselves. They shall enjoy in every relation the advantage of the best government. They shall, if necessary, be supported by all the naval and military force of England, without being exposed to the dangers or subjected to the taxes, from which such a military state is inseparable.

Such are the offers of England made to the colonies at the very moment when at last she was about to display all her strength in an extraordinary effort to subjugate them.

Shall America be for an indefinite period naught but a theatre of desolation? or will you enjoy peace and all the fruits thereof? Shall your province be as formerly, flourishing and under the protection of the most powerful nation in the world? or will you still pursue that phantom of liberty, which escapes you the moment you think to seize her? That liberty itself, once obtained, will rapidly change to license in a democracy, if it be not under the guard of one of the great European powers. Will you recur to the guard of France, the guarantee of France? Those among you whom she has seduced promise you that her support will be generous and disinterested, and that she will never demand from you a servile gratitude. She boasts of the alliance concluded, and announces another alliance with Spain to follow. Do they not know then that those two Powers have the same interest to enslave you and are united for that purpose? Thousands of men have perished, an immensity of resources have been used and since that fatal alliance the quarrel is still more envenomed than before and as far from a decisive ending. Every reason presses us to put an end to this unhappy discord, unhappy to the victors or to those who have been vanquished; but that peace so desirable between Englishmen—cannot be negotiated and concluded between us as between two separate powers. There must be some signal advantage to put Great Britain in a situation to propose articles of reconciliation magnanimously. It is for her interest, as it is wise, to make the offer as advantageous to one side as to the other, and at the same time we must seek this reunion without shedding more English blood, which we would be as sparing of as if we were re-united as one and the same people.

There is one man,—General Arnold—, who alone can surmount such great difficulties. A man of his courage will never despair

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of the republic, even when on both sides every path to a reconciliation seems closed. Brave General, render your country that important service! The exhausted colonies cannot much longer sustain the unequal contest, your troops perish from misery, they are badly armed; scarcely clothed; they need bread, and the efforts of your impotent Congress are futile against the indifference of most of your citizens. Your lands lie fallow; arts and science have stopped; education of a generation has been neglected, an irreparable loss for society; your young men, dragged by the thousands from their occupations on the farms or in useful professions, are harvested by the war. Those who survive have lost the vigor of youth, or have been mutilated in battle; the greater part bringing back to the bosom of their families the habitude of idleness and corruption they bring from the camps. Put an end to all this misery. We have the same origin, the same language, the same laws as you. We are unconquerable in our island, while you, masters of a fertile and vast territory, have for neighbors only the inhabitants of our faithful colonies. We possess rich establishments in all parts of the world and we reign over the fairest countries of India; the sea is our dominion, we traverse it as a monarch visits his empire—from one pole to the other, from the east to the west, our ships when they navigate are near some port belonging to Great Britain. So many islands, so many countries submitted to our law, are ruled by a uniform system of freedom and bear the imprint of liberty in every part, while at the same time they are adapted to the genius of different peoples and of different climates. Let the continental powers ruin themselves by war and exhaust themselves in erecting barriers of defense which may divide them. Our ships are our barriers; they enrich us and they protect us and give us at the same time both power to invade the states of our enemies and to succor our friends. Beware of breaking for ever these ties, these relations of goodwill, whose advances have been proved for two centuries past! The years impress upon human institutions a strength which new things can never acquire until in their turn centuries have passed over them. So our glorious constitution, our glorious common law, our free religion. The royal race themselves have need of this useful prestige; and the family which has reigned over you for more than sixty years has been illustrious for ten centuries. Let us therefore be united again in a union of equality, and we shall govern the world. We shall hold the world

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subjugated; not by arms nor by violence, but by the means of commerce, the softest and the gentlest ties that can bind mankind together.

A long time I pored over this document. It was in a handwriting unknown to me, and yet I was not quite sure that I had not seen it before. Could it be Lord Carlisle's himself, or Lord North or Germain? It was a dangerous document and I locked it in my desk, but before doing so I cut off one of the lines at the bottom of the page, and intrusted it to my most trusted A.D.C., Franks, to find out for me if possible the handwriting.

Now to go on with Mr. Joseph Reed. That fellow had had the audacity to write to Washington four pages to the general effect of seeking to have the charges forced against me while denying any responsibility on the part of the Pennsylvania Council to have presented them. "The transaction respecting General Arnold is put upon a footing so satisfactory to us that we regret the misconception, for if by a public body expressing their sense of an officer's conduct, they are to be considered as exhibiting charges against him, it will follow that they become his prosecutors, must report the charges and attend any tribunal however distant, inconvenient, etc., or subject themselves to imputations of malice or wantonness. We are sorry Your Excellency should suppose we had suspicions of the honor and impartiality of the officers who are to compose the court." To this precious production Washington only replied: "I am happy to find that General Arnold's trial is now put upon a satisfactory footing." At this time Charles Lee, cashiered, was living with his dogs in an empty house in Virginia and corresponding with this precious

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Reed about Washington, Reed only signing himself "Old Friend," but saying "I would rather be one of your dogs in the future history of the French war than possess the first honors that are current now in America."

The real origin of the hostility to me in Pennsylvania was the closing of the shops for a week under the direct orders of Washington and the resolution of Congress. The rest was due to the personal malice of Mr. Joseph Reed, and the pretensions of the so-called civic government of Pennsylvania to full authority before the very dust was laid from the heels of the retreating British. But, having made these charges, they were indisposed to substantiate them, and took advantage of every possible delay. My prosecutors had now had four months in which to procure their precious testimony. On the first of June the court martial could not meet on account of the movements of the enemy, so on the 13th of July I wrote again. But it was not until the 19th of December, 1779, that the court was convened, at Morristown, New Jersey. Long before this I had made up my mind that the cause of the colonies was hopeless.

In the autumn we had to return to our town house, the Penn Mansion, afterward occupied by Washington. I was of course no longer Military Governor, and perhaps made a mistake in still maintaining my coach-and-four. People complained of it, as I have heard since, for no one dared to make criticism to my ear at the time. Rumor said I had married a Tory wife, that my table companions, my bosom friends were to be found among the enemies of America. I was living at the rate of five thousand pounds a year. Where did I get the money? "Was his wife, the toast

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and lauded favorite in British quarters, selling information to the enemy?" Charges of this sort never reached me while in America, or I would have crammed them down the speaker's throat; but now that I am in England I have been shown hundreds of such, so numerous, so venomous that they emboldened Your Majesty's agents to begin the correspondence with me direct.

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CHAPTER XXXIX

MR. JOHN ANDERSON

THE week after my interview with Lieutenant Hele, I began to receive anonymous letters. At first they were postmarked Philadelphia and were from patriot citizens, not from Tories, as they assured me, who begged to sympathize with me in my treatment from the Pennsylvania State authorities, and toward the end usually expressed a wish that this cruel war might end. Some of them urged that the colonies having won all and more than they ever contended for, except indeed utter independence from the protection of the British crown, ought in morals and justice now to accept the peace Your Majesty offered them. Others assured me that they spoke for all our leading patriots, civil as well as military, Robert Morris, Joseph Reed (this I knew was true) and many others I will not in kindness to them now name. Suffice to say that I had a list of the leading citizens or Governors of every State in the Union, with the exception of Massachusetts, and very few in Virginia and South Carolina. The early letters I unfortunately threw away or burned. But they all urged peace and union.

In July, I think it was, I had begun to receive letters or a series of letters, postmarked in or near New York. The first one, however, came by special messenger, from Egg Harbor, and was signed by Mr. John Anderson. This gentleman said he was in His Majesty's military service, made arguments to much the same

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effect (of which indeed it must be remembered I was already convinced, as I had always been loyal to the British Crown) and further urged that the British government was in treaty with all our leading Generals, save Washington; mentioning in particular Lee, Gates, and some others, whom again I will not now name. I had had similar assurances in my Philadelphia letters, but in no sense connected them together. Indeed of my own knowledge I knew it to be true of most of them, save of course Washington, whom no one dared consult, so that no one knew the secrets of his inmost heart upon this point, at least at that time. I well knew that of most of our Generals, save hare-brained recruits like Tony Wayne, and Knox, the bookseller, and Greene, the wig-maker, and our other citizen soldiers, and of course our French officers, French and other foreigners, who naturally were then as always against England, and indeed were in America solely for that purpose, and a few civilians, like Franklin, whose heads were forfeit. But Deane had honest doubts, and Arthur Lee and others were deficient, and so were the true aristocracy of Massachusetts; not only the avowed Tories, unhappy people, like the Hutchins, Peters, Sparhawks, Apthorp families who were so remorselessly sacrificed, exiled to Nova Scotia, betrayed by their countrymen and I fear are still neglected by Your Majesty's government. Only the new people, the demagogues, country lawyers, like the Adamses, farmer-Generals, newly bedecked with gold lace and dazzled by it, were for the war against Your Majesty, right or wrong, at any cost, with any justification.

I answered Mr. John Anderson's letter guardedly, choosing a false signature, or rather an avowed nom-

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de-plume, for then as always I was open and above board. I could not pretend to give my real rank and title, so I called myself Gustavus, after the patriot General King of Sweden. I wrote guardedly and said that had I been still in the continental service, I must have regarded his correspondence as suspicious, but as a free citizen of a free country, we were both intitled to speak our minds. In his second letter, which must have come sometime in early August, he assured me that he bore high military or diplomatic rank in Your Majesty's service, and that he was authorized to offer the highest honor and reward to any American General with a following who would openly come out with these views.

This letter was much in line with the letters and offers I had heard of as made to Boudinot and many others, even Joe Reed, so I replied that I had heard something of the sort before.

A third letter came in three days,—from which I inferred the writer must be no farther away than Egg Harbor, or Staten Island,—all in the same handwriting, stating that these persons were subordinate in office, or civilians, but that His Majesty was in search of a leader of the army as the great Marlboro had been, or Monk, the Duke of Albermarle, in similar circumstances. He who would reconcile His Majesty to his people, and them to him, would deserve not only the highest honors in life, but the immortal gratitude of a united people after death. This letter I promptly destroyed and made no answer.

I was no longer Governor of Philadelphia, nor on active service, though I retained my rank as Major-General in the army. I had never made application to get on the retired list, in spite of my wounded leg,

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owing to the earnest solicitations of Washington; though of course I should have done so had the legislature of New York awarded me the grant of land I had desired. I was a free agent; driven from office by petty intrigue.

We were in the happiest time of my happiest summer. My adorable Margaret, newly a bride, and still in sufficiently robust health to enjoy our long promenade by water on the Schuylkill, or at evening in the forest of the Wissahickon, made me so happy as I had never thought to have been; my sister Hannah adored her; all the troubles and the sordidness of my past life had vanished; two of our three children were always with us, and Hannah sometimes brought the third, when she came upon a visit. I had no more reason to doubt the devotion and fidelity of my adored consort, than Cæsar his wife. At the same time I recognized that all her nature was among the highly bred, her friends among the Tories, and her sympathies at least with those of loyalty and refinement who saw no reason for breaking with the British crown to join a campaign for Tom Paine's or Ethan Allen's notion of the rights of man in democracy. I was never jealous of her political views, but I have not disguised—nor did I from her, I suspect—my natural jealousy; that of the battle-scarred veteran for more favored youths, of young noblemen, of brilliant officers that had formed her court before I came on the scene, at a time when woman's heart is most impressionable. My mind, too, was seriously troubled with business affairs, the heavy load of debt that I was bursting myself with, that, if I was so unfortunate as to die, I should leave to my adored wife and my unborn child, and, last of all, as a patriot, the unfortunate affairs of State; the spectacle

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of a loyal country, through intrigue and foul interference, thrusting to the position of an independent State, which should be permanently hostile to its mother and to all ideals represented by the noble race from which we spring.

Yet in matters of personal jealousy I apprehend I gave my adored Peggy far more cause than she to me: such affairs as mine with Mrs. Ferguson in the garden, for instance, an occasional meeting with the brilliant Becky Franks, from whom I derived information from New York, necessary while I was still Governor of the State; numerous other interviews with the frequent female spies and emissaries who hovered between the two lines, were possibly and justly more likely to excite that contemptible passion than any cause I had, certainly anything present at that time. Nevertheless man is unreasonable, the heart of man afraid,—certainly the heart of an adoring, infatuated lover, recognizing too readily his inferiority of age, and, I had almost said, of station, or at least of early education and manners, to a high-born, ambitious and beautiful young girl, his bride, not yet even the mother of his son.

It is my nature to worry. All imaginative, impulsive men do so; indeed wisely, for worry in a sense becomes forethought. My successes during the last years could not have been won by stupid men, like Wooster and Putnam, any more than by poltroons like Easton and Smith. I had moreover to deal with traitors of all sorts. I knew that Lee was one, I suspected Gates and Reed, still high in the councils of my Chief, while there was hardly a man or woman I could talk frankly to in Pennsylvania. Indeed the hostile people and their ladies were less dangerous,

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as openly and understood foes. Of course I was suspicious; I had been bred to suspicion; I had received no treatment but such as would arouse and justify suspicion, from the time I had left the green with my few loyal men at New Haven to the time I had been attacked before my own Congress by the civic authorities of Pennsylvania. My wife did not know, for I never told her those things, how even most of her best friends, not only the married women, but the young girls—I will no longer mention names,—had intrigued with me politically, as it was pretended, but many willing to justify or provoke the one thing by the other. Was she jealous? How could I know that similar advances were not made to my adored wife? She might think herself in honor bound to discourage, but not to reveal them, as indeed I did myself. And so, like Crusoe, I discovered the footprint on the sand that led to action!

It was a very hot night on the 19th of August. My wife and I had both been to a ball at the French Ambassador's. Hardly any but Frenchmen were there. I could not dance, and soon became tired of the scene, so, for once leaving my adored one to come after, I came home early on the pretext of some correspondence, promising to send back the coach-and-four for her immediately; but it was a matter of an hour and a half to go and return to Mount Pleasant. Changing my sword and court coat for a dressing-gown, and hanging my powdered wig upon a nail (for Peggy had introduced me to this fashion to match her own high powdered hair, and I had a fancy that it made me look something younger, or at least not older than the Frenchmen) I threw myself in an armchair by a pretty little writing-desk that had been a present from

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me, and which she used for her most private correspondence. As I was looking at it, I saw a letter addressed to her lying open. I started as I recognized the handwriting. It was most certainly that of Mr. John Anderson, whose last letter had come to me but the week before and remained unanswered. I took it up and looked at the superscription—it was addressed to her—the envelope was open.

Alas! all my jealousies were roused. Will the kind reader, the high bred gentleman who reads these pages, understand that I shamefully confess my fault. A finer gentleman than I, even jealous of a beloved wife, might possibly have put her private correspondence back in the drawer. Would I had done so!

I did not; I was mad, mad with jealousy, feeling assured now that this was one of the gay officers who had been in Philadelphia during the British occupation, and still maintaining a correspondence with the woman who had since become my wife. Was it not enough to make an old man mad? I tore the letter from its envelope, and devoured the contents. My eager heart took it all in in a second, and my bosom was rent with a great sigh of relief. A harmless note, surely a harmless, a most polite note, and more than that, more than that to me, one clearly indicating that it was such and was concerned with but the merest courtesies of a remembered old acquaintance. This is what it said:

HEAD QUARTERS, NEW YORK,
the 16th Aug. 1779.

MADAME,

Major Giles is so good as to take charge of this letter, which is meant to solicit your remembrance, and to assure you that my respect for you, and the fair circle in which I had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, remains unimpaired by distance

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or political broils. It would make me very happy to become useful to you here. You know the Meschianza made me a complete milliner. Should you not have received supplies for your fullest equipment from that department, I shall be glad to enter into the whole detail of cap-wire, needles, gauze, &c., and to the best of my abilities render you in these trifles service from which I hope you would infer a zeal to be further employed.

I beg you would present my best respects to your sisters, to the Miss Chews, and to Mrs. Shippen and Mrs. Chew.

I have the honor to be,

With the greatest regard,

Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE.

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CHAPTER XL

MY WIFE'S CORRESPONDENT

No man, certainly no grown man, cares to have his young wife in correspondence with a young and favored rival, whom possibly the exigencies of war alone had removed from a successful courtship; and though I was certainly relieved in finding that the letter was unique, and I bade my wife a joyous welcome when she returned a few minutes later, I found the small devils of the early morning hours besetting me again. This letter might perhaps have been natural enough, had it been written a week after his arrival in New York, if only to announce his safe passage through the perils of New Jersey and the fields of Monmouth; but why write fourteen months later? The amazing discovery that it was in the same handwriting as my continual and persistent correspondent, Mr. Anderson, was for the moment driven from my mind by these more personal considerations. At five o'clock in the morning one has no sense of proportion, but a keen appreciation of impending calamity. My dear wife and I made chamber apart, as is the fashion in all highborn circles. I was in two minds whether to ask her about the letter, and doubtless I should have done so, had she been by me at that moment, for on the night before I had left it casually on her writing desk, as I had found it, and she had no reason to suppose that I had seen it at all, much less, of course, had read it.

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It is indefensible to read a letter addressed to another, all the more if addressed to one's wife or husband; nevertheless I had done so. But I would not have had her know it for the world. Therefore, it was impossible to ask her about the letter. But my mind kept working in those wakeful morning hours in a vicious circle. I figured that I too had had many letters from this Mr. John Anderson, neither one of which would have indicated to a stranger that it had had predecessors. In fact, each one was most carefully composed to avoid that inference. "Should you not have received supplies for your fullest equipment from that department"—What department? "I shall be glad to enter into the whole detail of cap-wire, needles and gauze. . . . You know the Meschianza has made me a complete milliner." My wife had not been at the Meschianza, but had disappointed him in this very particular. Did he suppose that we were rigging up another against Washington's anticipated rival? He would render my wife "in trifles service from which I hoped you would infer a zeal to be further employed." Further employed? in what manner? "I beg you will give my best respects to your sisters"—indicating that she was the favored sister, or why not have written to one of them?—"the Miss Chews and to Mrs. Shippen,"—her mother. This Major Giles I had seen yesterday. He had cut through under the flag and had happened to mention that he came from Egg Harbor. This letter was dated—"Headquarters, New York." Giles had said nothing to me about it. Why not? He must know that my wife would show it to me; or did he think she would not? Giles had gone back through the lines, so it was no use sending for him; nor indeed would it have been

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Some of all this in II Fred Adams S.

prudent to do so. One wishing to find out things should never ask direct questions.

Who was this Major André, after all? I had heard that he was son to a dancing master, or something of that sort, and of a continental family, or no family at all; his nearest relative being a music publisher in some place on the Rhine. There was, of course, something flattering in finding him now but a humble suppliant for the consideration of her who had become my wife, not even daring, as a simple major in the enemy's lines, to pay his respects to me, a Major-General, recently Governor of the State. And I well knew what favors he was supplicating from me, far greater than cap-wire and gauze,—favors the equivalent of the highest coronet in the British peerage, which had throughout been put on the most flattering of patriotic grounds alone; though of course it had been mentioned that, if I were to go with my King and country, rather than with my colony, and succeeded in carrying a successful party with me, I should be indemnified pecuniarily for the actual loss I might sustain. This was usual and proper in such cases; as I well knew; it had been done by the Continental Congress itself in the case of General Lee, when he resigned his half pay,—not only as to his half pay, but as to the value according to his own estimate of the property in England he had forfeited by joining the cause of the colonies. Many others had been indemnified in the same manner. It was perfectly usual and in no sense offensive. I discussed the matter openly with Mr. Robert Morris, as Boudinot and others had done with me. He felt strongly that the time had perhaps come for a reunion under the national flag, with full representation and freedom of taxation

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to the colonies forever, as well as liberty of the sea and of trade. I asked him whether it would not be wise to submit the question in the winter, when both armies were quiet, to the judgment of Washington himself, but he shook his head.

However, I anticipate. This happened a day or two later. I at once set myself to work to find out what I could discover about this André. Thus I learned that he was a susceptible youth who had been balked in love, whereupon he had taken His Majesty's commission, much as a common fellow takes the ribbon after a drink or two. Purchasing a commission was easy enough. It was given even to children in the cradle. A schoolboy might be a field officer; and amiable young ladies were known to have drawn the pay and held the title of Captains of Dragoons. For three years the flower of Your Majesty's army had been quartered in Boston, making as merry there as later in Philadelphia, though not perhaps with so much success, owing to the different temperament of the people. Banqueting, dancing, play-acting and play were in high favor. Lord Percy of the ducal house of Northumberland, the hero of Chevy Chase (as the sarcastic Franklin remarked after Lexington), led one brigade, Lord Harris another. Burgoyne composed plays in which all acted. In fact, until we arrived at Cambridge they had a happy time. Lord Harris wrote home that the view from the entrance to the harbor was the most charming thing he had ever seen: "My tent door about twenty yards from a piece of water nearly a mile broad, with the country beyond most beautifully tumbled about in hills and valleys, rocks and woods, interspersed with straggling villages, with here and there a spire peeking over the

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trees, all of the most charming green that delighted eye ever gazed on." It was through this country that André had made many trips as a spy; for, after the Autumn of '74, it was not safe for any soldier, ministerialist or civil, to be found outside of Boston. "In some respects," wrote one officer, "our camp might as well have been pitched on Black Heath as on Boston Common. The women are very handsome, but, like old Mother Eve, very frail." (This I believe to have been a libel in both particulars.) Through this country André had rode, in the disguise of a recently arrived foreign visitor, which his cosmopolitan training enabled him to carry off. Usually he passed himself as a Frenchman. Always handy with his pencil, whether of Ladies' gowns or the outworks of fortifications, he returned with many plans. He was present at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, when on December 13th, '74, a band of three or four hundred men rushed the fort, hauled down the royal colors and bore off the ammunition, perhaps the first act of war in the colonies. Thence he passed by sail to Falmouth and to his regiment (the Seventh) in Canada. There he had been captured by Montgomery, when St. Johns fell, at a time when I was already started for Maine, and his regiment lost its colors, which were sent to Philadelphia and disgraced by being hung up in Mrs. John Hancock's bedroom. They were beautiful colors, of heavy twilled silk, seventy-two inches by sixty-four, the red and white crosses on a blue field; in the centre in silk embroidery the crown above a rose surrounded by a garter with the motto, the white horse in the corner (but neither garter nor horse availed to prevent the colors of this devoted regiment being again lost in the same war, to wit, at Yorktown, and

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this second pair was given by Washington to his native town, Alexandria). André was sent under parole to Montreal, already in possession of Montgomery, to get away the baggage of his regiment, but found it had been mostly plundered. He himself was stripped of everything, except the picture of Honora, "which I concealed in my mouth." This lady was one Honora Sneyd, who at the time he had enlisted occupied the proud but temporary position of André's "latest." He painted her miniature, which I have seen. It does more justice to her than the one he painted of my dear wife, or even of Peggy Chew.

Under instructions from Congress, André was sent down the Hudson River, where (an extraordinary incident) he met and slept with General Knox. They were delighted with one another and sat up most of the night talking, the intelligence and refinement of young André leaving an impression on the mind of the artillery officer that was never obliterated; but it did not in the least prevent his later sentencing his bedfellow to be hanged.

André had then been confined with others of his regiment, sometime in Lancaster, not far from Philadelphia, where he taught the young people to sketch and to dance, and was apparently during the winter of '76 a sort of village roué. They were given perfect freedom until they were detected in conversation with two Tories, sending letters written in the French language, which no one in Lancaster could understand. The affair of the Cedars called forth so much resentment on both sides as to delay their exchange, and they were kept for some time in jail; and it was not until December of that year that he was finally exchanged. What remained of his regiment was sent to New York,

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and he received a Captaincy in the twenty-sixth. André presented Sir William Howe with a diary or memoir of all his travels and observations, full of everything from military affairs to botany, and from zoology to young ladies. It was none the less well received and he was promised a staff appointment. He just missed meeting me for a second time at Danbury in April, two years before, and so escaped the questionable glory of sharing in that engagement, which Clinton honestly confessed to have been "a second Lexington." That summer he became A. D. C. to General Grey, and so came with him to Brandywine, Germantown and Philadelphia, where he had parted, as I have told, with his buttons to Becky Redman, and, as I suspected, with his heart (though not for the first time) to my wife. He had accompanied Grey on a naval expedition against Newport, and himself landed at New Bedford to ravage the surroundings of that little whaling village. They burned the fort there, demolished its guns, blew up the magazine, destroyed seventy sail of privateers, with their prizes, all the warehouses, then passed through Quick's Hole to Martha's Vineyard, where they levied a contribution of three hundred oxen, ten thousand sheep, all the arms of the militia and one thousand pounds in paper money, being the total amount of treasure in the island. Grey left him to write the report of this proud expedition to Your Majesty's war office, which he did in a doggerel of some twenty verses, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Altogether I discovered that André was of a light and frivolous nature, inconstant of purpose, and though strongly impressionable, not too faithful to his fair enamoratas. There was some consolation in this; but the smile with which I read

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his lines on Yankee Doodle in New Bedford vanished when my agent reported that his next service had been at Egg Harbor! *He*, then, was the cause not only of my correspondence and the attacks on that point, but, I suspected, the contriver and instigator of the movement by which so much property had been brought to Philadelphia in government wagons, thereby getting me into trouble. I was also furnished with a squib he had written that winter in New York on hearing of the duel between Gadsden and our American General Howe, in South Carolina, of which more later, for this Howe thereupon became his enemy, and later mine and sat in judgment on both of us, to my ruin and disgrace and to poor André's death.

I had also heard of him from others that winter in New York, as I had before in Philadelphia, notably from the fair Rebecca Franks, my Aide's sister, who was now married, or on a fair way to be married, to Colonel Johnston. Her social position had just failed entitling her to rank among the ladies of the Meschianza, a thing which rankled in the bosom of that lively lady and doubtless accelerated her removal to New York, where her social position might be unchallenged —a custom still prevailing among Philadelphian young ladies with more ambition than social position. It was a gay time even in New York that winter. They dined so late as to have candle light. All the young women of the neighborhood flocked to the city in the hope of being married to some young British officer, of fortune or of future rank. Livingston's Tory *Gazette* printed many of André's lucubrations; an "Essay on Love and Passion," "A Political Dream," etc., etc.

Now Rebecca and André were both at Quogue, Long Island, that summer, and her letters to my wife

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frequently mentioned him. As if further confirmation were necessary, Mr. John Anderson's letter, though his usual address was care of a certain Dr. Osborne, clergyman, New York City, was postmarked Quogue. Becky's sister was already engaged to another stranger of high fortune, General Delancey, of the British army; and she was enthusiastic about New York, all except, that is, the ladies themselves. Of them she says, "I don't know a woman or a girl who can chat above half an hour, and that only on the form of a cap, the color of a ribbon or the set of a hoop, stay or jupon. Our Philadelphia girls have more clearness in the turn of an eye than those of New York in their whole conversation," and she added that it might be always Leap Year there judging from the forwardness of the young women in courting the young men. "Few ladies here know how to entertain company in their own houses unless they introduce the card table. With what ease I used to see a Chew, a Penn, an Oswald, an Allen entertain a large circle of both sexes, the conversation without the aid of cards never flagging." Yet she told us that the New York girls had one advantage over Philadelphia; they had a greater quantity of hair and better forms; and she sent my wife a pattern of the newest bonnet,—no crown, gauze raised on wire, with a sugar-loaf on top.

On the 4th of October had occurred what was known as the Wilson riot. There had been trouble all that summer over the price of supplies, and even Robert Morris was charged by the populace with having regrated in that article, and sold it at too great a profit to the French fleet. Also there had been, as I have so often said, ridiculous complaints that the Tory ladies had been allowed to remain in Philadelphia.

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Heaven's sake! What were the poor things to do? The grand jury even on the 10th of June had presented "a grievance of a very dangerous nature, which in our opinion ought to be attended to. It is this, that the wives of so many of the British Emissaries remain among us, keeping up a most injurious correspondence with the enemies of this country, etc., etc." On the 28th of June a military company of artillery had almost mutinied. On the 29th of July the town meeting had broken up in confusion, and on this Monday a meeting of militia was called on business of importance at Burns Tavern in 10th Street, between Race and Vine, meaning to eject from the city the suspected persons of the poor ladies by force. A crowd marched through the city, and for some reason attacked James Wilson's house; Heaven knows why, as his principal claim at that time to consideration was that he signed the Declaration of Independence. Both Tories and Whigs were out for his protection, General Griffin himself among them. Joe Reed appeared with a couple of Mayler's dragoons, and instantly turned out the whole city troop. Meantime I had ordered my carriage and was driving down Third Street toward the City Tavern and the Wilson house, where the riot was taking place, and Reed had the audacity to order me to leave the ground. I believe that I did remark to the populace that the President had raised a riot and had not the power to quell it; but I naturally withheld my troops from interfering until they got orders to that effect from the high and mighty civil authorities. There would have been no riot, nor anything but a usual, though more or less disorderly, street procession, had it not been for Reed's own panic and bluster. When I say "my own

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troops," I of course spoke hastily. It was some months since I had resigned my command; but as they were all loyal to me, they doubtless would have obeyed. By this time, however, most of the military had left Philadelphia, and the City Troop itself was composed of those who were either too young or too lazy to go to the front. As a result of this, on the 28th of August, Congress ordered three hundred militia for guards in the City of Philadelphia and to protect the civil governor, Mr. Joseph Reed:—and in my case they had complained of two!

I watched my wife's tray every breakfast time, but no more letters in the hand of André came. I suppose I was jealous.

I had been offered openly—as had been many others—a peerage and pecuniary compensation if and when the war came to an end with a reunited country. That there was no treason in this—only diplomatic negotiation—is shown in that I had openly proposed to submit Your Majesty's offer to Washington.

I detested the French alliance and the low provincials who had so shamefully misused me. But I loved Washington and my army. And from them the last blow came.

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CHAPTER XLI

MY COURT MARTIAL

It was not until the 22nd of December, 1779, that my court martial was finally convened. Thus I had been kept waiting more than ten months, since the first accusation was made against me, on the only day I was away from Philadelphia, visiting Washington at Morristown. Congress itself was conscious of the malice of my enemies. On the 9th of March already, the Chairman of the Congressional Committee, Paca of Maryland, had closed a long letter to Joe Reed's Council, with the words, "We wish for your own sakes you had spared your solemn protestation. It is no proof of dignity of conduct." Nevertheless, weak-kneed as Congress always was, they ended with a compromise in order to save the pride of Pennsylvania. There was always a spirit of party in Congress; and they had ended, while they disregarded the four most important charges, by unloading the responsibility as to the first, second, third and fifth on a court martial on the pretense that these offenses, if any, were military.

A month later, on April 24th, Reed had attempted to take backwater by asserting that he had never exhibited any other charge against me than that concerned with the wagons, and that he and the dignitaries of Pennsylvania did not wish to be considered in the light of parties plaintiff, "or follow military courts into any part of the country wherever the service may

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require the army to be." That remote military court being in the adjacent colony of New Jersey! In the same letter he said; "We ask nothing of Congress but that he should not continue to command in this state," and as at that precise time I resigned, it would have seemed as if Mr. Reed's desires should have been gratified. He then went on pleading for delay, well knowing that he had little evidence.

On the 27th of April, Washington replied, ordering a trial on the 1st of May, and saying that while perhaps the Pennsylvania Council was not a party, it certainly was the moving complainant and was charged with the duty of furnishing evidence or withdrawing its complaint.

On the 1st of May, Reed answered saying his witnesses were unwilling to attend; and he professed he was at a loss how to proceed.

On the 8th, Washington answered, giving him time until the 1st of June, and assuring Reed, who complained that he had no power to summon witnesses to the court martial, that he, Washington, would see that any person he wished would attend; and Reed wrote, again denying that he or the Council had exhibited any charges to Congress except in the matter of the wagons, and saying that he would not be ready for trial on the 1st of June, on account of the absence of Clarkson and my Aide Franks, "which he had no doubt was intentional." (The truth of this statement will be judged when the reader finds that Franks was produced and was indeed their principal witness.) Then Reed asked a postponement to the 1st of July or a later day.

Now it will be remembered that Reed himself had engaged in correspondence with Charles Lee, traitorous

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to Washington in the disastrous November and December of 1777, and had in repeated letters begged pardon as it were on his knees therefor, the magnanimous chief having in the meantime nominated him a general of cavalry. Lee had responded after Monmouth by printing queries, among which he asked whether this gentleman (Reed) does not really think His Excellency a great man, or whether evidence could not be produced of his (Reed's) sentiments being quite the reverse? John Adams, Reed's great friend, and backer, is known to have called Washington "an old woodenhead, who got on by keeping his mouth shut." In August 1779, Washington wrote a generous letter to Reed, excusing him; and that gentleman's venom was now entirely transferred to me.

The composition of the court martial was as follows: on May 29th, when Washington's orders had called it at Middletown, to meet on the 1st of June, it consisted of Major-General Howe as President (the same man who had fought a duel with Gadsden and been satirized by André), of Brigadier-Generals Smallwood, Knox, Woodford and Irvine; of Colonels Moylan, Wood, Harrison, Gruby and Butler; of Lieutenant-Colonels Harmar, Simms, Popkins; and John Lawrence was the Judge Advocate. I appeared in full Continental uniform, with the sword-knot Washington himself had given me; still limping on my wounded leg; and before the court was full I peremptorily objected to Irvine, Butler and Harmar, as I had the right to do; and the objection was allowed by the court. (I should also have objected to Howe, the President!) But then the court was adjourned for military reasons and did not meet again until after six months.

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They met at Morristown, as I have said; this time composed of the gentlemen I have mentioned and in addition Maxwell, Gist, Brigadier-Generals, and Colonels Dayton, Bradley, Cortlant, Hall, Sherburne, Jackson, Spencer, Gruby, Lieutenant-Colonel Commander Lawrence Weisenfeldt again advocate. Hazen, my old enemy, had been appointed in place of Butler, whom I had challenged, and Colonel Jackson replaced Hazen when I challenged him. The place was Norris's Tavern.

It will be noticed that all save General Knox were obscure persons; Smallwood had been with Gates in South Carolina; Howe, the Chairman, was probably taken because he was the only Major-General they could get, they having no use for him at the front; he having recently disgraced himself in the expedition against Florida and at the unsuccessful defense of Savannah, which had led to his censure by Christopher Gadsden, and having been required to deny or retract it, Gadsden would do neither, and the bloodless duel took place, at Canonsburg, where the only injury done was a scratch to Gadsden's ear and the perpetration by André of a ballad in sixteen stanzas.

They began by putting in all the proceedings of the Council of Pennsylvania, its eight original charges, its retraction of four and the submission of the remaining four, the military ones, to the court martial.

I showed by the records of Congress that I did what I had done in Philadelphia under orders, and by Reed's own letter to Congress that the wagons had been furnished by J. Mitchell, Deputy Quartermaster General, as he said in his letter to Congress, "without any inconvenience to the service, a greater number of teams coming in than he expected, Mr. Jordan

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having sent forward a large supply for the army." He was "sent to Egg Harbor to load private property in danger of capture by the enemy, and was desired to make out his account to General Arnold to be paid." This should have satisfied them, but on the 22nd of January they had presumed to address a letter to me asking whose the private property was. To this I had answered, January 25th; "I am at all times ready to answer for my public conduct to Congress or General Washington, to whom alone I am accountable." Then on the same day, they wrote me this letter:

IN COUNCIL

PHILADELPHIA, January 25, 1779.

The indignity offered to us upon this occasion, as well as a due regard to the violated rights of the freemen of this state, calls upon us to resent such treatment, and in their names we shall call upon the delegates of the united states for justice, and reparation of our authority, thus wounded by one of their officers: But as we learn that gen. Arnold is about to depart this city for some time and may thereby elude enquiry into this transaction, as well as some others under our consideration, we request that he may be detained till the whole proceedings can be laid before you in form, and that he forbear exercising any further command in this city, until the charges against him are examined. I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JOS. REED, *President.*

Honorable John Jay, esq.
president of Congress.*

This was the first that I had heard of this request to Congress that I be suspended from my command and I demanded the records on the subject. They were very loath to produce them, but I insisted. Bou-

* From *Proceedings* of General Court Martial, Raritan, New Jersey, by order of *George Washington*, for the *Trial* of Major General Arnold, June 1, 1779, Phila., 1780, page 7.

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dinot, who was present in court and a member of the Continental Congress, said they had resulted in the denial of the petition of President Reed for my removal, and when the record of Congress, through his kindness, was produced, it appeared that on February 16, 1779, a motion had been made to suspend me from all command in the Army pending my trial. Some friend of my own moved to lay the motion on the table, and the Congress so voted by the unanimous vote of all the states except Pennsylvania, where even there I had one vote, that of Mr. Shippen, out of four. All the other twelve states, as I say, voted for me, and by a unanimous vote, with the sole exception of Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Ellsworth of Connecticut and Sam Adams of Massachusetts! I then called for the records of Congress on the 19th day of March 1779, where it appeared that my letter resigning my command of Philadelphia of my own volition, had been read and approved, the reason being that I might recover my health and be cured of my wounds, and the application being made with the special permission and approval of General Washington himself, and addressed to Brigadier General Hogan.

As the wagon charge was the only one which was in the least sustained against me, by evidence or even finding, I have dwelt upon it at some length, and I shall have more to say later.

Next they came to the affair of the *Charming Nancy*, and produced one Timothy Matlack, Secretary of the Council, as my accuser in this matter, I wondering more and more at the peculiar malevolence shown to me by this Matlack, whom, so far as I knew, I had never even met, though I might of course have been in the same room with him when he was acting as

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Secretary to the Council. The *Charming Nancy* was a Connecticut schooner, manned by Connecticut men, trading between Long Island Sound and Philadelphia. While at Valley Forge, I, as one of the Major Generals, with authority to do so, had given military permission to this schooner to leave the harbor of Philadelphia, still in possession of the enemy, but where, owing to our impending advance, it was not safe; and to go thence "into any port within the United States." They produced Matlack himself to testify to this, which nobody denied, but he then went on to say that one Shewell was the owner, and that he had the reputation of being unfriendly to America. No evidence was introduced, nor did even Matlack swear that I knew anything about Shewell or indeed had ever met the man; and it will be remembered that at the time this permission was given, I had never set foot upon the streets of Philadelphia myself. I asked the court martial, if this man Shewell was a Tory, why then was his ship and cargo unsafe in Philadelphia, then in possession of the Tories, and a British garrison? For I conducted my own cross-examination; and when to my amusement they brought out the fact that this Shewell had actually done regular military duty with the Continental militia, I sat down.

Next they came to the affair of the shops. Matlack produced an order I had given Major Franks, my Aide de C., to purchase goods. This was while we were still at Valley Forge, expecting to enter the city. At that time Franks was thinking of leaving the army and going into business, and this was proved. Major Franks, whom they complained of not being able to get the evidence of, appeared himself as a witness, and testified to this and swore that the only

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other order I had given which was ever carried out was one to buy fresh eggs and necessaries for my family table: that the order to buy goods on his own behalf had never been carried out; and that the reason, as I myself had told him, for not carrying it out, and my thus not supporting him in business, was "that I had given it at a time I supposed he was going to leave the army, but while he stayed in it was incompatible with the resolutions of His Excellency and the instructions of Congress." Major Franks then testified that all my minute books were always open to his inspection, and that he never had reason to suppose that any purchases were made directly or indirectly by my orders or on my account previous to the opening of the stores to everybody. Two other witnesses they called, Major Clarkson and Mr. Shiras; both testified that no such purchases were in fact made either by me or by any of my agents, aides or household, except, as I have said, fresh eggs and a few trifling articles for use at the table. This disposed of the third charge, and I felt assured that I was exonerated.

Now we come to the last charge, the real milk in the cocoanut—though I was the last to find it out! It is always hard for one concerned with great affairs to realize the pettiness of small natures, the exorbitant stress they put upon matters of detail, and how in particular any wound to their precious self-esteem is of greater moment than the affairs of state themselves.

In support of this, the third original charge, the Judge Advocate produced Timothy Matlack esquire's letter to major general Arnold, dated October 5; my answer, dated October 6; Mr. Matlack's letter dated October 10; and my reply of the 12th of October 1778, which were read and are as follows:—

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PHILADELPHIA, October 5, 1778.

SIR,

The militia serjeant who attended at your quarters on Sunday, complains that Major Franks, one of your aids, had given him orders to call his barber, which order was obeyed; that on the barber not appearing the order was repeated, and the serjeant, though hurt both by the order itself and the manner of it, again obeyed; he also informs me, that he has, this morning, made you acquainted with this complaint, and that you had been pleased to say, that every order given by you or your aids, is to be obeyed. This, I suppose, must intend every order proper.

At the time when you were one of the militia of the state of which you are a citizen, what would have been your feelings, had an aid of your commanding officer ordered you to call his barber? From your feelings in such a case, it will be easy to judge of that of other men. Freemen will be hardly brought to submit to such indignities; and if it is intended to have any of the respectable citizens of a state, in service in the militia, military discipline in such instances must be relaxed; but if it is an object to render the militia in the several states contemptible and useless, the continuance of treatment will probably effect it. Military duty of every kind is rather disagreeable; and perhaps, to freemen, garrison duty more disagreeable than any other. The serjeant above mentioned entered the service to discharge his duty, and as an example to other young men of the city, and not from necessity in any sense of the word.

It appears to me a duty which I owe to the public, to represent this matter to you in a respectful manner, in expectation that, from attachment to the public interest, you will give such orders as will prevent any complaints of this kind, which is all the satisfaction sought after, either by the serjeant, who is my son, or,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

T. MATLACK.

Major general Arnold.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 6, 1778.

SIR,

I *am* to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday respecting the militia serjeant who complains of being ill treated. No man has a higher sense of the rights of a citizen and freeman than myself; they are dear to me, as I have fought and bled for

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them, and as it is my highest ambition and most ardent wish to resume the character of a free citizen, whenever the service of my country will permit. At the same time I beg leave to observe, that whenever necessity obliged the citizen to assume the character of a soldier, the former is intirely lost in the latter, and the respect due to a citizen is by no means to be paid to the soldier, any farther than his rank intitles him to it. This is evident from the necessity of military discipline, the basis of which is implicit obedience, and however the feelings of a citizen may be hurt, he has this consolation, that it is a sacrifice he pays to the safety of his country.

You are pleased to ask "what my feelings would have been on a similar occasion." They have been tried; I have served a whole campaign under the command of a gentleman, who was not known as a soldier until I had been some time a brigadier: My feelings were hurt not only as a citizen, but more so as a soldier; they were however sacrificed to the interest of my country. The event proved unfortunate to me; but I have the satisfaction to think I rendered some service to my country.

I wish to make the duty as agreeable to the militia as is consistent with the good of the service, for which purpose military discipline has been greatly relaxed; was it executed with strictness, most of the militia, from their inattention, would feel the effects of it.

I cannot think (as you seem to imagine) any indignity is offered to the citizen, when he is called upon to do the duty of a soldier in the station he is in, which was the case of the serjeant; who though he may be a more respectable character as a citizen, yet, as an orderly serjeant, it is his duty to obey every order of my aids, not a breach of the laws or principles of the constitution, as mine, without judging of the propriety of them; neither can I have any idea from the militia's being put on the same footing as the standing army, they will refuse their assistance, as self preservation is the first principle of human nature, theirs will ever induce them to turn out and defend their property.

These, Sir, are the sentiments of a soldier, a citizen, and of, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

Now I appeal to any one. Was not this long, considerate letter of mine, evidence of my best efforts

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to soothe the ruffled feelings of the self important City clerk? Could I have done more than to have devoted two pages of kindly reasoning on military law and military necessity, with this precious mohair? Could I not have expected that he would have been rather touched by my efforts at conciliation? Instead of which, the answer I got was an interminable letter of four foolscap pages, closing with a threat:—

If it is your intention, as commanding officer, to countenance orders of this kind, it is my duty, as a father, to withdraw my son from a service in which commands are to be given him which to obey would lessen him in the esteem of the world; and I shall consider it as a duty which I owe to myself to acquaint my fellow citizens of my reason for so doing.

I am, with sentiments of great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

T. MATLACK.

Philadelphia, October 10, 1778.

Major general Arnold.

I had not known before that the beggar was his son! I answered at once and closed the correspondence:

SIR,

By your letter of the 10th, I perceive that my sentiments are not clearly understood; but it is needless to discuss a subject which will perhaps be determined more by the feelings than the reason of men. If the declaration, that you will withdraw your son from the service, and publish the reasons, is intended as a threat, you have mistaken your object. I am not to be intimidated by a newspaper. To vindicate the rights of citizens, I became a soldier, and bear the marks upon me. I hope your candour will acquit me of the inconsistency of invading what I have fought and bled to defend. As I am earnestly desirous of closing this correspondence, I shall confine myself to what occasioned it. "An improper order," as you conceive, "given by Major Franks, my aid de camp, to

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the orderly serjeant, your son." Without examining into the propriety or impropriety of the order, about which we may differ, I perfectly agree with you, that the delivering of it in a haughty, imperious or insolent manner, is blameable; and if the serjeant had so represented it to me at the time, he would have had justice. The affair is now out of my hands, and lies between the serjeant and the major. If the latter hath behaved amiss, it is his duty to make reparation. I trust I never shall countenance pride or insolence to inferiors in him, or any other officer under my command. Let me add, that disputes as to the rights of citizens and soldiers, in conjunctures like the present, may be fatal to both.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

Philadelphia, October 12, 1778

Timothy Matlack, esquire.

Then the precious son was himself produced in his proper person, who complained that he had received the first order from a servant girl. This indeed seemed to be the principal part of the offense. I asked him whether any other menial service had ever been imposed on him, and he said "no." "Any other command which could not properly be called military?" said I. "Yes," he said, he was once ordered to carry a bundle of Major Franks' letters to a private house, to the address of a young lady, Franks going with him and remaining outside while he delivered the note. The court roared. I did not cross examine and we adjourned for the day, it being the Christmas holiday.

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CHAPTER XLII

MY DEFENSE

On Monday, December 27th, we met again. I showed that the ordinance about the stores complained of had been drawn up by Joseph Reed himself, my enemy, in my presence and in that of Major Boudinot. No goods were ever bought under it but two pints of wine, which were drunk by my "family," that is to say, the officers of my staff. There was no more evidence, and the court adjourned until January 4th. Meeting again on that day, it adjourned again for the same reason to January 19th. As they had apparently nothing to add, I put in the judgment of the court of admiralty, freeing the *Charming Nancy* from arrest as an enemy's vessel, dated December 12, 1779. I then showed that I had paid for all the wagons out of my own pocket. I now surely thought the matter ended, but days were taken about these wagons nevertheless, and at the request of Reed's people, the court was adjourned to January 23rd. Then they turned up with a deposition of Boudinot as follows:—

Being at Philadelphia when general Arnold took possession of the city, I called on him several times, and found him in a state of health, which I thought rendered him unequal to the fatigues of his then station. He was much crouded with business, and I ventured to warn him of the ill consequences of so much attention to it, and advised him to several regulations I thought necessary. He showed me certain resolutions of Congress relative to the goods,

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that should be found in the city, until the arrival of joint committees of Congress and the executive council, and the public officers who were to purchase for the army, or something to this effect.

I advised the general to the issuing of public orders, to prevent the selling of goods until the arrival of the committees aforesaid, and also to nominate a number of the citizens of established character to superintend and regulate the little affairs of the citizens in the mean while, so as to prevent his being perplexed with the civil as well as military department; and I mentioned several gentlemen, whose political characters I thought he might depend on. While we were talking, mr. Joseph Reed, (now his excellency the president of the state) then also a member of congress, came in and told the general he had been making a few memorandums of some little matters which he (mr. Reed) thought necessary for his attention, and which otherwise might escape the general's notice. Mr. Reed then read them from a paper he produced, and I immediately told him that they were very similar to what I had just been recommending to the general, and repeated to him what I had been saying. He replied, that he had the substance of it down, except one or two hints, which one of us immediately added to the paper he had. The general then begged, that we would draw up what we thought necessary, and he would have it printed. Mr. Reed then sat down and drew up a draught of what he thought proper, and I believe I corrected it, but I am not certain. I cannot with certainty ascertain the particulars of this draught, but am clear in my own mind that it contained the amount of what we both advised the general to, and particularly to the prevention of the sale of goods, until the orders of congress were complied with. And my reason for this is, that I well remember to have advised several friends to be careful not to sell the next day, as such a public prohibition had gone to the press.

ELIAS BOUDINOT.

BASKENRIDGE, January 3, 1780.

Sworn in the presence of general Arnold, and at his request, the 8th day of January, 1780, Before

JOHN LAURENCE, Judge advocate.

As I thought it made my story good, I had it sworn to.

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This closed all their evidence. Thereupon, on its own motion, the court declared the evidence on the second charge insufficient, and expunged it. This left but three charges against me, and the prosecution appearing to have no further evidence. I then made my address.

Upon reading this speech over after many years, I can see that there were many matters upon which I was unduly hot; many matters, like the personal animosity of Reed and, if I may use the word, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which I too intemperately resented; perhaps a little of the bombast of youth, and, last and worst of all, my counter-charge against Reed, and there are other outbursts, which, while, prompted by my just indignation, they perhaps breathed the innocence of the dove, were not inspired by the wisdom of the serpent.

I cannot but fear my readers would be weary, were I to put it here in full: the document is, fortunately, existent, and the original can be invoked should my present statement be questioned.

After some preliminary compliments to the Court Martial, which however undeserved were necessary under the circumstances, I proceeded to recount the history of my life. I made a general statement of my services in the cause of the colonies, which I am assured no one would think to be overdrawn.

. . . My time, my fortune and my person have been devoted to my country, in this war; and, if the sentiments of those who are supreme in the united states, in civil and military affairs, are allowed to have any weight, my time, my fortune and my person have not been devoted in vain. You will indulge me, gentlemen, while I lay before you some honorable testimonials, which con-

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gress, and the commander in chief of the armies of the united states, have been pleased to give of my conduct. The place where I now stand justifies me in producing them.

These matters were the vindication of Congress already mentioned and my letters urging immediate trial, for vindication.

The Court adjourned for the day.

That night I had a letter from "John Anderson," telling me that the Court or some of its members had promised Reed to find me guilty of "something on some charge," to placate the powerful Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. My wife had a letter from Becky (now Lady) Johnstone, assuring us of her sympathy, in which strongly similar expressions were used. But I did not for one moment believe it.

The next day, I spoke as follows:

. . . If these testimonies have any foundation in truth (and I believe the authority of those who gave them will be thought *at least equal* to that of those who have spoke, and wrote and published concerning me in a very different manner) is it probable that after having acquired some little reputation, and after having gained the favourable opinion of those, whose favourable opinion it is an honour to gain, I should at once sink into a course of conduct equally unworthy of the patriot and the soldier? No pains have been spared, no artifice has been left untried to persuade the public that this has been the case. Uncommon assiduity has been employed in propagating suspicions, invectives, and slanders to the prejudice of my character. The presses of Philadelphia have groaned under libels against me, charges have been published, and officially transmitted to the different states, (and to many parts of Europe, as I have been informed) before they were regularly exhibited, and long before I could have an opportunity of refuting them; and indeed every method that men ingeniously wicked could invent, has been practised to blast and destroy my character. Such a vile prostitution of power, and such instances of glaring tyrrany and injustice, I believe are unprecedented in the

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annals of any free people. I have long and impatiently wished for an opportunity of vindicating my reputation, and have frequently applied for it; but the situation of affairs at the beginning and during the continuance of the campaign, necessarily, and against the general's inclination, prevented it, until now. But now it is happily arrived, and I have the most sanguine hopes of being able to avail myself of it, by satisfying you, and, through your sentence, by satisfying the world, that my conduct and character have been most unwarrantably traduced, and that the charges brought against me are, *false*, *malicious*, and *scandalous*.

I then ventured to make a more detailed answer to the first charge, that of giving protection to enemy vessels, with a full expression of the circumstances:—

. . . Why the protection is viewed as an indignity to the authority of the state of Pennsylvania, I own I cannot discover. The president and council of that state were then in Lancaster; the pass to the vessel was to "sail into any of the ports of the united states of America." To sail into the port of Philadelphia was not the object; the vessel was there already. If there was an encroachment upon the authority of any state, it must have been some other than the state of Pennsylvania. The vessel sailed into one of the ports of New Jersey: the government of that state, though far from being insensible to its honour, has never complained of the indignity offered to it by my protection; a jury of that state acquitted the vessel by their verdict: and the judge of admiralty of that state confirmed the verdict by his decree, which is in evidence before this honourable court.

I closed by adverting to that part of the charge which complained that this order was issued without the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief, with the statement that if his dignity had been infringed, he was quite competent to defend himself, and the fact that he had made no complaint and had visited no reprimand upon me, well showed that His Excellency

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needed no defense at the hands of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

. . . "Non tali auxilio eget, nec defensoribus istis"

. . . The second charge consists in having shut up the shops and stores on my arrival in the city, so as to prevent even officers of the army from purchasing, while I privately made considerable purchases for my own use, *as is alledged and believed.*

The resolution of congress, "directs me to take early and proper care to prevent the removal, transfer, or sale of any goods, wares or merchandize, in the possession of the inhabitants of the city, until the property of the same shall be ascertained by a joint committee, consisting of persons appointed by the supreme executive council of the state of Pennsylvania." My instructions from the general mention, "That I will find the objects of my command specified in the resolution of congress, and that the means of executing the powers vested in me were left to my own judgment." How could I better prevent the removal, transfer, or sale of any goods, wares and merchandize, in the possession of the inhabitants of the city, than by "shutting them up in the shops and stores"?

I enlarged upon this charge, because I apprehended that it would be, as indeed it was, the only one upon which any color against me was found by the court martial. I showed how Reed himself had proposed this step, before my arrival at Philadelphia. I indignantly refuted the allegation that I had made any private profit.

. . . On the honour of a gentleman and soldier, I declare to gentlemen and soldiers, that the charge is false.

My aids de camp were acquainted with my transactions, and had access to my papers: "My invoice, my minute and account books, were always open to their inspection." Could I have made considerable purchases, without their knowledge? "and yet they did not know of my making any purchases of goods of any kind, directly or indirectly; and they had every reason to think, that

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no such purchases were made, either by me or my agents, except a few trifling articles to furnish my table, and for my family's use; most of which were supplied me by the quartermaster, commissary or clothier generals."

If I made considerable purchases, considerable sales must have been made by me to some person in Philadelphia. Why are not these persons produced? Have my prosecutors so little power and influence, as to be unable to furnish evidence of the truth?

I then came to the third charge, that of the wounded dignity of the lout, Matlack:—

. . . By what strained construction the sentiments which I have expressed, "that when a citizen assumes the character of a soldier, the former was entirely lost in the latter," should be extended to a justification of myself, on the mere *principal of power*, is somewhat extraordinary. My opinion in this matter is confirmed, not only by the sentiments of many of the most enlightened patrons of liberty in this and other countries, but sanctified by the militia law of several free states, both in Europe and America, particularly Switzerland and the state of New-York, where (if I am not mistaken) the militia of the latter, when called forth into continental service, are subjected to the same rules of discipline, with the troops of the United States; the character and conduct of that militia prove the policy of this principle. My ambition is to deserve the good opinion of the militia of these states, not only because I respect their character and their exertions, but because their confidence in me may (as I flatter myself it has hitherto been) prove beneficial to the general cause of America: but having no local politics to bias my voice or my conduct, I leave it to others to wriggle themselves into a temporary popularity, by assassinating the reputation of innocent persons, and endeavouring to render odious a principle, the maintenance of which is essential to the discipline of the militia, and consequently to the safety of these states. I flatter myself the time is not far off, when, by the glorious establishment of our independence, I shall again return into the mass of citizens: 'tis a period I look forward to with anxiety: I shall then cheerfully submit as a citizen, to be governed by the same principle of subordination, which has been tortured into a wanton exertion of arbitrary power.

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This insinuation comes, in my opinion, with an ill grace from the state of Pennsylvania, in whose more immediate defence I sacrificed my feelings as a soldier, when I conceived them incompatible with the duties of a citizen, and the welfare of that state.

By a resolution of congress I found myself superseded (in consequence of a new mode of appointment of general officers) by several who were my juniors in service; those who know the feelings of an officer (whose utmost ambition is the good opinion of his country) must judge what my sensations were at this apparent mark of neglect. I repaired to the city of Philadelphia in the month of May, 1777, in order either to attain a restoration of my rank, or a permission to resign my commission; during this interval, the van of General Howe's army advanced, by a rapid march, to Somerset court house, with a view (as was then generally supposed) to penetrate to the city of Philadelphia.

Notwithstanding I had been superseded, and my feelings as an officer wounded, yet, on finding the state was in imminent danger from the designs of the enemy, I sacrificed those feelings, and with alacrity put myself at the head of the militia, who were collected to oppose the enemy, determined to exert myself for the benefit of the public, although I conceived myself injured by their representatives. How far the good countenance of the militia under my command operated, in deterring General Howe from marching to the city of Philadelphia, I will not pretend to say; certain it is, he altered his route.

What returns I have met with from the state of Pennsylvania, I leave to themselves to judge, in the cool hour of reflection, which (notwithstanding the phrenzy of party, and the pains so industriously taken to support a clamour against me) must sooner or later arise.

I will conclude this subject, by reading a letter from mr. Matlack, received subsequent to the letters which have been already read, which I consider as an insult and an indignity. The letter will speak for itself; the spirit and tendency of it are very obvious.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17th, 1779

SIR,

It appears to me proper to communicate to you, that I shall, on Saturday evening next, lay before a respectable number of citizens, the several letters which have passed between you and my-

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self, relating to the orders delivered by one of your aids to my son. My intention is, to consult with them on the measures necessary to prevent effectually, a like insult being offered *by you*, to any other citizen of this state. I say, *by you*, because it is intimated in your letter, of the 12th of October, that the matter lies between your major and my son; whereas the order being *your order*, and my son *several years under age*, I conceive it to lie between yourself and me. And am, sir,

Your very humble servant,
T. MATLACK.

I then came to the fourth charge, that of the sloop *Active*. I placed before the court a copy of the indictment, with the jurors' return, freeing me; but here, alas! as I read over my speech, I find that my just indignation prevailed too much. Doubtless, my burning words rankled in the Pennsylvania members of the court martial and led to the horrid injustice they were about to perpetrate on me. I said:—

. . . Notwithstanding all the influence of the ruling powers of Pennsylvania, which must be well known by several of this honourable court; the unexampled method adopted by the council to prejudice the minds of the citizens against me, previous to a trial, and the daily calumnies invented and industriously circulated to prevent the popular heat from subsiding; the impartiality and good sense of a body of freemen of the city of Philadelphia, were impregnable to all the arts made use of to poison the fountain of justice. And here I cannot but congratulate my countrymen upon the glorious effects of the exertions we have made, to establish the liberties of ourselves, and posterity, upon the firm basis of equal laws. Had it not been for the grand bulwark against the tyrrany of rulers, the trial by peers, it is easy to foresee, from the spirit of those who have been my accusers, what must have been my fate. When I reflect on this circumstance, I contemplate, with a grateful pleasure, the scars I have received in a system of government, the excellence of which, though frequently before the subject of my speculation, is now brought home to my *feelings*.

It is difficult to account for the extraordinary mode pursued by

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the state of Pennsylvania, to damn my reputation, and for the asperity with which I was persecuted, on any other principle, than one, by which states, as well as individuals, are too often tempted to commit the most flagrant acts of injustice, *I mean interest*. The sloop *Active*, which was the object of the suit, which I was accused of unlawfully maintaining, was taken by part of the crew of the vessel, who were Americans, who rose upon the rest, and after having confined the captain and others, were bringing her into port. In this situation she was boarded by a vessel belonging to the state of Pennsylvania, and brought in, and afterwards libelled as a prize taken by themselves. The original captors, who were (some of them) born in Connecticut, my native country, with whose connections I was acquainted, applied to me for assistance in obtaining them *justice*. I assisted them both with my advice, my time, and my purse; and though three fourths of the vessel and cargo were, by the lower court of admiralty for the state of Pennsylvania, adjudged to the state captors, this sentence was, by an unanimous opinion of a court of appeals, reversed and adjudged to those whom I patronized, as appears by their decrees, which I beg leave to read, with their report to congress, and the resolutions of congress thereupon.

Suffice it to remind the reader that to this day, Congress has backed my position in this matter—and the state of Pennsylvania has been recalcitrant and resisted—to the point, as I am informed, of causing actual civil war between the Federal Government and that Commonwealth! As for Reed, as early as 1784, he was saying in London, of the American Union, that "the parties are too repellent to hold long together—Quaker and Presbyterian, Whig and Tory, are too heterogeneous for permanent union."

The court adjourned for dinner; I was too excited to eat anything. In the afternoon, I closed my plea with these words:—

This, gentlemen, is my cardinal guilt; hence proceeds the vengeance of an interested government against me; hence the pain

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and anxiety I have suffered, in seeing the fair fabric of reputation, which I have been with so much danger and toil raising since the present war, undermined by those, whose posterity (as well as themselves) will feel the blessed effects of my efforts, in conjunction with you and others, in rescuing them from a tyrrany of the most cruel and debasing nature.

Coming again to the fifth charge, that of the wagons:—but of this triviality my readers will have already wearied. I said:—

. . . In the next instance, they wrote, or caused to be wrote, a letter to Jeffe Jordan (the wagon master), directing him to make out the amount of the hire of his wagons, assuring him, that if he charged eighty pounds for the use of each wagon, (more than double the first account which he presented to me) they did not doubt of his recovering the whole sum, and directed him to send his account to the attorney general, who had orders to commence an action against me for the same, which he accordingly did; and there is now an action against me, depending in one of the courts of Pennsylvania, for upwards of eleven hundred pounds, for the hire of those wagons.

It is not very extraordinary, that I should be accused and tried before this honorable court, for employing public wagons, and at the same time, and by the same persons, be prosecuted in a civil court of Pennsylvania, for employing the same wagons as private property.

As to the sixth charge, purporting, that by my recommendatory letter to general Maxwell, to grant a pass to miss Levy to go to New York, I had violated the resolve of congress, and usurped the authority of the state of Pennsylvania. To attempt a serious refutation, would be as ridiculous as the charge itself. Let the letter wrote on this occasion speak for itself. I kept no copy of it, but well remember the purport, which was nearly as follows:

"Sir,

"The bearer, miss Levy, is a young woman of good character, who has an aged parent who is blind, depending on her for support; she has money due to her from people in New York, and wishes for a permission to go there for the purpose of collecting it,

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for the relief and support of her mother, who will be greatly distressed without it. I believe she will not make an ill use of a pass, if granted to her. I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"M. CLARKSON.

"General Maxwell."

As to the seventh charge, of an indecent and disrespectful behaviour to the council of Pennsylvania.

True it is, I refused to obey an arbitrary mandate (to render to them an account of my conduct) calculated to criminate myself. They complain that by my refusal their *dignity is wounded*. Had I obeyed, soldiers and citizens might justly have said, that I had betrayed their *rights*, and *wounded their dignity*. *The very demand was an insult to common sense*. I beg leave to observe, that no one has a greater respect than myself for the civil authority, and no one is more convinced of the necessity of supporting it. But when public bodies of men show themselves actuated by the passions of anger or envy, and apply their effects to sap the character of an individual, and to render his situation miserable, they must not think it extraordinary, if they are not treated with all the deference which they may think their due. . . .

Here again, the reader will see that I suffered my feelings to get the better of me. And I went on, too, much in the same line.

. . . It is enough for me, mr. president, to contend with men in the field; I have not yet learned to carry on a warfare with *women*, or to consider every man as disaffected to our glorious cause, who, from an opposition in sentiment to those in power in the state of Pennsylvania, may, by the *clamour of party, be stiled a tory*: it is well known, that this odious appelation had, in that state, been applied by some indiscriminately, to several of illustrious character, both in the civil and military line.

On this occasion I think I may be allowed to say, without vanity, that my conduct, from the earliest period of the war to the present time, has been steady and uniform. I have ever obeyed the calls of my country, and stepped forth in her defence, in every hour of

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danger, when many were deserting her cause, which appeared desperate: I have often bled in it: the marks that I bear, are sufficient evidence of my conduct. The impartial public will judge of my services, and whether the returns that I have met with are not tinctured with the basest ingratitude. Conscious of my own innocence, and the unworthy methods taken to injure me, I can with boldness say to my persecutors in general, and to the *chief* of them in particular, that in the hour of *danger*, when the affairs of America wore a *gloomy aspect*, when our illustrious general was retreating through New Jersey, with a handful of men, I did not propose to my associates, basely to quit the general, and sacrifice the cause of my country to my personal safety, by going over to the enemy and making my peace. I can say I never basked in the sunshine of my general's favour, and courted him to his face, when I was at the same time treating him with the greatest disrespect, and villifying his character when absent. This is more than a ruling member of the council of the state of Pennsylvania can say, *"as is alleged and believed."*

I suppose this was a mistake. I suppose I should have omitted all reference to the personal malice of my pursuers. But I was a gentleman and a soldier—not a lawyer—and smarting under a sense of undeserved wrong.

Now this information had been given me by General John Cadwalader, than whom no more honorable gentleman was in our army, and no one closer than him to our General-in-Chief. When I afterward apologized to him for inserting it in my defense, he remarked that "an apology was unnecessary, from the public manner in which he mentioned it"; for he has written to Joseph Reed himself (and the letter was published). "Arnold was commanding in this city; very generally visited by the officers of the army, citizens and strangers. I received the usual civilities from him, and returned them, and often met him at the tables of gentlemen of this city. To my civilities at that

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time, I thought him entitled, from the signal services he had rendered to the country; services infinitely superior to those you boast of. . . . He stood high as a military character, even in France, and even after your persecution he was continued in command by Congress; appointed first by the Commander-in-Chief, to the left wing of the army, and afterwards to the important post of West Point."

Still, it is a mistake to seek revenge even on the most despicable of mankind. I saw that my attack on Reed produced considerable sensation in the court; and I proceeded to conclude in quieter tone:—

Before I conclude, I beg leave to read before this honourable court, a report of a committee of enquiry of congress, on the charges published against me by the council of Pennsylvania, with several letters I did myself the honour to write to congress, and a letter from their committee in answer: I do not presume to offer these as evidence, but as they show the anxiety I had to have my conduct investigated, and the reluctance of my accusers to bring matters to an issue, I think it incumbent on me as an officer, to lay them before you.

With all these the reader is sufficiently familiar:—

The letter of Washington with the epaulets and sword-knot; his letter to Congress calling me "the bravest of the brave": the resolutions of Congress of May 20th, July 10th and July 11th, 1777. One voted me a horse with caparison; the other their thanks for winning the battle of Saratoga: my letters to Jay of March and April, 1779, pleading for speedy action by Congress to vindicate my name, and I concluded with this peroration:

I have now gone through all the charges exhibited against me; and have given to each such an answer as I thought it deserved.

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Are they all, or any of them supported by truth and evidence? . . .

An artful appearance of tenderness, and regard for my services, by which the council are pleased to say, I *formerly* distinguished myself, is held forth in the introduction to their charges. Did they mean by this to pour balsam, or to pour poison into my wounds? . . .

If, in the course of my defence, I have taken up the time of the court longer than they expected, they will, I trust, impute it to the nature of the accusations against me; many of which, though not immediately before you as charges, were alleged as facts, and were of such a complexion as to render it necessary to make some observations upon them; because they were evidently calculated to raise a prejudice against me, not only among the people at large, but in the minds of those who were to be my judges.

I have looked forward with pleasing anxiety to the present day, when, by the judgment of my fellow soldiers, I shall (I doubt not) stand honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against me, and again share with them the glory and danger of this just war.

It was late on a winter's day, and the court adjourned without giving an opinion, as of course I expected they would. This did not seem to me ominous, and I mounted my horse and rode to the village of Morristown. My dear wife was anxiously awaiting me at the inn. The Courier had come in from New York she told me, and "here is another delightful letter from Becky Franks, and some for you." She pushed over quite a pile to me and as on the top one I recognized again the writing of Mr. John Anderson, who had been particularly unremitting in his correspondence of late, I crammed it in my pocket to read at my leisure. I gayly asked my wife why she did not show any anxiety about my trial, and she as gayly responded that there could be no doubt of the event thereof. She had known the Matlack boy all her life,

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and when I told her the result of the evidence that day, clapped her hands: the riddle was indeed solved! Now we knew the cause of this extraordinary persecution, continued for so long a time upon so little grounds. Gayly we supped together, my darling and I; the hours were all too short; my God! had we but made them longer,—had that evening meal never ended! We had been married but a brief eight months; even that short time crowded and checkered by troubles and reverses; I had not prospered in my business; we had lived extravagantly, yet Mount Pleasant was the home of all our joys. My wife so loved it, how could I bear to tell her she must give it up? Putting down our carriage and four were well enough; the city house might go: but Mount Pleasant itself, the very scene of our marriage!

Still, that night we were so happy that the trial was over, and, as we felt assured, all these troubles ended, I could now devote myself with an unclouded mind, all my energies, to restoring our fortune in my business ventures, that it really seemed there was not a cloud upon our sky. My wife looked forward to the birth of her first-born, a few months away. She adored me; I loved her with my whole strength, with the mad devotion of a mature man who fully values the devotion of a gentle heart. She was a lady too, and I loved her for that. She was faithfully my own, and I loved her for that the most: and I pray she may live to read this after I am gone, and learn again, as she knows already, that I have never wavered in my devotion to her any more than she in her devotion to me.

For, under the will of an allwise God, that night at Morristown was the last happy evening of our lives.

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Colonel Beverly Robinson, of New York, came to dinner. He had much to say, but I paid little attention to it, for I was elated, as was my wife, by the termination of our trials. Neither of us had a doubt about the result. When Robinson intruded his sympathy, I waved it aside, for I knew he was a Tory, sold body and soul to the British; and I needed not the sympathy of such. He was, it is true, an old friend of my wife, and, for the matter of that, of mine; I could hardly refuse him hospitality, though I confess I was a bit puzzled at his selecting that night for his visit.

Next morning, bright and early, we rode, my wife and I, to the house where the court was held, Robinson not taking leave of us but remaining under cover. The dozen or so of old men filed in, with their usual dignity. I was struck even then by the fact that some of them did not venture to meet my eye. It was Wednesday, the 26th of January.

On the first charge they found that, I had no right to give permission for a vessel to leave a port which was in possession of the enemy and enter a port of the united states; as such it was a technical violation of Art. 5 section 18 of the Articles of War.

On the second charge they found that, I was justified in my order closing the shops, and the charge that I made considerable purchases on my own account, was entirely unsupported; "and they do fully acquit General Arnold."

On the third charge, "that my orderly had sent a housemaid to send a sentry to send a barber," they gave me absolute acquittal "amid the laughter of the court";—this was the one that Timothy Matlack had pressed.

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On the fourth charge they found that, I had no design to defraud the public or injure the national cause in my temporary use of the wagons; but that the action was imprudent.

From the other four charges, not being military, the reader will remember I had already been absolutely exonerated; but because in the first charge I had made a technical violation of the Articles of War, and on the fourth charge (desiring to save the countenance of Reed and the Civil Government of Pennsylvania) I had been imprudent, I was sentenced to receive a reprimand—and from the Commander-in-Chief.

The court adjourned without day. Not speaking to a soul, I walked out, rejoined my wife who was waiting for me, and we rode back to our house.

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BOOK IV

WEST POINT

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CHAPTER XLIII

COLONEL BEVERLY ROBINSON

WHAT was my surprise, on returning to my house from the Court Martial, to find Mr. Beverly Robinson still there. He must have seen that he was an unwelcome guest; for at such a time I desired only the privacy of home and the sympathy, perhaps the counsel of a devoted wife. But he made no motion to leave. Then I first noticed my wife's dear face; it was pallid, with the red spot on either cheek that I had learned to mark an inward state of spiritual excitement.

"I have asked Colonel Robinson to stay the night," said she. "It is a time when it is good to see a friend."

Then I saw that the judgment was already known to her; and that I should not have to break the news. I also saw that she was not misled by the sugary phrase in which the vote of censure was couched, or by my exoneration on all the counts but one.

"I see you know," was all I said.

"I ventured to order my man, who is well mounted, to bring us the news at once;" said Robinson, with a bow—"They are anxious to hear the result—in New York," he added.

I did not ask him how he passed and repassed so easily from Your Majesty's headquarters in New York to Washington's at Morristown. I was more than glad that he had saved me a personal recount-

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ing of my disgrace to my dear Margaret. He made no effort to minimize it—contrary to my well-meaning friends who had crowded around me at the court room. "The Court was packed against you from the start," said he. "It was necessary to placate Pennsylvania."

I made no reply; and Robinson seemed a shade embarrassed. "The hour is so late and the roads so heavy with snow that I have ventured to accept Mrs. Arnold's hospitality and defer my departure till the morning. By so doing I can cover the distance from Morristown to New York by daylight—and without so much risk from stupid sentries."

"Any friend of Peggy's is welcome," I bowed, "At any time."

"And, I trust I may add, a friend of yours"; Peggy looked at me anxiously. But I did not feel that I liked a stranger thrusting himself in at such a time.

"If you will excuse me, I will go and change for supper," was all I said. "My wife will entertain you, —I am all bemired and spattered." And I limped upstairs.

It was true, and I was in my new uniform—the buff and blue of a Major-General of the Continental army. I laid it aside with the epaulets and the sword-knots that Washington had given me himself. These I never wore again. When I came down I was in citizen's clothes. Thus it happened that I had no private conversation with my wife at the time my decision was made. I am anxious to make this point clear.

At dinner nothing of importance was said. But I could see that my wife's anger was almost uncontrollable. She broke out at last—almost in a fit of hysterics; she had been given to these. We men had

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much ado to restore her; there was no woman in the house. When she came to, she blamed it all on Joseph Reed—"and that Matlack" she would add, sobbing.

"Every one knows your husband is the bravest general the rebels—the Continentals have," said Robinson, as if to comfort her. "General Washington said so when he presented those sword-knots he is wearing—he should be—and would be but for Gates and Congress—the Second of the Continental army. . . ." Then first he seemed to notice that I had laid off my uniform.

"I am no longer a general in the Continental army," I said.

I have never known whether Peggy heard. It was better she should not; for we both decided later that she must not know. When she was quieter we got her upstairs; I told her that all would yet be well; and Robinson and I went back to our claret. "What did you mean by what you said just now?" he asked.

"What I said. This court-martial relieves me from the obligation to go on with a cause that now, at least, is mistaken if not wrong. I think I alone—or I only under Washington—can end this fratricidal war. And I will not be in league with France. I am a free man now, and I fight only for King George."

Robinson looked hard at me a moment as if to gauge my fidelity; then he opened the door, suddenly, and looked to the windows. The servants, under my orders, had left the room. Then he came forward, and grasped my hand.

"Understand me," said I; "I think there will be little fighting—unless it be with the French. All but the hotheads and the lawyers—all honest men are ready. Perhaps I cannot answer for Washington

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himself; though I am ready to approach him at the proper time. But when I announce my defection—my return to the loyal cause, with the terms his Majesty's peace commissioners will make—granting all and more than they demanded, save only independence, which they really do not want—they will melt like snows in springtime."

Robinson looked at me incredulous. "Lee? of course. Gates? perhaps. But Greene—and Sullivan—Wayne, Schuyler, Heath, Marion, Morgan. . . ."

"Oh, I do not mean the partisans—nor the 'patriots' like Pat Henry and John Adams—but the able, the intelligent, beginning with Dr. Franklin; and I would ask Washington himself to meet Clinton at the Congress for Peace."

This time Robinson looked amazed. "You mean to announce your defection openly?"

"Certainly; why not? Of course I shall have to 'escape' to the enemy," I laughed, "I can hardly ask for safe conduct, as you seem to have got. But once there we can concert our own terms. And aside from Washington, who is there left to fight? Lee?"—We both laughed. For Lee was under sentence of twelve months' suspension for his conduct at the battle of Monmouth. "The young Marquis de Lafayette, perhaps; or that sprig of a Hamilton? He has had a dispute with his chief. Morgan and Wayne we'll handle gently. Gates, with Aaron Burr and such small fry will come in when the gong sounds for dinner. The mighty Pennsylvania Council likewise, Jo Reed at the head; the Adamses and such we'll leave in Boston for another siege!"

But Robinson had grown pensive. "I am not sure it would do," said he, at last. "I am by no means

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sure it would do. But I must go back at once. I will see what they say. You will of course retain your rank. And it is proper that you should have compensation for any loss of property or just claim upon the Continental Government. But as for more . . . but I will see what they say."

"And how shall I know?"

"There will be no difficulty. You have a letter in your pocket from one John Anderson, have you not?"

I clapped my hand to my breast pocket. I had forgotten it; but it must have been there when they sentenced me. Robinson noticed the gesture.

"*Then you are 'Gustavus'?*"

I was fairly caught. But concealment no longer mattered,—with him. I bowed. Robinson sprang from his chair.

"I must go back at once. The affair is too momentous. Really, I must insist. I beg to call my orderly. After all, the night is safer—you can write as before."

"And who may be my correspondent? Some one I can trust?"

"Ask Mrs. Arnold. No, do not ask your wife. We must keep her out of it. But he is the Adjutant General of the British Army." Of course I knew as much. But I wanted the i's dotted and the t's crossed. So, it appeared, did Clinton.

It was after midnight. Robinson would not disturb my wife to say good-by, and after parting with him I went upstairs to find her still in tears. "Oh, had I been but at the trial," she wept, "I am sure they would not have *dared* find such a verdict!"

I told her that military rules forbade her presence in the court. I comforted her and told her that all

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would yet be well. For I already saw in myself, the Peacemaker—my country saved—Your Majesty honored in honoring its savior—and my enemies shamed.

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CHAPTER XLIV

I AM MADE SECOND IN COMMAND TO WASHINGTON

TOWARD dawn my wife fell into a tranquil sleep; and I had leisure to open my correspondent's letter. To my amazement it was identical with the letter that had been left with me by Captain Hele in the August previous; but now it was plainly signed "John Anderson." Why had Your Majesty's generals thus singled me out from the start? Obviously because I was the only general, under Washington, whose renewed allegiance would put an end to this fratricidal war. I reperused the well remembered phrases of the document. "Good citizens whose only object has been the happiness of their country . . . will not be influenced by motives of private interest to abandon the cause they have espoused. They are now offered everything which can render the Colonies really happy. . . . The American Colonies shall have their parliament, composed of two chambers, with all its members of American birth. Those of the upper house shall have titles and rank similar to those of peers in England." This was underlined. "All their laws, and particularly such as relate to money matters, shall be the production of this assembly with the concurrence of a viceroy." (This word was also underlined.) "Commerce in every part of the globe . . . shall be as free to the people of the thirteen Colonies as to the English people of Europe. . . . But desirable as peace is, it cannot be negotiated and agreed

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upon as between two independent powers; it is necessary that a decisive advantage should put Britain in a condition to dictate the terms of the reconciliation. . . . There is no one but General Arnold who can surmount obstacles so great as these. . . ."

I saw what Robinson meant. The simple defection of a general was not enough. Yet could I promise more? It would be impossible, now, for me to sound the other generals without arousing suspicion. Moreover, apparently, they had already been sounded, and in vain. It was true, my leadership would be more effectual, perhaps. But then I should have companions—equal in rank. No—as I had fought the war all but alone, so I would end it alone. But how?

Anyhow I would resign my command. And preparatory to that I would insist on a final settling of my accounts. We moved at once to Philadelphia, that my wife, being in a delicate condition, might enjoy the comforts of Mount Pleasant. Sister Hannah was there waiting. And there, between us, we made a careful examination of my claims against the Government. They amounted to £6315. I had no other property. The proceeds of my privateering ventures barely sufficed for my debts. Mount Pleasant was—and fortunately is—settled on my wife, subject, of course, to the mortgage.

There also, one night, in the garden, came to me Mrs. Betty Ferguson. "I come from Mr. Anderson—Mr. *John* Anderson," she said without preliminary.

"John André, you mean," I said.

"Have it as you like. But he says it will not do. And Colonel Robinson sends word he told you so. And I have liberty to tell you that they mentioned

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expressly the example, nay,—the precedent—of Monk. But Monk had an army—the army."

"I am but a general—without a command."

"You can get one?"

"My lameness forbids."

"A post, then—and with a command."

I laughed. I had thought it over and well. "Will that do?" I said. And I pressed in her glove a crumpled paper. It bore two words—"West Point."

"It will do," she said. "But they want more. Write your name underneath."

"That I will not. It is in my handwriting,—let that suffice."

"My own opinion is that it is quite sufficient. But I am but a woman." And she placed the paper in her bosom as if to demonstrate the fact. But it was no time for coquetry. "How will you return?" I said.

"To Egg Harbor. André is awaiting there, with Captain Hele." It was as if to show me how many of them had compromised me. But without that I had made up my mind. Nothing now could change it—not even the letter I received that next day from Washington; it was a day too late. For the letter was Washington's "reprimand"; brought to me, sealed, by special orderly. It ran as follows, after the introductory formalities:

Our profession is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which

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have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country.

"Regaining!" But for that word it might have moved me more. Should I answer it? I pondered on this question for a sleepless night.

But morning brings right counsel. I saw that it required no answer. Nor would I tell Washington of my plan. It was useless; for I should have to resign my office, my command; and that I saw would not suit Clinton; nor indeed might it be followed by a decisive result. This was all-important; else were my action mere common treason. But, followed by a success and a glorious peace, it made of me another Monk,—nay, more,—a great Peacemaker—a reconciler of erring brethren.

West Point I had selected, not only because it was the strongest post the Americans had, but the most strategic position as well. By it Your Majesty's troops had never passed. With it in their possession, New England—the heart of the rebellion—was forever separated from the Central and Southern Colonies. Tory Canada could have free intercourse with Tory New York. Howe still held the sea, for d'Estaing was frittering away his time at Newport. Philadelphia, Boston, Virginia, might send greetings to one another, but only by carrier pigeons; they could not cooperate; and Charleston, in South Carolina, the fourth great rebel state, was shortly to fall to Clinton, Lincoln to surrender, and the South be abandoned by the poltroon Gates. West Point would be the *coup de grâce*, and Washington would have no general left on whom he could rely to fight; and Lin-

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coln—his pet—surrendered 7000 men in a strongly fortified city to Clinton with no greater number. This was the same Lincoln who had been raised over my head from the Massachusetts militia to be a continental Major-General at the very time when my own claims were before Congress.

It remained now to get my accounts allowed by Congress—for there was no reason why Your Majesty should pay—as he later had to—their just debt. And also, about this time, my dearest Peggy was delivered of her child. Thus my devoted sister Hannah became both nurse and secretary.

Washington's reprimand seems to have been kept private, and not returned to Congress to be spread upon the archives of that precious body; and late in the month my rank was restored, that is to say, I was reinstated in the army. I had not asked for this; but it fell in with my plans. More surprising was it that, on the 3rd of February, the Executive Council of Pennsylvania—the very body that had insisted on my court-martial—"begged that my censure be dispensed with"! My chief had already sent it, military fashion. But evidently there had been a reaction; and I counted on this reaction to bring me a following at the proper time. On the 28th I wrote to Congress, demanding my arrears. March 1st I proposed a sea expedition, myself to be in command, but was glad nothing came of it; and on the 19th my son was born, as I have said; Edward; he is already in your Majesty's military service.

The birth of an heir adds to one's care for the family name. Mine was as yet* untarnished, save for the

* In the original manuscript these two words stand erased, but later, above, restored.—Ed.

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reprimand, and I spent the very next day, with Hannah, writing an account of the court martial with my proper vindication; this we addressed first, to Governor Weare* of New Hampshire who was my friend, with a copy to the Governor of every one of the thirteen Colonies.

André was at this time playing the spy about Charleston—for I received a letter from him by an unknown hand. It were a pity that in so favorite an occupation he never grew expert! However, he was not then caught and hanged, as happened by Lincoln's orders to Colonel Ballendine, also an artist, who fell, with his sketches of our† works, into a picket's hands. The letter told me that he had noted "the point" (West *Point*) of my paper, and would "prepare the goods" against his return; it was signed, as usual, John Anderson.

On the 28th of March, Washington wrote a letter I still possess, congratulating me on Edward's birth and giving me leave of absence. I improved it to visit my old friend Schuyler; he thought it was about my grant of New York lands, but it was really to say adieu to my oldest and truest friend. He deplored the defection of his young friend Beverly Robinson, and asked me if I had seen him. I was new at a lie,—and stammered. This unfortunate habit almost wrecked my plan later, when crossing the river with Washington and Lafayette to West Point. Early in May Becky (Franks) Johnston wrote from Quogue, Long Island, to my wife that André was back there. Nothing else was in the letter. How long had Becky

* This copy is still extant in the papers of the Massachusetts Historical Society.—Ed.

† Arnold occasionally makes this mistake, which grows more frequent as the time goes on.—Ed.

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been in the plot? I began to fear that young man's discretion, and saw that we must be expeditious; a disposition rather hastened by an adverse report on my accounts from the Board of Treasury, and on the 10th I wrote to Congress inquiring the method of appeal. They responded by giving me "liberty to state in writing any objections to the report on his accounts and lay them before Congress"—which, with Hannah's assistance, I promptly did, and they referred them to a committee consisting of one Telfair, Jones and Clark—gentlemen hitherto unknown to fame. So they put me off and played with me! But at last justice was done me; after an insistent letter from me (July 17th) they at last made order. "That the sum of $25,000 be advanced to Major General Arnold on account of his pay *and for which he is to be accountable.*" The sting was in the tail. They could not even make restitution graciously.

But on the first of August, 1780, I received the general order of Washington, appointing me to be commander of the Right Wing of the American Army.

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CHAPTER XLV

I INSIST ON WEST POINT

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in his *Historical Review of Pennsylvania*, published in London long before the war, says in his introduction, "A Battle is all Motion; a Hero all Glare: While such Images are before us, we can attend to nothing else. *Solon* and *Lycurgus* would make no figure in the same scene with the King of Prussia." And, in the first line of his text:

> The Constitution of Pennsylvania is derived first, from the Birthright of every British Subject. . . . (which) is, to have a Property of his own, in his Estate, Person and Reputation; subject only to Laws enacted by his own Concurrence, either in Person or by his Representatives; and which Birthright accompanies him wheresoever he wanders or rests; so long as he is within the Pale of the British Dominions.

And in 1760, after the conquest of Canada, he wrote to Lord Kames,

> I have long been of the opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America.

It was to lay that foundation more firmly that I was now to devote my career. And that I had the best opinion of the colonies behind me, I felt sure. Your Majesty's commissioners had conceded all that we had fought for. For did not this same Franklin himself say to Lord Camden, when he charged the colonies with the intention of setting up their independence, "No such idea is entertained in the minds

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of the Americans, and no such idea will ever enter their heads." *

Contraband news is the most speedy in delivery. On the second day after my appointment to command the Right Wing of the Army, and before I had even seen Washington (for I had arrived at Morristown late the night before) I was called from my bed by a stranger. He bore the appearance of a prosperous farmer—hardly a gentleman—and introduced himself as Joshua Hett Smith. He told me—as a matter of news—that Clinton had a design to fall at once on West Point, or, perhaps, on Washington himself; also—as a matter of news—that Clinton's fleet was safe in New York Harbor, having passed the French under de Ternay off the Chesapeake, and that Rochambeau had gone to Newport; that André (why André?) was back in New York, as proof of which he handed me a letter. "You know," said he, "I am a friend of both sides."

Again I marvelled at the number and quality of Clinton's confidants. Smith appeared a timorous, yet prying, bustling sort of character; delighted to have a hand in weighty affairs, I set him down as one who would not have the nerve to carry them through. He waited while I read the letter. This was all it said—a mere memorandum neither dated nor addressed, but couched so as to appear as a communication to aid the American cause:

Knyphausen is in New Jersey, but, understanding Arnold is about to command the American army in the field, Clinton will attack Washington at once. The bearer may be trusted.

ANDERSON.

* "Unless you grossly abuse them," was the close of Franklin's sentence—words which Arnold omits.—ED.

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I saw it all at once. It was their plan, not mine. I was to suffer Washington to engage in a general action; and then, with my Right Wing, desert him in the field.

The times had never been worse for the American leader. Defending Philadelphia from Morristown and threatening New York from West Point, he was moving like a shuttle up and down Ramapo and the one mountain road between. He had only between 3000 and 4000 men; the British had left the latter number under Cornwallis in Carolina, with that province and Georgia entirely reduced; Newport was threatened; the entire British fleet prepared to move up the Hudson where, at West Point, one scanty garrison interposed between them and Carleton's forces coming from Canada. Washington himself wrote Congress that their combination (*i. e.*, of the army and the fleet) would make the British "equal to almost anything they may think proper to attempt." And he was to perish in a sanguinary battle, by my treason in the field! I turned to Smith.

"Tell those who sent you, I have but one word—and it is the last!"

I felt sure that André, and through him Clinton, had received the pencilled scrawl I gave to Mrs. Ferguson—*West Point.*

"Where do you come from?"

Smith stammered. "I live in West Point," he said at last.

"Then tell those who sent you your address," and I left him.

I found Washington at headquarters, looking troubled; but his grave face brightened as he saw me. "You have come to accept?" he said.

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I told him that I had come to decline. That my wounded leg would not permit of service in the field. He demurred, but I was firm. I asked him, instead, for the command of West Point. At last he yielded.

On the 5th of August appeared Washington's order appointing me to that post.

Washington's condition was hopeless; to end the war as I proposed would do his fame no harm. His recruits were mere boys, whose services for nine months were bought at $1,500 apiece. My virtuous enemy, Joseph Reed himself said, this very month, "It is obvious that the bulk of the people are weary of the war." Mutinies were frequent, and Washington had had the leaders shot. Harry Lee had sent the bloody head of a deserter to Washington, who ordered the corpse to be buried at once, lest the enemy learn our straits. Floggings of a hundred lashes were an every day occurrence.

West Point was the keystone of the arch; it withdrawn, the crumbling union of the colonies would fall to ruin. As early as 1776, Colonel Zedwitz, a Prussian volunteer to whom he had intrusted its defense, had seen this and entered into negotiations for its delivery; he was discovered and tried, but acquitted, because our farmer court martial did not think the offense merited death! I had no illusions on that score. Short of a glorious consummation, the act was treason; for me it was Westminster Abbey or the gallows.

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CHAPTER XLVI

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER

I KNEW that the news of my appointment would travel fast and without my aid. The British made no general movement; on the contrary, Knyphausen was recalled from New Jersey. These facts confirmed me in the assurance that Smith had got through with his message, and that it was understood. And on the third day I received a packet, by ordinary messenger, from "Mr. John Anderson." Now, I had written with the usual signature, "Gustavus," a letter to "Mr. John Anderson" on the 7th of June, and again on the 13th and 15th of July. All these letters were sent to the care of Mr. Jas. Osborne, "to be left at Rev. Mr. Odell's." This Jonathan Odell, a rector of the church at Burlington, was now (although the composer of the rebel tune Hail Columbia) a loyalist and chaplain to a British regiment. André's letters came all sorts of ways; and at the time this arrived I was writing a letter to a young gentleman of whom I had good opinion, one Nicholas Varick, who had been my Aide at Freeman's Farm, offering him the position of my private secretary at West Point; but I stopped and hastily opened the packet.

It contained but a ballad—printed in the ordinary form of ballads that are sold for a ha'penny a "broadside." I shook the leaves open, carefully examined the backs and cover; I even subjected it to heat for sympathetic ink; it was a ballad entitled "The Cow

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Chase"—superscribed by John André, and dated Elizabeth-Town, August 1, 1780. And that was all! No fixing of place, or dates; no acknowledgment of my twice repeated message; no hint at a meeting or concert of plans—just a bit of doggerel! And this rhymester, this painter-fellow, was the Adjutant on whom Your Majesty's empire and my plans for its furtherance were to rest! I copy the final stanza, for General Wayne, who led the Americans in the "Cow Chase", the very next month took custody of John André, caught near Tappan:

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it;
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet!"

Perhaps it was in consequence—or in spite of?—this epic that André was formally, on the 31st, made Adjutant General.

I went on with the letter to Varick, as being at least more important than the cow chase. I wrote to him, "I am in want of a secretary; duty would engross only part of your time, and leave a considerable part for you to prosecute your studies. . . . As this has the appearance of a quiet post, I expect Mrs. Arnold will soon be with me." Two days after he replied, accepting: "The presence of Mrs. Arnold will certainly make our situation in the barren Highlands vastly more agreeable, and I am persuaded will more than compensate for any deficiency of Nature" —and closed by saying that he had ordered his clothes (!) which would be finished in a few days. "As soon as this is accomplished I purpose to join you Sunday next."

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He appeared to be a good enough sort of fool for my purposes. And the very day he arrived at Robinson's house (August 14th) he wrote a silly letter of exultation to Colonel Hay, which he showed me, saying that he only meant to stay with me "until the reduction of New York," convinced that "literary achievements were impossible while the enemy possess our capital, so near my residence in New Jersey"!

Under the guidance of J. H. Smith, I had moved to West Point, stopping the night at the house of one Mrs. Prévost, said to be enamoured of Aaron Burr, who lay convenient, across the river in West Chester, and I was anxious to finish all correspondence with André before Varick arrived.

I had written him early in July on our "commercial plan" and only on the 24th received a colorless answer to one I had written July 7th! He wrote more definitely on the 24th of July, received in the same packet.

But André was too dilatory—dilettante, I might say—and I bethought me of Robinson. I was now quartered in his house, which was confiscated; and this gave him—and me—pretext for correspondence. The house was the very one in which Washington, then his guest, had courted Mary Philipse; and I asked him to permit Robinson to come there, on business connected with the property. But Washington told me the civil, not the military powers, should consider such requests. However, there were constant flags going to and from headquarters, with return visits of our spies.

On the 14th Varick came, and I had him write to Marquis Lafayette to give him a list of confidential spies. I desired to see just whom we could trust.

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Many of Smith's and Robinson's I found included in the list. I therefore thought Joshua Hett after all, the best man to trust; for Robinson, though I was quartered in his own house, could not—after Washington's refusal—come up safely; and the very first remark young Varick permitted himself was in criticism of a letter of mine to Robinson, that "it seemed to court a correspondence with him, that it bore the complexion of a letter from a friend rather than an enemy, and that he (Robinson) was very obnoxious to the State of New York." So I wrote Governor Clinton (I need not remind Your Majesty that an American Clinton was at this period the rebel Governor of New York) for a pass for Joshua H. Smith.

Headquarters, Robinson's House
August 17th.

DEAR SIR:

Joshua Smith, Esquire, of Haverstraw, in a letter of the 13th, applied to me for permits for two women; the one named Catherine John, with five children, and the other Eliza Gerard, with three children, to pass within the enemy's lines.

Sentiments of humanity would induce me to give them permits, if it be not inconsistent with the laws of the State. I shall therefore be very happy to receive your Excellency's advice on this subject, as well as on what line of conduct you wish to be observed with respect to such inhabitants of this State as may in future apply to me for permits and flags to go to New York.

Clinton answered August 22nd:

The practice . . . has been by application in the first instance to the person administering the government for his consent, which being obtained, the commanding officer of the department has granted his pass. This has prevented . . . communication with the enemy at improper seasons, and, if agreeable to you, is the mode I wish to be pursued.

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With respect to flags, few pass, and none are ever granted by the authority of the State, without previously consulting the officer commanding the department.

Whereupon, and without consulting me, that ass Varick wrote Benson, the Governor's Aide de Camp, telling him of a letter from Joshua Smith of the 13th, asking passes, and noting that he says it was the custom for the General to grant passes without referring to the Governor, and the Governor's letter does not bear out that contention. If the Governor had given a discretionary power on Howe, why was it not extended to Arnold, "whose reputation, as a friend to our country was supported by testimonials which General Howe could not adduce in support of his. I have political reasons for inquiring into the truth of Mr. Smith's representation. It may be that he wanted information. But although General Arnold does conceal his sentiments, he can't help seeing the difference in the two powers and feeling himself hurt. The General thinks well of Smith. I must confess that I do not, and I have told him so. I would therefore wish to gain information of what may be his real political character."

Varick had nearly betrayed us, but at least I saw that Smith was already under suspicion, and that it behooved me to be more cautious.

Now Washington meditated a last desperate cast. He planned himself to advance direct on New York via Kingsbridge; while Rochambeau came up the Sound and the French threatened New York from the Long Island shore at the Battery itself. I myself wrote a long despatch to him, September 14th, giving, in answer to his questions, my advice. "If second

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division of the French Fleet may be soon expected (that under Guichen of which Lafayette asked me later) . . . advise immediate attack on New York, otherwise, the Pennsylvania line should march to the relief of the Southern States." Sir Henry Clinton was advised of this; and writes in his official despatch, "My idea of putting into execution this concerted plan with General Arnold with most efficacy, was to have deferred it until Mr. Washington, co-operating with the French, moved upon this place (New York), to invest it, and that the Rebel Magazines should have been collected and formed in their several Dépots, particularly that at West Point. General Arnold surrendering himself, the Fort and Garrison at this instant. . . . Mr. Washington must instantly have retired from King's Bridge and the French troops on Long Island . . . fallen into our hands."

All seemed ready; I was in West Point, and had weakened the garrison so far as I dared; for I naturally wished as few as possible of my countrymen to lose their lives in a fruitless defense; but all was not yet settled between Clinton and myself. I naturally expected the viceroyalty, or at least a dukedom; he was too vague on these points, and desired a written guaranty. The signature of Gustavus, though now well known to be mine, was not enough.

Now, on the 29th of August, there had arrived at my headquarters one William Heron, a member of the Connecticut legislature, desiring a flag of truce to go to Kingsbridge. Benson had answered Varick's silly letter on the 19th, that while his information was ill founded, he knew very little of his (Smith's) character; "has declared himself a Whig; not entitled to fullest confidence"; and then had gone on, telling

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how General Gates had given several passes from Albany to New York, who were stopped at New Windsor by the Governor, who refused to let them proceed, except as prisoners under parole or on exchange. "Since that time, the constant rule has been, as mentioned in Governor Clinton's letter to General Arnold. It may be possible that on some particular occasion Howe may have been desired to use his discretion, but I am sure not generally." Naturally, I disliked to give a pass after this; at the same time Heron was a member of a neighboring State legislature, and entitled to special consideration. I thought on it over night. He would be the safest of messengers! I had had him to dinner, and he was flattered and unsuspicious. I told him that I could not attend on the business that day, being employed in viewing the state of the works on the Point, but desired him to call at Robinson's house the next morning at eight. I kept him waiting there two hours, while he sat in the room with Varick. Then I came in, and ordered Varick to write a permit or flag for me, which he did without demur; I signed it, then retired to my room; I then sent word I wanted to speak to him, and as soon as he entered (being alone) I asked if he thought the person with whom he expected to transact his business at the enemy's lines would deliver a letter, which I handed to him casually. He answered Yes. I then said, if I could rely on him, I should be obliged to him if he could give him (that person) a particular charge with regard to the delivery of the letter.

"As soon as I received it, and viewed the superscription in a feigned hand, I felt a suspicion; variety of circumstances; his manner, sealed with a wafer, not waxed, and then waxed over it, to give the ap-

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pearance of a letter broken open for examination, he giving me to understand that that had been the case, but upon examining the wafer I found it whole. I was well persuaded I was detained there while he was writing it, also his circumspection lest Varick should see the letter or hear him give me the charge. I therefore deemed it my duty to deliver the letter to General Parsons, instead of carrying it where directed, which I accordingly did on my return from the lines, and observed to the General that in my opinion, Colonel Varick was in no way privy to it." This was Heron's testimony at Varick's court martial; but at the time he took the letter without a scruple. But Parsons, fortunately "forgot" to forward it to Washington until after André had met his fate. This was the letter; I have added the words necessary to explain its meaning:

August 30, 1780.

SIR:

On the 24th inst. I received a note from you, without date, in answer to mine of the 7th of July; also a letter from your house (Sir Henry Clinton's Headquarters) of the 24th of July in answer to mine of the 15th, with a note from B. (Beverly Robinson) of the 30th July, with an extract of a letter from Mr. J. Osborn (Sir H. Clinton) of the 24th. I have paid particular attention to the contents of the several letters. Had they arrived earlier, you should have had my answer sooner. A variety of circumstances has prevented my writing you before. I expect to do it very fully in a few days, and to procure you an interview with Mr. M——e (Arnold), when you will be able to settle your commercial plan, I hope, agreeable to all parties. Mr. M——e (Arnold) assures me that he is still of opinion that his first proposal is by no means unreasonable, and makes no doubt, when he has a conference with you, that you will close with it. He expects when you meet that you will be fully authorized from your House (Sir Henry Clinton): that the risks and profits of the co-partnership may be fully and clearly understood.

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A speculation might at this time be easily made to some advantage with ready money (the British Army), but there is not the quantity of goods (provisions and stores) at market (West Point) which your partner seems to suppose, and the number of speculators (the army at Tappan and Malcolm's levies at Haverstraw) below, I think will be against your making an immediate purchase (attack). I apprehend goods (provisions) will be in greater plenty (more provisions and less troops) and much cheaper in the course of the season; both dry and wet (rum and flour) are much wanted and in demand at this juncture. Some quantities are expected in this part of the country soon.

Mr. M——e (Arnold) flatters himself that in the course of ten days he will have the pleasure of seeing you. He requests me to advise you that he has ordered a draught on you in favor of our mutual friend, S——y for 1300, which you will charge on account of the tobacco.

I am, in behalf of Mr. M——e (Arnold) and Co., Sir,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

GUSTAVUS.

To Mr. John Anderson, Merchant,
New York.

I watched Heron off with his flag and this letter; but I waited in vain for my answer. General Sam Parsons later certified that "William Heron is a gentleman of honor and integrity." But neither quality prevented, on the one hand, his telling the British officers in New York "the whole rebellion must now fall to the ground . . . all are for peace with Great Britain on the old foundations"—while on the other hand he failed to deliver my letter, but brought it back and handed it to Parsons instead. I was new at intrigue, or I had never used an obviously fictitious signature like "Gustavus" . . . Hon Yost Schuyler, or any other fool's name would have been safe. But luckily General Parsons was not on the alert, and the letter aroused no suspicion in his mind; he saved it,

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"until he could talk about it with Washington!" Meantime, I was anxious to secure in West Point all the munitions possible. So, on the 3rd of September, I wrote to Mr. Stephens, saying Washington had informed me the enemy are in preparation for some important movement, possibly their object this post. I called on him to collect every possible supply of provisions for garrison. "Our situation truly critical," I said. And also, on September 4th, to Colonel Livingston:

Washington informs me he is apprehensive of attack on the posts in the Highlands. If the enemy appears in force it is his intention to have Stony and Verplanck's Points evacuated; the cannon and stores removed to West Point, for which purpose I have sent down sixty flat-bottom boats with five men in each, but do not retreat precipitately or on any slight alarm. You will be the best judge on the spot.

September 8th, to General Parsons:

Washington apprehensive of attack. Schuyler now informs me his fears have subsided.

Your observations on the resolutions of Congress I think perfectly just. The army in general are fully convinced that their wish is to disgust and disband us in detail as soon as they can. A lady of my acquaintance had some trifling articles purchased for her in New York by Colonel Webb and Major Giles about eighteen months past, which they could not bring out. By her desire, I have some little time since requested Colonel Sheldon to endeavor to get them out by one of his flags. They will be in a box or small trunk,—if they come out when you are on the lines, I beg the favor of you to take care of them and send them to me. I would not wish my name to be mentioned in the matter, as it may give occasion for scandal.

But time went by, and still I got no answer to my letter sent by Heron; and as I received (one through

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Parsons himself) intimations that it had gone astray, I took means to let both Varick and Franks know of my "mercantile" correspondence with a friend in New York, under fictitious characters; that I had written a letter to him and sent it by a Mrs. Mary McCarthy of Quebec, who had Governor Clinton's pass and a flag to go down river; and meantime I sent Smith to warn Sir Henry Clinton that my letter had been intercepted, and that I must insist on a personal interview, "a man of my own mensuration"; and in reply I was expressly advised that he should be the Adjutant General of the British Army—to which post Clinton had promoted his favorite the week before. I could hardly object to this, as he was in a sense second in command. So I then, through Smith, advised a personal meeting with John Anderson at a cavalry outpost between Salem and North Castle on the east side of the Hudson, and on the very day after Heron left I had written to Colonel Sheldon, wishing to be informed "if the person you mentioned to me is returned from his excursion. On considering the matter, I am convinced that material intelligence might be procured through the channel I mentioned." This was to cover my meeting with "Anderson."

At this time my household consisted of Major Franks, Varick and Dr. Eustis, in charge of our hospital. We had frequent visitors; my friend Lamb, now Chief of Artillery, Joshua Smith, Washington himself once, Robinson never openly, and not at all since he had been refused his pass; General Schuyler on the 4th, and that day I wrote my devoted Peggy to come and join me, giving her most careful directions how to come, and telling her to spend the first

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night at Paramus, at Mrs. Prévost's.* I was, of course, anxious to get her within what were to be the British lines before the revolution took effect. She left Philadelphia on the 6th with our infant son.

I grew more and more anxious about Heron's letter; so I took occasion to write another to "John Anderson" on real business; our want of rum and sugar. This I dictated to Varick; of course it was never sent. Whereupon what does my young secretary do but, in lofty indignation, protest that he "was not my purveyor or caterer," and he told Franks how I "was writing in a mercantile style, and he suspected was making merchandise of public stores, or trading

* This letter is now in the Department of State at Washington, but is printed in 25 *Pa. Mag. Hist.*, p. 44. It is as follows:

Directions for Mrs. Arnold on her way to Wt. Point.

You must by all means get out of the Carriage in Crossing all Ferries and going over all large Bridges, to prevent accidents.

1. Your first night Stage will be at Bristol, Mr. Coxes 20 miles.

2. The Second at Trenton, Banagers unless you go to G. Dickinson's or Col. Cadul's. 10.

3. The third night to Brunswick. Wm. Mariners, a good house. 28. If the weather is warm and this Stage too long you can lodge at Princeton 12 miles from Trenton.

4. The fourth Night at Newark . . . 26. If this Stage is too long you can stop 6 miles Short at Elizabeth Town, or if any danger is Apprehended from the enemy you will be very safe by riding a few miles out of the Common Road.

5. The fifth Night at Paramus. 12.

The 6th night Judge Coe's 14 miles, and if not fatigued to Joshua Smith, Esq., 6 Miles further and only three from King's Ferry where you will be hospitably received and well accomodated. You will get tolerable Beds at Coe's, and from thence on by Water, so that in Seven days if the Weather is cool, you will perform the Journey with ease. You must not Forget your own Sheets to sleep in on the road, and a Feather Bed to put in the Lt. waggon which will make an easy Seat, and you will find it cooler, and pleasanter to ride in the smooth roads, than a Close Carriage . . . and it will ease your Carriage Horses. At Paramus you will be very politely received by Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Prévost; very Genteel People.

Let me beg of you not to make your Stages so long as to fatigue yourself or the Dr. Boy, if you should be much longer in Coming.

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within the enemy's lines"; this was because I tried to exchange rum and salt for fresh provisions for Mrs. Arnold's use! I authorized Franks to tell him that I had written a letter to one John Anderson in New York, in a mercantile style, to cover the design of getting intelligence of the enemy's movements from him; and he replied that he was apprehensive that this letter was intercepted, as the answer from Anderson to Colonel Sheldon expressed an extreme of caution and referred him to the officer who conducted the flag for further information. Franks then said frankly that I had corresponded with Anderson or some such name before from Philadelphia and had got intelligence of consequence from him. And in reply, Varick had the audacity to warn me against associating with Smith! I only answered that I would not put it in Smith's power to hurt him or his country.

About this time Robinson wrote a letter proposing a meeting between us "to consider our estates," but young Varick's suspicion of Smith prevented an understanding at first hand, and things were growing worse rather than better. For André refused to come in any disguise as an "intelligencer." Therefore, as the Gustavus letter was still *non est* (it was not delivered to Parsons until Heron's return on the 10th), I wrote Colonel Sheldon a letter referring to it and at the same time asking a pass for André . . . (who himself wrote Sheldon on the same day, September 7th):

I am sorry the person you refer to is not returned. I wish to see him as soon as he does, as I am in hopes through him to open a channel of intelligence that may be depended upon.

I am much obliged to you for the care you have taken to procure

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the articles for the ladies. I will write General Parsons on the subject, and you need apprehend no difficulty, as I am on most friendly terms with him. Since I saw you I have had an opportunity of transmitting a letter to the person in New York of whom I made mention and am in expectation of procuring a meeting at your quarters. If I can bring this matter about, as I hope I will, I shall open a channel of intelligence that will be regular and to be depended upon.

And André's letter (which was of course sent on to me by Sheldon) was as follows:

NEW YORK
7th September.

SIR:

I am told my name is made known to you, and that I may hope your indulgence in permitting me to meet a friend near your outposts. I will endeavor to obtain permission to go out with a flag, which will be sent to Dobb's Ferry on Monday next, the 11th, at 12 o'clock, when I shall be happy to meet Mr. G——. Should I not be allowed to go, the officer who is to command the escort, between whom and myself no distinction need be made, can speak on the affair.

Let me entreat you, Sir, to favor a matter so interesting to the parties concerned, and which is of so private a nature that the public on neither side can be injured by it.

I shall be happy on my part to do any act of kindness to you in a family or property concern of a similar nature.

I trust I shall not be detained, but should any old grudge be a cause for it, I shall rather risk that than neglect the business in question, or assume a mysterious character to carry on an innocent affair; and as friends have advised, get to your lines by stealth.

I am, Sir, with all regard, Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN ANDERSON.

To Colonel Sheldon.

This combination worked perfectly, and I got Sheldon's express orders, or rather hopes, that André and I might meet.

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September 9, Sheldon wrote to me from Lower Salem:

Enclosed I send you a letter which I received last evening from New York, signed "John Anderson," who mentions his name being made known to me; if this is the person you mentioned in your favor of yesterday, he must have received his information by your letter, as I never heard his name mentioned before I received the letter. I hope you will not fail meeting him at Dobb's Ferry. If you cannot meet him yourself, pray send a person you can confide in. I am so much out of health I shall not be able to ride that distance in one day.

But still there was no news of that Gustavus letter. It caused me many a sleepless night—had I but known that it was safely pigeon-holed in General Parsons' desk! So the next day I wrote again to Sheldon, getting in another explanatory word about that last Gustavus letter. (I could only hope that Sir Henry Clinton was being more careful of his correspondence than was Parsons.)

September 10.

I received your favor of yesterday last night. You judge right. I wrote Mr. Anderson the 3rd inst. requesting him to meet me at your quarters, and informed him I had hinted the matter to you, and that you would send any letter to me or inform me of his arrival. I did not mention his name in my letter to you, as I thought it unnecessary. I was obliged to write with great caution to him. My letter was signed "Gustavus" to prevent any discovery in case it fell into the hands of the enemy.

From the tenor of Mr. Anderson's letter, I am led to conjecture my letter has been intercepted; there are several things in the letter which appear mysterious.

As you are unwell, and I want to go to Verplanck's Point to give directions in some matters there, I am determined to go as far as Dobb's Ferry and meet the flag.

If Mr. Anderson should not be permitted to come out in the

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flag, and should find means to come to your quarters, I wish you to send an express to let me know, and send two or three horsemen to conduct him on the way to meet me, as it is difficult for me to ride so far. If your health will permit I wish you to come with him. I have promised him your protection and that he shall return in safety. If General Parsons is arrived, I wish you to show him my letter and tell him my request is to have Mr. Anderson escorted to meet me.

Please to write me by return of the express, through what channel you received Mr. Anderson's letter, and if your emmissary is returned.

And on the 13th, I had Varick write a letter to Washington himself:

Your favor of the 12th is now before me. A variety of circumstances confirm my suspicions that my letter to Mr. Anderson was intercepted by the enemy, and unanswered. I was at the Block House at Dobb's Ferry on Monday, agreeable to the mode pointed out in the letter, and remained there till three o'clock in the afternoon; but saw no flag.

It gives me pain to know your situation, and that your reputation is aspersed and vilified by a person of Mr. Stoddard's character.

My dear wife arrived on the 14th, with little Edward. I went down as far as Smith's house to meet her. All now seemed well. The plans were well arranged, and but one interview remained to perfect the understanding. But when blind Fate would wreck the designs of the wise, she sends—a fool.

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CHAPTER XLVII

I DO MY SHARE

ALL now seemed well. The Robinson house, though not to compare with Mount Pleasant, was finely situated on a knoll above the east side of the Hudson; its one dignified room, which I used for my receptions, was notable in having seven doors and only one window.* But the view was glorious. Peggy was perfectly happy—wholly so, perhaps, for the first, and alas! the last time since our marriage. I was with her, at the height of my career, her darling child was in her arms, and about her the most beautiful and romantic situation of all America, in the golden month of September. West Point! The Acropolis of our liberties, sacred Arc of America, never profaned—beautiful as a dream, strong as the life of the people, shrine of their history!†

Little Edward was only six months old, and Peggy was anxious about him, for he had what she called a "sore head." She had had an uneventful journey, and was hospitably treated, particularly by Mrs. Prévost, at Paramus. The other children—what I call the American children—had been intentionally left behind, under my orders; but their aunt Hannah wrote Peggy on the 10th, that Harry had had inconsolable bursts of grief, especially for the removal of

* This exact room, with all its furniture, was duplicated a half-century later, for a dinner given to Lafayette in Paris.—ED.

† It seems incredible that Arnold should have left this rhapsody, but that King George III was already mad.—ED.

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his little brother Edward, "just as he began to know and love him. . . ." "Yesterday got a letter from your anxious husband," Hannah went on, "who, lover-like, is tormenting himself with a thousand fancied disasters which happened to you. . . . Heaven guard you safely to him, for in your life and happiness his consists . . . I have got a steady, clever, industrious old cook; she has been out only once to church, and seems to have no inclination for gadding." (Hannah was always a Martha) "Your papa keeps Mrs. Allen's house for you, or himself; which he takes will be determined soon."—For I had naturally made arrangements to dispose of Mount Pleasant.

André's letter of the 7th to Colonel Sheldon had been promptly transmitted by him to me, little knowing that I (Gustavus) was the "Mr. G." referred to. Thus Sheldon himself made the rendezvous between us, and André could not be said to have gotten to our lines "by stealth." As the date he fixed was Sunday the 11th at noon, at Dobb's Ferry, I took a barge on the afternoon of the 10th, passed the night at Joshua Smith's house, and on the morning of the 11th, was rowed the nineteen miles to Dobb's Ferry, where indeed, (as I afterward learned) both André and Robinson were waiting for me, on the shore.

But H. M. S. *Blunderer* was at work. Our interview was to take place on the east shore; but as I approached the place some British gun-boats opened fire on my barge. I recognized André's ship, the *Vulture*, but André sent no orders to cease firing, and although I made two efforts to get within hailing distance, the gun-boats were between us, and I was put in peril of my life. Then I lay on my oars, expecting that André would come out to meet my solitary barge;

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but he did not do so, and I ordered my men to row over to the west shore (which was within our lines) above the ferry. As we crossed, a barge from the *Vulture* even put out to give us chase. There I awaited the flag, lying on our oars, for they must have seen my manœuvre; but none came. So at sundown I started back from West Point, in the barge, with a pretty tired crew.

And I felt tired myself. Was it stupidity or poltroonery? I felt like giving up the whole thing. I had no excuse for continually manœuvring down the river; my life was as much endangered as André's; my reputation more. I refused (through Smith) again to meet André half-way. He must come to me; this, moreover, my superior rank required. And to make it easy for him, I wrote to Major Tallmadge, the next day, a letter on ordinary matters, of which the postscript was:

P. S. If Mr. John Anderson, a person I expect from New York, should come to your quarters, I have to request that you will give him an escort of two horsemen to bring him on his way to this place, and send an express to me, that I may meet him. If your business will permit, I wish you to come with him.

This was a mistake on my part. My advising Tallmadge that I was expecting Anderson only put the sharp Connecticut Yankee on his suspicions—he was indeed a sort of chief of our spies—honest Jameson would have sent André to me, as I bade Tallmadge to, and not to Washington.

The next day Smith brought me word that Clinton was impatient; that unless consummation were speedily made, circumstances might prevent fulfilment; and at the same time called for plans and papers. Why

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were they suspicious of me? I replied that "our senior" was quitting the house on the 17th for six days; that during that time we might conveniently arrange our business; to have Mr. Anderson therefore come at once to the exchange, as without an interview I would proceed in the matter no further. For Washington was shortly to make the journey with his full staff from Jersey to Hartford, Connecticut, to meet there Rochambeau; and my purpose was to effect the whole matter during his absence.

Little secret of the matter appears to have been made in New York, regardless that they were putting my head in a noose. André boasted to his friends that he was about to engage in an affair which would bring him a brigadiership and a baronetcy. He made a parting call on Baroness Riedesel, and he delayed for a final dinner, given at Kip's "bowerie" to Clinton and his staff in André's honor by Colonel Williams of the 80th. Every one told me of it, when I got to New York, and of how he sang the song:

> "Why, soldiers, why
> Should we be melancholy, boy?
> Whose business 'tis to die!"

But it was this folly that delayed his departure until the next day—September 20th—our meeting until the 22nd, only two days before Washington and all the generals were to return from Hartford; and it may have been intentional, for André, when he came at last, urged that I should surrender West Point with Washington in it. This I flatly refused to do.

Robinson was sent up river on the *Vulture*, as early as the 16th, and came to anchor at Teller's Point, only fourteen miles from my headquarters in Robinson's

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house, within view of my jetty (King's) and only six miles from our works at Verplanck's and Stony Points. He got a flag to Livingston at Verplanck's with a letter for me. I received it at dinner; glanced over its contents, and remarked casually that it was from my landlord, Robinson, who wanted an interview. My good Colonel Lamb, who was ever of a quarrelsome habit, since his jaw had been broken by a musket ball under me at Quebec, quarrelled at this; pointing out that an interview with "that traitor" would arouse suspicions of improper communications between us. He was getting "warm," as the children say, and to quiet him I had to promise to consult with the Commander in Chief about the matter, for Washington was expected the next day; and in Lamb's presence, on the evening of the 18th, as we were all crossing Kingsferry, together, I handed Washington Robinson's letter. But Washington, in decided terms, advised me of the impropriety of the chief commander of a post meeting any one himself. He might send a trusty hand, if he thought proper, but it was better to have nothing to do with business that pertained to the civil authorities. The *Vulture* was in sight below, and Washington was carefully examining her with his glass; as he closed it, he made a remark or gave an order to Lafayette, sitting next him, in so low a tone that I could not hear. Could it be about my fruitless visit of the week before? And my heart leaped to my mouth as Lafayette turned to me and said:

"General Arnold, since you have correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of Guichen?"

I stammered and started to ask the Frenchman what he meant; but recovered myself, as the con-

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versation passed to other matters and I saw that no arrest was intended. But, "I had no more suspicions of Arnold than I had of myself" were Washington's later words upon this scene. I took a stiff glass of brandy and water, and then accompanied them all the way to Peekskill, where we spent the night. On the 19th I came back to West Point; and was at once confronted with a quarrel between Varick and Joshua Smith; and Franks told me privately that Varick was convinced I had some commercial plan through "that rascal" and that he had threatened to leave my service if the affair went on. Varick told me that he would have no connection with my family arrangements or my stores. I replied with dignity that there were 10000 rations due me for 1775, 1776, and 1777 for which I had got no adequate compensation and I ordered him in future to draw my rations in full as was his business. He said that might be, but not to sell rum to a captain who was a tory. (This referred to one Captain Robinson to whom I had been selling surplus stores—not, of course, Colonel Beverly.) Again I had a difficulty in tranquillizing Varick, with whom Franks had to take part for the sake of appearances. I was a fool to let the former into the family; but Franks had given many proofs of his loyalty to me.

Washington safe away, I answered Robinson's letter, dating it as of the day before. This letter was sent openly; but as will be seen, it contained a copy of an important Gustavus letter I had sent on the 16th by "a very honest fellow." (He is living yet, so I mention no names):

September 18th, 1780.

SIR:

I parted with His Excellency General Washington this morning, who advised me to avoid seeing you, as it would occasion suspicions

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in the minds of some people, which might operate to my injury. His reasons appear to me to be well founded; but, if I were of a different opinion, I could not with propriety see you at present. I shall send a person to Dobb's Ferry, or on board the *Vulture*, Wednesday night, the 20th instant, and furnish him with a boat and a flag of truce. You may depend on his secrecy and honour, and that your business of whatever nature shall be kept a profound secret; and if it is a matter in which I can officially act, I will do everything in my power to oblige you consistently with my duty. To avoid censure this matter must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. I think it will be advisable for the *Vulture* to remain where she is until the time appointed. I have enclosed a letter for a gentleman in New York from one in the country on private business, which I beg the favor of you to forward, and make no doubt he will be particular to come at the time appointed.

I am, etc.

P. S. I expect General Washington to lodge here on Saturday night next, and will lay before him any matter you may wish to communicate.*

This letter was meant to be shown, if captured, to explain the enclosure, and show that the Gustavus letter was not from me. The latter was as follows:

September 15th,

SIR:

On the 11th, at noon, agreeable to your request, I attempted to go to Dobb's Ferry, but was prevented by the armed boats of the enemy, which fired upon us; and I continued opposite the Ferry till sunset. The foregoing letter was written to caution you not to mention your business to Colonel Sheldon, or any other person. I have no confidant. I have made one too many already, who has prevented some profitable speculations.

I will send a person in whom you can confide, by water to meet you at Dobb's Ferry at the landing on the east side, on Wednesday the 20th instant, who will conduct you to a place of safety, where I will meet you. It will be necessary for you to be disguised, and,

* Sargent's *André*, p. 272.—ED.

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if the enemy's boats are there, it will favor my plan, as the person is not suspected by them. If I do not hear from you before, you may depend on the person's being punctual at the place above mentioned.

My partner, of whom I have hinted in a former letter, has about ten thousand pounds cash in hand ready for a speculation if any should offer which appears profitable. I have also one thousand pounds on hand and can collect fifteen hundred more in two or three days. Add to this I have some credit. From these hints you may judge of the purchase that can be made. I cannot be more explicit at present. Meet me if possible. You may rest assured that, if there is no danger in passing your lines, you will be perfectly safe where I propose a meeting, of which you shall be informed on Wednesday evening, if you think proper to be at Dobb's Ferry. Adieu, and be assured of the friendship of

GUSTAVUS.*

September 18th.

The foregoing I found means to send by a very honest fellow who went to Kingsbridge on the 16th, and I have no doubt you have received it. But as there is a possibility of its miscarriage, I send a copy, and am fully persuaded that the method I have pointed out to meet you is the best and safest, provided you can obtain leave to come out.

But on that same day I did a very foolish thing. I wrote to Colonel Livingston, by Varick:

Am advised by Captain Archibald, who is returned with a flag from the *Vulture*, of forty batteaux or flat boats being picked up by the British, and orders greater caution. I order the two pieces of artillery sent immediately to Dobb's Ferry on a sloop, transferred to a batteau so that they can be sent down in spite of the enemy's armed vessels remaining in the river.

This act proved my undoing. But my last official act, as an American General, was one of humanity: It was a pass, September 19th, signed by Varick,

* *Ibid.*, p. 273.

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Secretary, to four men with four wagons and two horses, with a flag, by the shortest route from the post to the nearest British post at Kingsbridge; taking with them Mary Ham, with three children, Lucy German and one child, with other women and children.

That night, with my wife, I went to Joshua Smith's but he had had no letter in answer to my first copy sent on the 16th by "the very honest fellow." It had been delivered before the 19th, however, for that was the very night of the banquet given to André on his departure. Clinton's last word to him was not to go disguised.

Certainly not to go disguised in liquor.

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CHAPTER XLVIII

OUR ONLY MEETING

ALL day the 20th I passed preparing plans of the fort, a roster of the garrison, and a brief inventory of the stores. By my Gustavus letter, I had told Clinton that I had only a garrison of 1000, with 1500 more at hand, and that Washington had 10,000. Varick and Franks with Mrs. Arnold and some young girls of the neighboring town of Haverstraw—the family of Joshua Smith—had gone across the river on a pleasure trip. It was convenient they should be away, for I had fixed on Smith's house (against that gentleman's unavailing protest) as the place for my meeting with André. That morning, as we had arranged the night before, Smith was to row across to Dobb's Ferry for André. From my window, with a glass, I could see the *Vulture* lying at anchor off Teller's Point. Noon passed; and the afternoon; and Smith sent no news of André. Where was that gentleman?

I have never got a clear explanation. He turned up on the *Vulture*, I now know, that evening; but he never appeared at Dobb's Ferry as had been arranged. Smith waited there in vain, and of course could not go to the *Vulture*. Perhaps his letter to Sir Henry Clinton will explain:

On board the *Vulture*,
21, Sept., 1780.

SIR:

As the tide was favorable on my arrival at the sloop yesterday, I determined to be myself the bearer of your Excellency's letters

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as far as the *Vulture*. I have suffered for it, having caught a very bad cold, and had so violent a return of a disorder in my stomach, which had attacked me a few days ago, that Captain Sutherland and Colonel Robinson insist on my remaining on board until I am better. I hope tomorrow to get down again.

I have the honour, etc.*

Many a gentleman has had a headache after a debauch; but never at so inopportune a time. Apparently he was not even well enough to write until the morning of the 21st. It had been a good dinner—that of Colonel Williams on the night of the 19th. All the 20th Smith was waiting on the shore, and I in Robinson's house; Robinson himself was on the *Vulture;* where André only arrived at 7 p. m.

But that afternoon, it appears, some "Skinners" with their rifles came to the river bank there to ask a farmer for a drink of cider, as he was busy at his press. To get rid of them, he told them that the *Vulture* was lying nearby. Whereupon these partisans thought proper to put out a white flag, and conceal themselves behind a rock. Robinson naturally thought it was from me, and sent a boat with a flag to the shore; it was promptly fired upon by the Americans, but luckily the crew got back to their indignant commander without injury. On the next morning he sent me with a flag, a letter complaining of the treacherous attack. *This letter was countersigned John Anderson.* With it came a newspaper containing the news of Gates's rout in Carolina, in a wrapper addressed *John Anderson.* Either was sufficient to let me know that André was on board the *Vulture.* But why?

He had come aboard at 7 p. m. the evening before.

* Sargent, p. 277.—Ed.

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What had he been doing all that day? No one ever knew. In his letter to Clinton on the 21st he only says:

I got on board the *Vulture* at about seven o'clock last night, and after considering upon the letters and the answer given by Colonel Robinson "that he would remain on board, and hoped I should be up," we thought it most natural to expect the *man I sent into the country* here, and therefore did not think of going to the Ferry.

Nobody has appeared. This is the second excursion I have made without an ostensible reason, and Colonel Robinson both times of the party. A third would infallibly fire suspicions. I have therefore thought it best to remain here on pretence of sickness, as my enclosed letter will feign, and try further expedients, as Yesterday the pretence of a flag of truce was made to draw people from the *Vulture* on shore. The boat was fired upon in violation of the customs of war. Captain Sutherland with great propriety means to send a flag to complain of this to General Arnold. A boat from the *Vulture* had very nearly taken him on the 11th. He was pursued close to the float. I shall favor him with a newspaper containing the Carolina news, which I brought with me from New York for Anderson, to whom it is addressed, on board the *Vulture*.

I have the honor, etc.

"On pretense of sickness!" It was an excellent pretense. But why a lie and the truth in the same enclosure? It was not necessary for Clinton to hand over either letter to his staff, and furthermore, which was the lie?

The fact must clearly appear that poor André, having missed his appointment, was trying to cover it up. Meantime I was fuming on shore and poor old Smith in a pepper-jig of apprehension, crossing and recrossing the river from Dobb's Ferry to Haverstraw. On the 20th I had given Smith this pass.

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Headquarters, Robinson House,
September 20, 1780.

Permission is given to Joshua Smith, Esquire, a gentleman, Mr. John Anderson, who is with him, and his two servants, to pass and repass the guards near King's Ferry at all times.

B. ARNOLD, M. Genl.

Late that night Smith appeared at my headquarters. He had seen or heard nothing of Anderson. But I was for one more try. So, after talking it over all night, I prepared another myself (for I dared not trust Varick).

Headquarters, Robinson House,
September 20, 1780.

Permission is given to Joshua Smith, Esq., to go to Dobb's Ferry with three men and a Boy with a Flag to carry some letters of a private nature for Gentlemen in New York, and to return immediately. N. B. He has permission to go at such hours and times as the tide and his business suits.

B. A.

Smith suddenly turned recalcitrant. He was fairly afraid to go; I insisted; we had high words, and before he got away, Sutherland's letter and the newspaper were at hand. I then insisted, and his scruples vanished. Sure that Clinton's Adjutant General was on the *Vulture*, he was willing to recommend himself.

But the trouble now came from the boatmen. I had naturally refused my own: night trips of men under my command to the enemy's frigate were not to be thought of after Washington's reprimand. Smith had two of his own tenants—Colquhoun brothers—but even they had to be worked on with rewards and threats. They were given the watchword "*Congress*," and assured that the business was well understood; but it was midnight before they pushed out

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from the creek below Smith's landing. They carried no flag, for it was pitch dark; but I told them it was a flag boat, and gave Smith this open letter, so that if they were arrested and all discovered, it might seem that Robinson, to whom the letter was addressed, was merely intriguing to get his property back.

September 21, 1780.

SIR:

This will be delivered to you by Mr. Smith who will conduct you to a place of safety. Neither Mr. Smith or any other person shall be made acquainted with your proposals. If they (which I doubt not) are of such a nature that I can officially take notice of them, I shall do it with pleasure. If not, you shall be permitted to return immediately. I take it for granted Colonel Robinson will not propose anything that is not for the interest of the United States as well as myself.

I am, Sir, etc.

I watched them row off, their oars muffled with sheepskins. Then I called Smith's negro servant, Sam,—they being out of sight—to saddle my horse. But instead of riding back to King's Ferry, I walked the horse through the woods on the West bank of the river some five miles below Smith's house, where it broadens into Haverstraw Bay. Here, at a place at low-water mark, beneath the Long Clove mountain, I had told Smith that I would await him—and Mr. Anderson.

The place was Long Clove, and the day was Friday the 22nd of September. There is a thick grove of cedars above this point, and I waited in it, watching, until, just before dawn, I made out the muffled sound of oars. I rode down to the cove, the mounted negro following. As I had indicated in my pass, no one had come but André himself, whom I recognized by his

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uniform, over which was thrown a large blue watch-coat; and the high boots that were later to prove his ruin. I drew back, under some fir-trees, to let Smith present him. For I had never yet met John André—who, but for Howe's retreat perhaps had been my rival in my wife's affections. And now he was coming to me as a suppliant.

I ordered Smith away, and he went back to the beach. André was even younger than I had supposed. This much I could see even by the light of the lantern Sam held. I felt that he would be as wax in my hands. I told Sam to leave us the lantern and stand by the horses. Then, André threw his cloak back. I saw the full British uniform of a general officer. I had written him to come disguised. He saw my glance. "I have come thus under General Clinton's orders," he said. Of course, his safety lay in open uniform, just as mine lay in disguise. But I said nothing further then. Perhaps he could get safely back before the dawn.

And he would have done so but that he insisted on the betrayal of Washington himself. This was his own idea; nothing of the sort had passed between me and Clinton; and like most beginners in intrigue, he was possessed with the merit of his own invention. I opened the discussion by telling him that I had with me the plans of West Point, with a full inventory of its armament and stores and a roster of its garrison. That, as he knew, I had become convinced that the legitimate object of the war had been attained; and that I was prepared to surrender all upon the assurance of constitutional government for the colonies with freedom of the sea, full liberty to trade either with each other or with foreign nations, and exemp-

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tion from taxation by the British Parliament. That for myself, I conditioned it on no personal reward; compensation I must of course have for actual losses, and maintenance of my military rank as of the British army; for all else I was content to trust the gratitude of my King, and the action of his ministers; both the viceroyalty of the colonies and a peerage had been mentioned. If my action resulted in peace, and the restoration of the King to his American dominions, the precedent of the Duke of Albemarle would doubtless be remembered.

André replied that he had no authority to offer more than compensation and military rank, and that furthermore he must have in writing from me a promise of the surrender, signed in my own name.

I told him that this was simply impossible; I had sufficiently placed myself in his hands by the plans and inventory; all in my own handwriting; these, if he insisted, I would let him take away. He did insist; and thus it was his own mistrust of me that led to his destruction.

The papers he took were six in all. I warned him that he must destroy them at once if captured or challenged, and he answered that of course he would; "when he went into the boat he should have them tied about with a string and a stone."

They were:*

(1) An Estimate of the Forces at West Point and its dependencies, September 13th, 1780: showing a total of 3086 men of all sorts.

(2) An Estimate of the number of men necessary to man the works at West Point and its vicinity, showing a total, exclusive of the artillery corps, of 2438 troops.

* Sargent, p. 296.—Ed.

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(3) Artillery orders issued by Major Bauman, Sept. 5th, 1780, showing the disposition of that corps in an alarm.

(4) Major Bauman's return of the Ordnance in the different forts, batteries, etc., at West Point and its dependencies, Sept 5th, 1780; showing the distribution of 100 pieces.

(5) Copy of a statement of the condition of affairs submitted by Washington to a Council of War, Sept. 6th, 1780.

(6) Remarks on Works at West Point, a copy to be transmitted to his Excell'y General Washington, Sep'r, 1780.

All were in my handwriting except the fourth, and the sixth was a full description of the four forts—Arnold, Putnam, Webb, and Wyllys—and six redoubts that made the fortress of West Point. Clinton was familiar with the ground, having been there in 1777, before we occupied the Highlands and fortified the great position. My description pointed out that Arnold and Putnam were ruinous, and that the latter was commanded by a rocky hill 500 feet to the west; that West was built of dry fascines and wood easily fired; that Wyllys had no bomb proofs, nor had the several redoubts; and then gave the respective armaments. The first paper showed a total of 3086 men of all sorts within the works, the second of the men necessary, exclusive of artillery, to man the works—2438; the third was a copy of Bauman's artillery orders of two weeks before, showing the disposition of that corps in case of alarm; the fourth, his own return of ordnance (100 pieces in all); fifth, my report of September 5th, to Washington.

André glanced them over, but did not return them to me. Then he asked me what date I proposed for the transaction.

I told him that had he been punctual we might have carried all through on that morrow (September

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22nd) but that now Washington was coming back, and it would have to be postponed until he should cross into New Jersey. That I would have to make some semblance of defense, and did not desire that he should reinforce me, thus avoiding the useless effusion of blood.

It was then that André proposed that I should allow West Point to be taken while Washington was in the fort.

I replied with some heat that I would do so upon no consideration whatever.

He told me that in such a case he would consider a peerage certain; and I replied, with more heat, that my conscience was in the affair; and that while some men might call it treason, history would judge. But that he could not buy me to betray my chief.

He went on with his promises, and I asked him whether this was Clinton's plan. He said, No; it was his own. I told him then to drop the matter, but he went on arguing, going so far as to say the whole transaction might fail then. I said, Then let it fail, and turned on my heel. At this point Smith came up and said that day was dawning, and the men would not row back to the ship. Smith was evidently nettled at being sent away from our interview. "For that matter I don't much care to go myself," said he. "The Americans are going to cannonade her."

André became excessively alarmed. "You can reach the ship and be far enough away before that can happen," said I to Smith, "and the same flag that carries you to the *Vulture* will make you safe on your return to General Arnold's command." Smith went down to the shore again, and we waited impatiently in the gathering light. In five minutes he returned and

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said that the Colquhouns flatly refused to go. But that I might take André to his house, meantime he would row back to Haverstraw with the men, telling them that André had gone down by the shore to the hook opposite Teller's Point where the *Vulture* lay. And that the next night he would arrange himself to guide André back by land on the East shore.

I made the best of a bad business, and told André it was just as well, for at Smith's house I had the large plans of the West Point work prepared by the engineer Duportail, and that we needed more time now to discuss our arrangements—if he was prepared to go on—but that it must be for the week after. André made little reply to this; he seemed indeed from now on to be principally anxious about himself. I gave him Smith's cloak, and he mounted Sam's horse; so we rode together through the woods northward toward Smith's house, some four miles off. The sky was still dark, but as we entered the little village of Haverstraw we were challenged by a sentry. André thought he was lost, but I gave the "Congress" countersign and we got safely off. Then he angrily upbraided me for bringing him within the enemy's lines. I asked him what else we could do? For Smith's house was the only safe refuge and we got there before the sun rose.

Four hours were spent there in discussion; I told him that upon the first attack I should abandon the King's Ferry and Verplanck's works and concentrate everything in West Point; these indeed had been Washington's orders in case of attack. He said that Clinton and Rodney would move by land and water simultaneously; signals were arranged, and I promised to have a practicable breach at Fort Putnam, and

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leave Kosciusko's landing unprotected. I arranged also to have a link removed from the great chain across the river. We then had some breakfast; then, walking by the window which looked down river, he gave a gasp of surprise.

The *Vulture* had weighed anchor and was dropping down the river, under the fire of a gun on Teller's Point. Then I remembered the cannon I had allowed to Livingston! For a moment the *Vulture* appeared to be on fire; as she dropped down stream, out of sight, André pressed his hands over his eyes and dropped on a bed; for we were in an upper chamber.

By ten o'clock we had finished; and I could not stay longer without inquiry being made as to my whereabouts. Indeed, when I got home, I found Varick already nosing about; Franks was more discreet. I took leave of André. Smith had promised to come for him at the dusk. Meantime he was to lay quiet in Smith's house. I left with him three passes.

Headquarters, Robinson's House,
Sep'r 22nd, 1780.

Joshua Smith has permission to pass with a boat and three hands and a flag to Dobb's Ferry, on public business, and to return immediately. B. ARNOLD, M. Gen.

Headquarters, Robinson's House,
Sep'r 22nd, 1780.

Joshua Smith has permission to pass the guards to White Plains, and to return; he being on public business by my direction.
B. ARNOLD, M. Gen.

Headquarters, Robinson's House,
Sep'r 22nd, 1780.

Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chuses. He being on Public Business by my direction. B. ARNOLD, M. Gen.

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I told him he must leave his uniform coat and wear Smith's. He could not now go by the *Vulture* and must return by land, necessarily on the East shore. He objected to both; but finally (it appeared) not only wore this disguise, but crammed the six papers, three each between stocking and foot!

At ten o'clock I left him, hurried off, and rowed away openly in my barge. For I had news of the return of Washington from Connecticut, two days sooner than I expected him.

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CHAPTER XLIX

"WHEN THE DARK EAGLE'S WINGS BRUSH THE SKY, THEN THE ARROW WILL PIERCE HIS HEART"

Going up in the barge, I had leisure to think of the affair. While planning it, I thought but of the plans; now that they were effected, I could concentrate my mind on the result. I had two days before me—in which I could do nothing but think. For it would be impossible to proceed with the preparations —weakening the outposts, the chain across the river etc.,—until after Washington had passed through West Point.

My dear wife welcomed me and seemed perfectly happy—it was the first quiet day I had given her since her arrival. Little Eddy was quite well again, and there were good letters from Hannah about the others. Varick, and Franks of course, and the good Doctor, seemed all on the best of terms together.

But after Peggy had gone to sleep, I lay awake thinking. And I must have gone on thinking in my dreams; for in the morning it had become quite clear to me that, before or after the event, Washington would never approve. He must be confronted with the accomplished fact. And I did not believe that I could ever go to him as negotiator of peace, as a British general. I should never be the same to him. Even reconciled to the peace, he would never be reconciled to me.

I dreaded to meet him. I knew he would wish to

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inspect the defenses of the Point;—how could I bear myself naturally through that long and terrible day? Fortunately those with him were mostly Frenchmen; Lafayette, and a young fellow called Chastellux, aide to Rochambeau—the same who has since written of me in a mendacious memoir, which I have elsewhere remarked. Others with him were his aide, Hamilton, and the usual generals ever ready for such service.

It was only through Parsons that I heard of their sudden arrival, else heaven knows what might have happened. But Parsons was in our interest, and had at that moment, though I did not know it, my Gustavus letter to Anderson in his possession.

But I never met Washington again. That night (the 23rd) there was a dispute at my dinner table. For Smith had come back, and was dining with us after having told me how he got off with André, and that the latter was at that moment safe beyond our lines. He had spent the day before looking for a Continental uniform for André to wear, but in vain; and he had (I was anxious on this point) given him only a beaver hat and an old crimson coat garnished with gold lace and vellum button holes; the rest was his military undress—nankeen breeches and white-topped boots, the old watch-coat over all. At first they had had to come up northward, to reach King's Ferry; at Verplanck's was an old guide post: "Dishe his di Roade toe de Kshing's Ferry"—and this is the road down which Smith had meant to turn. Verplanck's was only 22 miles from Dobb's Ferry where were British gun-boats—if even the *Vulture* had gone down so far. But they had so often been spoken to on the way up, and Smith had so often said that he was coming to the Robinson house—my headquarters—that

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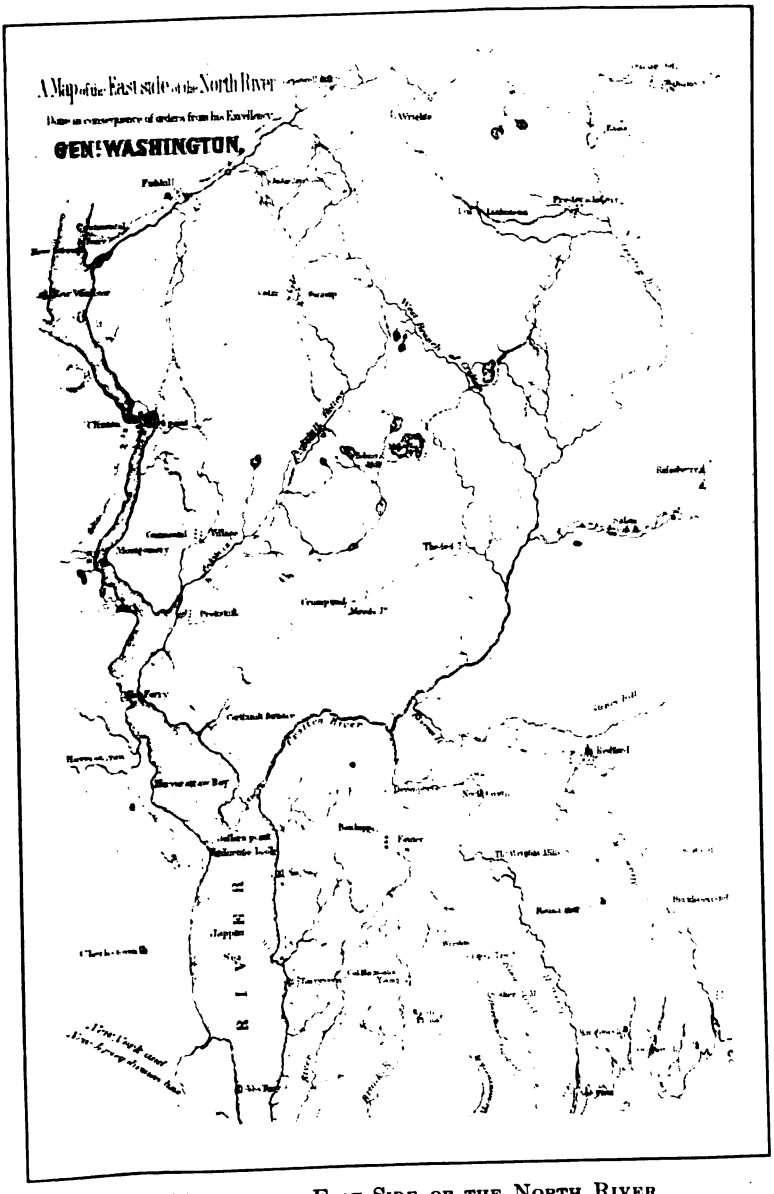

MAP OF THE EAST SIDE OF THE NORTH RIVER

From the map in the custody of Major Sargent of the American Army aide to General Howe, Arnold's predecessor at West Point.

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he did not dare turn down river immediately on crossing the ferry. He often had to stop, chat and drink, André maintaining strict silence. André had much better have gone back with the negro Sam alone, than with the loquacious Smith, I reflected. For at nine of the evening they ran into an American patrol, under Captain Boyd, who was both inquisitive and officious; insisted that the river road to Tarrytown was infested with cowboys (Your Majesty's partisans) and that they should go by the back country, (Smith, of course, had had to declare frankly that he was on a secret mission for me, and show Anderson's pass,) meantime stopping at the house of a decent Scottish body (who lived close by) for the night. The "decent Scottish body" proved to be a loyalist; but saw his guests safely in bed. André had insisted on getting up at dawn and departing without waiting for breakfast; but his spirits had improved, and Smith had found his conversation very entertaining. At the Croton river, however, he had left him, as they breakfasted near Pim's bridge at the house of a woman who had been robbed by the Cowboys (British) the very night before. And Smith ended by saying that "Anderson" was therefore perfectly safe, for he saw him across the Croton, which was practically the British line. He had promised me to continue on to White Plains. I saw that Smith was a coward, but not, at the time, that he was also a liar! However, Anderson had been very grateful; had urged his acceptance of his gold watch, as a keepsake, and all was well. All this I extracted from Smith before the dinner. He was well pleased with himself, and not in the least disconcerted that he was to dine with Washington the next day at Fishkill.

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On this very day—its author on the Croton—the third canto of the Cow Chase was published by Rivington in New York.

I told Smith to get the dust off and come in to supper. When I came in, I found both Varick and Franks looking glum. I asked the reason. For answer they referred me to Peggy. I left them and went to her room. Then it appeared that two days before (the very day I was conferring with André at Smith's house) they had both told her that they would resign unless she would by her influence induce me to discontinue my intimacy with Smith—she had not, however, told me "lest it should worry me." Suppressing the obvious retort, I returned to the dining room and told Varick (who was, with Dr. Eustis, the ringleader) that Smith was coming to dine with us (and, I added, with General Washington tomorrow) and it was not for the likes of them to criticise his company or mine.

I was, however, through with Smith; and when Peggy came in, she tried to make peace between us. "You know," she said, "Mr. Varick is such a whig! When Mr. Smith said that America might have made an honorable peace with England in seventy-eight, when the commissioners came out, Mr. Varick almost took his head off!"

"Well," said Varick, "I don't like him——"

"He is certainly a consummate liar," said Dr. Eustis.

"I can't abide here with him—" even Franks added.

"Well," said I, "you won't have to long—but I expect you to be polite to him at dinner. . . ." Just then the door opened and Smith came in. All went well until the dessert. We had no butter, and I said the oil would do that I had just bought in Philadel-

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phia. It cost me £70 a barrel. Smith carelessly replied that it was Continental money, and that it was not worth a d——n. The subject was purely economic, but young Varick took occasion (intentionally, as if to provoke him) to lose his temper, and but for the presence of Mrs. Arnold, had dashed a glass of wine in his face; and Franks seemed to be backing him up, as a volunteer in the dispute.

I called them both in after dinner, and Franks even had the effrontery to request a discharge from my family.

After all, he was my oldest and most efficient secretary; he had stood by me in the court martial, and he knew all about my affairs. I controlled myself: I told him that while I was always ready to receive advice from the gentlemen of my family, by God, I would not be dictated to by them! and that I ventured to think I had as much prudence as they had. He then showed me a letter from Governor Clinton's secretary, which he said showed Smith's character up in a proper light. I assured him that I was not deceived by him, and finally promised to see him no more except in company (it was a cheap promise) but that I expected the guests of my house to be treated with honor, were they the Devil himself. Half appeased, Franks went off to Newburg to meet the Chief; and I turned to Varick.

"He is a d——d rascal—a snake in the grass," he muttered. "If it hadn't been your table, Sir, I'd have sent a bottle at his head. He had no business to use such language to Major Franks, and before Mrs. Arnold. . . ." I let him go on, for I knew that Smith was gone too—though I presume, not with Franks. It was quite time things were brought to

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a head. The next morning I rose early, having received Colonel Jameson's and Tallmadge's letters. I asked Varick whether he had answered them, and whether he had sent Governor Clinton copies of the correspondence I had had with Robinson. He replied No, nor was he able to do it; he was sick. Whereupon I took them and said I would write to Tallmadge myself. I then got into my barge and went to West Point to make preparations to meet Washington. I spent the day there and returned without news of him nor, of course, of André. I left Franks in charge of the preparations, and returning home dined alone with my dearest Peggy, Varick keeping his bed. Hardly ever before—never, alas! since,—had I seen my Peggy so happy. We had expected Washington that night; but he had been detained by Luzerne at Fishkill and we were unexpectedly alone; she happy in the company of her child and myself—I—God forgive me—thinking more of the great fortune that was in store for her.

Before breakfast next day—the 25th—Washington's baggage arrived; but at breakfast only two of the aides had come. It appeared Washington had tarried to look at the redoubts on the East side of the river. Lafayette had remonstrated that they were already late, that we expected them at breakfast; "Ah, you young men" (they told us he said) "are all in love with Mrs. Arnold and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. . . . You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me—I will be there in a short time." The aides, Alexander Hamilton and McHenry—sat down to breakfast.

But while Peggy was still blushing at the compli-

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ment, Allen brought me a letter from Colonel Jameson. He was commanding an outpost of Sheldon's dragoons and some Connecticut militia at North Castle; and the letter told me how three bushmen, illiterate peasants, had captured a suspicious person on the Tarrytown road, who had important papers bearing my signature in his possession; these he sent to me with the person arrested. But a hasty postscript told me that both the papers and the person had been sent to Washington, for the person was discovered to be John André, Adjutant General of the British Army.

The room swam before me, but only for a moment. I crumpled the letter in my hand; then even engaged for a few minutes in the conversation. This gave me time to think it over.

But one conclusion was possible.

It was the only way to save André as well as myself.

I begged my guests to make themselves at home; said that I must be absent for a little time; that I was compelled to cross to West Point, but to tell Washington to wait there for me as I would soon return.

But Peggy was not deceived. She followed me to our room. In the hall I told Allen to mention to no one that he had brought a letter from Jameson, and ordered that the coxswain of my barge be summoned. "And a horse—any horse!" I lost my head for a moment, "A carthorse will do!"

Then, in her room and mine, I told my Peggy of our fate. She screamed—I had no time to explain—a maid rushed in—I pressed her fainting to my breast, and kissed our child. There was no time to lose. Two days had elapsed, and Washington might have the news already. . . . Explanations must wait,

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and Peggy would at least be safe with him. Passing the breakfast room, I called out that she was ill and they must excuse her. At the door I found the aides' horses still tethered . . . I leaped on one of them and Larvey, the coxswain of my barge, who was also waiting, followed on foot down the half mile path to the river, Larvey shouting, as we ran down, to the crew to be ready. I grabbed the holsters from the saddle-bow and cocked both pistols. I was determined not to be taken alive; I sat in the bow and asked the oarsmen what guns they had—only two swords he said, they had been hurried so. . . . I bit my lip, and bade them row the harder. They had no suspicion, and bent well to the oars. As we came down to King's Ferry we could see the *Vulture* only a bit below where André had left her, and still waiting his return. Poor André, it was no time to think of him—the fool, how had he got captured. . . . It was a lovely September morning; and there was Livingston's battery, and by heaven, Livingston himself on the shore. Would he sink me—fool that I was to have sent those guns—no, he had no suspicion, he was waving at my white flag, and at me—a handkerchief I bound on the end of my walking stick.

"To the *Vulture*," I said. I was ready for mutiny for all the crew knew the British ship—that was really why I had asked about their arms—but even Larvey had no suspicion. They understood the meaning of the flag of truce. We stopped under her shotted guns and I hastened on board. And actually as I climbed the rail, there came to my mind—the first time I had given serious thought to it—that prophecy of Natanis, the old Indian Chief made at Sartigan on the Chaudière, just five years agone.

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BOOK V

LONDON

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CHAPTER L

I LIVE AND ANDRÉ DIES

THREE mornings I have sat at my desk, beginning this the last part of my life's story, and the page remains a blank. For my King—my King to whom my life was dedicated, and for whom I gave up my country and my career—my King has lost his mind. Another month, and these pages would have been submitted to him; it is now too late.

The three years' irksome task—for I am no penman—has proved in vain. No longer can I lighten the labor by thinking how each line, as it leaves the pen, may last to reach His Majesty's august approval. No longer can I hope that my sacrifice may meet its due reward.

I have been recompensed, it is true—my actual pecuniary loss was promptly repaid—I was given an inferior rank in his Majesty's army. But that which was promised me has not been done. True, through André's folly, I could no longer play the part of Monk. But the peerage, the command—what could I do as a brigadier? Clinton would not even follow my advice. After my "Call to the American People" proved fruitless I had no influence, even with him. He gave me the command of no army, he placed me in charge of no campaign. He excused himself by saying that his officers would not serve under me! Had I been Commander in Chief, the result of the war might yet have been different.

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My first anxiety was about my wife. For André—I was too angry with him yet to give his fate a thought. Under my orders, the *Vulture* dropped down river. Beverly Robinson was on board, and assured me that Washington was too much of a gentleman not to treat my wife and child with due care and respect. Of this I felt little doubt myself. And as for André, he held my pass. Nevertheless, my first act was to write a letter to Washington* telling him of my wife's

* This letter as printed in the original "Proceedings . . . respecting Major John André" (Philadelphia, 1780) of which a copy is in the Harvard College Library, is as follows.—Ed.

"On Board the *Vulture*, 25 September, 1780.

"Sir:

"The heart which is conscious of its own rectitude, cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong. I have ever acted from a principle of love to my country since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and the Colonies. The same principle of love to my country actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, who very seldom judge right of any man's actions.

"I have no favor to ask for myself. I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my country to attempt it; but, from the known humanity of your Excellency, I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me; she is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong. I beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or to come to me, as she may choose. From your Excellency I have no fears on her account, but she may suffer from the mistaken fury of the country.

"I have to request that the enclosed letter may be delivered to Mrs. Arnold, and she be permitted to write to me.

"I have also to ask that my clothes and baggage, which are of little consequence, may be sent to me; if required, their value shall be paid in money.

"I have the honor to be, with great regard and esteem, your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant.

"B. Arnold.

"N. B.—In justice to the gentlemen of my family, Colonel Varick, and Major Franks, I think myself in honor bound to declare that they, as well as Joshua Smith, Esq. (who I know is suspected), are totally ignorant of any transactions of mine, that they had reason to believe were injurious to the public.—B. A."

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innocence of our designs, as well as that of my two aides and Smith (this was true, at least so far as I was concerned) and protesting that in my design I had been actuated by the highest motives of patriotism, and that if he was not now of my opinion, he must recognize that I had at least never changed mine. I thought of adding that it was not even now too late to end this fratricidal war; but on reflection I suppressed this, as I did the reminder that I had so arranged matters as not to betray him personally. After all he did not know this, and my note (sent by a flag to Hamilton, who was said to have come after me to Verplanck's Point) would arrive when he was in the heat of passion—and I knew what, with Washington, this was.

By the very boatmen that took this letter, we heard that report was that the French party were for hanging poor André. I could not believe that Washington would sanction this. But Robinson thought necessary to write a letter, stating, with my permission, that André "went up with a flag, at the request of General Arnold on publick business with him, and had his permit to return by land to New York; under these circumstances Major André cannot be detained by you without the greatest violation of flags . . . every step Major André took was by the advice and direction of General Arnold, even that of taking a feigned name"; and it closed by reminding Washington "of our (Robinson's) former acquaintance." It was hardly wise to remind the proud Virginian that he had been jilted by Robinson's wife or her sister; and the other statements were somewhat stretched. For André had chosen to call himself Anderson a year before I met the man, and it was he who insisted

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on carrying away the signed plans of West Point—and then cramming them into his boot! But I naturally did what I could to save the poor devil's life—even, as the reader will see, to the sacrifice of my own.

Gradually we heard the manner of his capture. It appeared that he had avowed himself English; and then when it appeared that his captors were American, he had offered—not cash, but a thousand guineas in money—to be paid when he was safely in New York! Had he but offered his gold watch and his cash, they had let him go. Then, too late, he showed my pass. They damned him for a British officer, with no money, and searched his boots to find it; and there were the plans and other papers. It was then he jumped to a thousand guineas and so showed them (for they could not read) that the papers were of value. He was handed over to Jameson, who would have sent him to me, and indeed did get me the warning, but that the spy Tallmadge came down and had him back. Then André (September 24th, only the day before my escape) had written a letter in which he avowed himself under his true name, Adjutant General of the British Army, and claimed to be enlarged, as having a pass, or at least lenient treatment, as he was "involuntarily an impostor" and significantly hinted that certain gentlemen who were in British custody at Charleston for having engaged in conspiracy while under parole were much in the same case.

I ordered Sutherland to take the *Vulture* at once to New York. I offered Larvey, the coxswain, to stay with me in the King's service; he declined, and I promised them they should all be set free in New York; but two of them turned out to be British de-

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serters, and wept bitterly lest they should be hanged! I told them that they were far more likely to be hanged by the Americans, and in the city got them safely re-enlisted on board a letter-of-marque. The others took a money reward.

What Washington thought of André's letter was shortly to appear from his actions; but to mine, arriving a day later, he only responded (as I have heard, indirectly, from Lafayette himself):

"Go to Mrs. Arnold and inform her that though my duty required that no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting *her* that he is now safe on board a British vessel of war."

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CHAPTER LI

I TRY TO SAVE HIM

On the very next morning I got to New York and for the first time saw General Clinton. At my suggestion he forwarded at once a despatch to Washington, based on a letter from me which I wrote to be enclosed. Clinton wrote that he doubted not that André would at once be given permission "to return to his orders in New York," as he had been stopped under Major General Arnold's passports, and had been "permitted" by Clinton to go to me at my particular request; was received under a flag of Truce and given passes. In my letter, sent enclosed, I stretched the truth in André's favor; stating that I had directed him to return by land (I knew nothing about it) and to use the feigned name of John Anderson.

Ominously, Washington made no reply. And on Friday the 29th—just one week after the poor fellow had left Jo Smith's house—we heard that he was being tried for a spy in the old Dutch church at Tappan.

Sir Henry was still confident; but I shivered. I remembered the case of Nathan Hale. Smith had also been arrested; and would lie to any extent to save his own neck. I remembered the fate of one Palmer, whom Tryon had in vain tried to save by a letter, much like Clinton's, to old Putnam. Putnam had answered:

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SIR: Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your King's service was taken in my camp as a spy—he was condemned as a spy,—and you may rest assured, Sir, that he shall be hanged as a *spy*.

I have the honor to be, Sir, etc., ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S. Afternoon; he is hanged.

And I could not hope that the Court, Greene the blacksmith president, would discriminate between these petty informers and André. LaFayette was almost the only gentleman on the Court; and he was a Frenchman. Howe was a renegade Englishman; Steuben a Prussian drillmaster; Parsons a Connecticut attorney, too much in our secret to be lenient; Clinton was a gentleman, but a leader of faction; Knox a good man but rough; Glover a fisherman colonel from Marblehead; Patterson a drunkard; Hand an Irish doctor; Huntington collector at New London and my personal enemy; Stark a good fighter but rude and unpolished; St. Clair I have often mentioned. I have heard that he and Stark would have voted for acquittal. Finally, LaFayette—whose army would have been made prisoners of Great Britain and her re-united colonies had we succeeded; Stirling the bogus earl and hero of the Cow-Chase—and the President, Greene, a Rhode Island blacksmith.

Before the trial—on that Friday—or during it, André wrote a letter to Clinton, which Washington gave him permission to send; but its contents were made known to every ranker in the camp. There was no harm in it; it exonerated Clinton, made no mention of Smith or me (indeed throughout the trial, as it proved, he was careful not to mention that gentleman's name) and urged his mother and three sisters as objects of Clinton's charity. And the next day, we

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received Washington's letter of the 30th, communicating the finding of the court martial; it omitted the recommendation for sentence, which we learned, by the very bearer of the message, was that he should suffer death as a spy; and simultaneously, from outside sources, that his execution was to be by hanging, and for the following day. It was said that an example was needed; that the army and Congress were in a panic; that they knew not how far the conspiracy might spread. I could well believe this; for on the very court that sentenced André were others as "guilty" as himself, or I was; Parsons, for instance, and Howe. And I will say but one word more: could I alone and unabetted, have surrendered West Point and its defenses?

Washington almost alone of the Americans (I leave out Steuben and Lafayette) was ignorant of all; he had never been even sounded; the bolt was from the blue; the more he discovered the extent of the disaffection, the more he felt that André would have to die, and die in disgrace. Clinton could not understand this; he had heard that Washington was personally sympathetic and treated André kindly; he had sent for his clean linen; and Hamilton was with him continually. But I knew the temper of the man.

I went to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered to surrender myself in exchange for André.

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CHAPTER LII

ANDRÉ IS REWARDED

ALL my efforts were in vain. Clinton refused the sacrifice. "If André was my own brother, I could not agree to it." Through Parsons I had communicated the offer to Hamilton; he had been unwilling even to submit it to André himself; nor would André receive it. "If Arnold could" . . . he once began; and André stopped him. "He would die; but as a man of honor"; and Hamilton reverenced the feeling. Washington, however, sent Ogden down to Paulus Hook to receive me; and the suggestion was made to Clinton from the American side. Clinton would not even consider it. This was well enough; but one of Lee's sergeants, Champe, under instructions, deserted to our side with the object of kidnapping me! Of this anon; but I naturally would not surrender myself and have André executed into the bargain.

There remained only persuasion and threats. We tried both. Clinton wrote on the 30th, "From Your Excellency's letter of this date, (we burned the road in those days—it is 75 miles from New York to West Point and our couriers covered it twice in the 24 hours). I am persuaded the Board of General Officers can't have been rightly informed . . . for this reason I shall send his Excellency Lieutenant General Robertson and two other gentlemen to give you a true state of facts." They were Elliot, Lieutenant Governor

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of the "Province" and Jo Smith's brother William, the Chief Justice. Washington postponed the execution for one day, to meet them. Beverly Robinson went with them to testify to the manner of André's going ashore. Robertson was chosen spokesman.

This canny Scot (who was used to clip coins as well as bribe with them—the chipped moidores in use in New York actually bore the name of "Robertsons") only saw Greene, and to him he made such argument as his mind was capable of. He says (but I do not believe him—even of Greene) that in reply Greene only proposed my surrender. But he closed his letter to Clinton (October 1st); "I am persuaded André will not be hurt." But on Oct. 2nd Greene wrote to Robertson that he had communicated his conversation to General Washington in all particulars "and it made no alteration in his determination or opinion."

I thereupon lost my temper. I wrote to Washington myself; after thanking him for "the polite attention shown by your Excellency and the gentlemen of your family to Mrs. Arnold, when in distress" I went on to say that André had done everything under my orders, and that if, after the just and candid representation of Major André himself, the Board of General Officers should adhere to their former opinion, I should suppose it dictated by passion and resentment; and if André should suffer the severity of their sentence, "I shall think myself bound by every tie of duty and honour to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power." I further reminded him that forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina had justly forfeited their lives, who had hitherto been spared by the clemency of Sir Henry

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Clinton, "who cannot, in justice, extend his mercy to them any longer, if Major André suffers."

This letter was written on the 1st of October, and forwarded by Robertson before noon on the 2nd; at noon on that day he was hanged. I never knew whether it reached Washington before the execution. In a touching letter André besought that he might be shot, not hanged; but the Chief was adamant. It is true, he had no power; the Board of Generals determined both the judgment and the mode of execution; yet Washington's wish was all-powerful.

As this sad event, more even than its failure, cast a cloud over the culmination of my career, I vowed revenge. Your Majesty—if it be God's will that my King recover and read these lines—will hardly blame me; my American readers, if I have them, must forgive. Our troops in New York raised such an outcry for vengeance and to be led at once to attack Washington in his camp, that Clinton could hardly restrain them; his army was at least equal to Washington's, and had he been a general who could ever act, he would have acted then; he contented himself with issuing general orders exonerating his pet André from "base action or unworthy conduct" and cutting to nothing my agreed reward. For he paid me the exact sum of £6315 sterling—less than the rebel Congress still owed me—and reduced my rank to that of Brigadier General in the British army. It is true that in my very first letter (unsigned even by Gustavus) I had intimated that, being dissatisfied with the French advance, I was desirous of joining the royal cause and restoring peace between England and her colonies provided I could be indemnified for actual loss; but how much had happened since then! I had been as-

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sured that even in case of failure, my military rank would be preserved.

Clinton wrote a long letter to Your Majesty, blaming for the unfortunate event not André's stupidity, but Washington's desire to wreak vengeance for having nearly "tumbled him (Washington) from his present exalted station." As an honest man I am bound to protest to your Majesty that this is wrong. Washington is both a just man and unselfish; and I am bound to remind your Majesty that had your Majesty's ministers in 1775, or even 1777, approached my whilom chief as the Commissioners did Congress in 1778, America would have remained a part of the British empire. For the execution, Lafayette was principally to blame; as your Majesty well remembered when, in 1794, Lafayette being immured at Olmütz by the Prussians, and interest being made for your Majesty to intercede with the Prussian King on his behalf, your Majesty's just answer was:

"Remember André."

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CHAPTER LIII

THE ESCAPE OF PEGGY

YOUR Majesty hath ever taken such interest in my loving wife that I relax my sterner pen to tell of her adventures ere she rejoined me in loyal New York,—the courtesy she received at the hands of my late chief, the insult at those of Aaron Burr, the injury at those of the Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

When, on the receipt of that despatch from Jameson, I realized that André was taken, and our plans discovered, I had time but to tell her I was lost if I did not get away, and clasping her fainting form in one embrace, I left her, with my infant son, to Washington, whom I momentarily expected, as he must have been forewarned by the failure of the batteries at West Point to fire the customary salute. I did not repent my confidence in him; Washington treated her as a gentleman would, and she herself returned to me at the earliest opportunity. We were separated just six weeks; she arrived at New York with her father, on the 13th of November. From what she could tell me, and from the testimony at Smith's and Varick's trial, I gather that the events were as follows:

When I left her fainting, both Franks and Dr. Eustis rushed to her assistance. I had fled upon the arrival of Washington's servant, announcing his coming; Varick was sick in his room; Washington arrived in

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about half an hour, took breakfast, and upon hearing of my wife's illness, made no effort then to see her, but went immediately to West Point.

But Franks and the Doctor could make nothing of poor Peggy's condition. Her alarm gave them the greatest uneasiness; when they proposed sending for me she would cry, "Oh, no, no . . . he is gone; gone forever. . . ." If they proposed sending for Washington her agitation became still greater: "Oh, no, no . . . he will kill me . . . he will kill my child. . . ." And Varick said that as she said this she was lying in bed, and in a great state of deshabille—which was hardly testimony to be given by a gentleman—. Varick's trial took place on the 4th and 5th of November, and we had, through spies and other channels of communication, the substance of the testimony before I heard my wife's own story. To dispose of this gentleman once for all, Varick was acquitted, became Washington's recording secretary, married Maria Roosevelt, and was President of the New York Bible Society. Franks fell under suspicion of the Pennsylvania Government; he always remained my friend.

When Washington returned, now knowing everything, his first act was to go to comfort poor Peggy. She was hysterical—and he saw her so for the first time. Truly alarmed, he assured her that she was in no danger; she should be sent at once to me or to her family, as she preferred. But all that day she was out of her mind. Dr. Eustis told him for God's sake to go to her or the woman would die. Varick, despite his fever, got up and was in her room also. He had, with his usual spying tendency, seen my barge go down the river. But Washington insisted on being alone with her. She could never remember

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MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD (MARGARET SHIPPEN) AND CHILD

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

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what she said; and Washington never told; but this is the Bible Society President's testimony:

Mrs. Arnold (good woman, amiable lady) inquired how I was from the housekeeper after breakfast. The Sunday evening before she had spent an hour at my bedside, while I lay in a high fever, and made tea for me. No sooner had the housekeeper turned her back but Mrs. Arnold pursued her raving (sick) mad to see him, with her hair dishevelled and flowing about her neck; her morning gown, with few other clothes, remained on her,—too few to be seen, even by a gentleman of the family, much less by many strangers. I heard a shriek to me, and sprang from my bed, ran upstairs, and there met the miserable lady, raving distracted; she seized me by the hand with this, to me distressing, address, and a wild look: "Colonel Varick, have you ordered my child to be killed?" She fell on her knees at my feet with prayers to spare her innocent babe. Major Franks and Doctor Eustis soon arrived and we carried her to her bed, raving mad. I had attempted to raise her up, but in vain. I must stop this detail till I see you. I know no cause for *all this*.

When she seemed a little composed she burst again into pitiable tears, and exclaimed to me, alone on her bed with her, that she had not a friend left here. I told her she had Franks and me, and General Arnold would soon be home from West Point with General Washington. She exclaimed, "No, General Arnold will never return, he is gone . . . gone forever, there; there, there, . . . the spirits have carried him up there; they have put hot irons in his head"; pointing that he was gone up to the ceiling. She soon after told me there was a hot iron on her head, and no one but General Washington could take it off, and wanted to see the General. I waited on him; attended him to her bedside and told her there was General Washington. She said, No it was not. The General assured her he was, but she exclaimed, "No, that is not General Washington; that is the man who was going to assist Colonel Varick in killing my child." She repeated the same sad story about General Arnold. Poor distressed, frantic lady.

The next day, 26th, she recovered a little and remembered nothing of what happened on the 25th. On the 27th she left us, escorted by Major Franks, for Philadelphia.

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Despite this display of too curious interest, when Washington came down stairs on the 26th, Varick—presumably at the keyhole—was promptly arrested.

But beauty in distress is ever the quarry of the adventurer. At West Point, or rather Robinson's house, she had been under Alexander Hamilton's charge; he says:

"All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother showed themselves in her appearance and conduct. We have every reason to believe that she was entirely unacquainted with the plan."

But the next morning, with nurse and child, she was well enough to start, under Franks' escort, for Paramus, and there, at her friend Mrs. Prévost's, he handed her over to Aaron Burr, a friend of her childhood, under whose escort as an American officer, she was to proceed. Neither capacity prevented his endeavoring to seduce her on the way, and then, on being repulsed, circulating the outrageous scandal that she was party to my "treason," and that all her hysterics before Washington on the day before had been but acting, and that she had confided to Mrs. Prévost that she was "tired of playing a part"!

That Burr had the audacity to attempt the seduction of my wife in the very house of the woman he afterward married, and then call in her as witness to a scandal he circulated about Peggy sufficiently characterizes both parties.*

But Peggy, frightened, and at a loss for a friend,

* That Alexander Hamilton was led through this same Mrs. Prévost to a challenge to Burr which led—through Burr's firing too soon—to the death of Hamilton—our author might have added, had he lived.—Ed.

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(for she could no longer trust the Prévost) had unwillingly to accept Burr's protection for the rest of the journey, and only when safe in the arms of her father did she tell of Burr's insult and her rebuff. The father dared not challenge, and I—for Margaret, with all her amiable qualities could keep no secret back, and told me—could not.

But the character of the seducer of Miss Moncrieffe should be well known to Your Majesty. Alas, I never met him in the field! and I had been lenient to his fault when, with poor Jacataqua, I indulged him with my especial favor in the Canada Anabasis.

But hardly had poor Peggy got safely, as she thought, to her father's home, when again began the machinations of Joseph Reed, still in control of the Pennsylvania Council. Although he himself has since declared my wife to be innocent, he caused her papers and mine to be searched and seized; among them he found only the silly letter of André to her which had first put me on the track of their acquaintance—that letter offering to do her shopping in New York, and speaking of "wire-gauze" and such like trifles. Yet Reed made a handle of this against her, and wrote, in the *Pennsylvania Packet* of September 30, 1780, the next day:

"Colonel André, under the mask of Friendship and former acquaintance at Meschianzas and Balls opens a correspondence in August 1779 with Mrs. Arnold, which has doubtless been improved on his part to the dreadful and horrid issue. . . ."

And on that day they had me burned in effigy in the streets of Philadelphia, a horrid figure sitting with two faces, and even ridiculing my twice wounded leg—with hanging figures also of André and Jo Smith.

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They seized Mount Pleasant, and rented it to Baron Steuben, sold my horses and chariot at the Coffee-House and my household furniture at the meal-market; and although I had written Washington beseeching for my wife protection, the Council ordered, October 27th, that she must depart from the State within two weeks.

Clinton was distinctly showing me the cold shoulder. I awaited in vain an interview—or, as he would have termed it—"audience." Had my plan been successful he would by this time have been under my command; like all small men he resented it; and made me cool my heels for revenge. I was polite enough. On the 7th of October I addressed a letter to Lord George Germain, which I sent by a lackey to Clinton to forward, requesting his Lordship's intercession to restore me to the favor of my sovereign.

NEW YORK 7th October 1780

MY LORD,

Conscious of the rectitude of my Intentions (whatever Constructions may have been put on my Conduct,) and convinced of the benevolence and goodness of your Lordship, I am emboldened to request Your Interest and Intercession, that I may be restored to the favor of my most gracious sovereign; In the fullest Confidence of his Clemency, I most cheerfully cast myself at his Feet, imploring his Royal Grace and Protection.

I have that Confidence in the Goodness of Sir Henry Clinton, That His Majesty will not remain long, uninformed that some considerable time has elapsed, since I resolved to devote my Life and Fortune to his Majesty's Service, and that I was intent to have Demonstrated my Zeal by an Act, which had it succeeded as intended, must have immediately terminated the unnatural Convulsions that have so long distracted the Empire.

Your Lordship will perceive by the enclosed address to the Public, by what principles I have been and am now actuated, to which I shall at present only add my most sacred Assurance that no endeav-

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ors of mine shall be wanting to confirm the Profession I make of an unalterable Attachment to the Person, Family and Interests of my Sovereign, and the Glory of his Reign. I enclose another Paper with some imperfect Notes, but will do myself the honor by the next Conveyance to transmit Your Lordship a more full and perfect State of Matters than in my present Confusion and Circumstances I am able to do.

I shall endeavour to merit your Lordships Patronage by my Zeal and Assiduity in His Majesty's Service.

I have the honor to be with the greatest Respect My Lord Your Lordships Most Obedient and most humble servant

B. ARNOLD.

The Right Honble.
Lord George Germain.

The Present State of the American Rebel Army, Navy, and Finances, with some Remarks

The present operating Force under the immediate Command of general Washington as stated by himself to a Council of general Officers the 6th ult° amounts to	10,400 men
One Battalion of Contin[l] troops at Rhode Island	500
Two State Regiments of Contin[l] Militia at North Castle	500
	11,400

About one half of these Troops are Militia, whose time of service expires on the first day of January next, which will reduce the Army engaged for the war to less than Six Thousand men, exclusive of the Troops in the Southern Department under General Gates, who may amount to eight hundred or a thousand regular troops, besides Militia; about 350 Light Horse are included in the above Calculation. All these troops are illy clad, badly fed, and worse paid having in general two or three years pay due to them. Many of the best officers of the Army have resigned, and others are daily following their Example, through Disgust, necessity, and a Conviction that the Provinces will not be able to Establish there Independence.

There has long subsisted a Jealousy between Congress and the

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Army. The former have been Jealous of the Power of the latter, and the latter have thought themselves neglected, and ill treated by the former, who have excluded the Army from every Appointment of honor, or profit in the Civil Line. The Common Soldiers are exceedingly disgusted with the Service, and every effort to recruit the Army (except by Temporary Draughts of Militia) has hitherto proved ineffectual. Congress and General Washington last Spring made the most pressing Demands on the Colonies to furnish a Body of Troops to complete the Army to 35,000 men, every Argument was urged to enforce the Demand, among others that it would enable General Washington (in conjunction with the French Troops) to oblige Sir Henry Clinton to evacuate New York —and thereby put a Period to the War: The Colonies promised to Comply with the Requisition, every effort was used, but without Success. The Body of the People heartily tired of the war refused to Inlist Voluntarily, and not more than one-third of the men ordered to be Draughted, appeared in the Field. The Distress and Discontents of the People are daily increasing, and the difficulty of Recruiting the Army another year will undoubtedly be greater than ever.

The Navy is reduced to three Frigates, and a few small vessels, who are generally in Port, for want of hands to man them.

I then went on to add that the Treasury was empty; that the Public Debt amounted to four hundred million of paper dollars; that Congress had lost all confidence and credit with the people, and I assured His Majesty that the eyes of the people were now opened; that they felt their error and ardently wished for a reconciliation on terms safe and honorable to both countries. And I urged the appointment of Commissioners with Decisive Powers to make a settlement.*

In the meantime, I had prepared my address "to the inhabitants of America" which I circulated widely, and even procured to be printed in that same *Pennsylvania Packet.* In it I told my fellow countrymen that I was not indifferent to their approbation and could

* The full document may be found by the curious in Paul Leicester Ford's *Winnowings in American History.* Brooklyn, N. Y., 1891.—Ed.

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not remain silent as to the motives that had induced me to join the King's arms. I rehearsed the arguments set forth in Your Majesty's original communication to me; the redress of grievances granted, the Declaration of Independence become unnecessary when Great Britain received us with the open arms of a parent, and her—and our—worst enemies (the French) were within our own bosom. Of the two, I trusted the mother-country more. "I was only solicitous to accomplish an event of decisive importance" and thus prevent the further effusion of blood. I had been a brave soldier; I was now a pacifist. "Some may think I continued in the struggle of those unhappy days too long, and others, that I quitted it too soon. . . . In behalf of the Candid among the latter, some of whom I believe serve blindly but honestly in the ranks I have left, I pray God to give them all the lights requisite to their own Safety before it is too late . . . I am now led to devote my life to the Reunion of the British Empire as the best and only means to dry up the streams of misery that have deluged this country."

This was dated October 7th. It did not have the effect that it deserved, or that I expected. As for Clinton, his disappointment showed itself in an insulting manner to me. He would not give me an independent command. He only permitted that I should raise a corps as well of cavalry as infantry and offer them bounties and ranks as volunteers, with the ordinary emoluments. Accordingly I issued a proclamation to that effect on the 20th;* I got few horses and

* This proclamation is among the Force papers in the Congressional Library. It is very long, and is addressed to the "Officers and Soldiers of the Continental Army who have the real Interest of their Country at Heart, and who are determined to be no longer the Tools and Dupes

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fewer recruits, and they mostly tories. The Americans on whom I had reason to count—either frightened at André's fate or jealous that I had been first to go over—refused to follow. Even Jo Reed and Gates were posing as patriots.

And I was pursued also by baser means. It will be remembered that on the day before André's execution Washington had sent Ogden down to Paulus Hook to confer with Clinton's aide on my "exchange."

When the latter indignantly refused the parley, Ogden left one Sergeant Champe behind. He got to New York, lived in my boarding house, and made arrangements for a boat's crew to kidnap me; which might have been effected had I not changed my lodgings.

It is not true that I caused the arrest of any Ameri-

of Congress, or of France." It recites that Arnold is authorized to raise a corps of cavalry and infantry and authorizes a bounty of three guineas to each enlisted man. It states that he is authorized to name the officers and that he will "with infinite Satisfaction embrace this Opportunity of advancing men whose valor I have witnessed, and whose Principles are favorable to an union with Britain and true American Liberty." He then goes on to argue against independence; "Happy for you that you may still become the fellow subjects of Great Britain, if you nobly disdain to be Vasals of France.

"What is America but a land of Widows, Beggars, and Orphans?—and should the Parent Nation cease her Exertion to deliver you, what security remains to you for the enjoyment of ye Consolations of that Religion for which your Fathers braved the Ocean, ye Heathen, and ye Wilderness? Do you know that the Eye which guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory, and participating in the rights of a Church against whose Anti-christian Corruptions your pious Ancestors would have witnessed with their Blood?" . . . And he ends by urging that we have "the Wisdom (shewn of late by Ireland) in being contented with ye Liberality of the Parent Country, who still offers her Protection with ye immediate Restoration of our ancient Priveliges, civil and Sacred, and a perpetual Exemption from all Taxes, but such as we shall think fit to impose on ourselves."

B. Arnold.

New York, October 20, 1780.

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can spies in New York; though I knew of plenty there—indeed, when Carleton later evacuated the town, Tallmadge (that chief of spies who had treed André) had to be sent in under Washington's orders to protect them from the mob; and I know that when Clinton, too late, started off to relieve Cornwallis in Virginia, his departure was signalized by a white flag on Kortwright's roof, answered by a gun at Paulus Hook, and thence transmitted by field telegraph to Washington before Yorktown; 600 miles in forty-eight hours! This particular spy I had already tried, but in vain, to hang on my first arrival in the city; Clinton complained there was not evidence enough!

On the 28th I wrote to Lord George Germain—my original correspondent and author of that deciding document I so often have referred to—advising your Majesty to assume the arrears of pay (only £500,000) of our soldiers provided they would change allegiance, with a bounty of 15 or 20 guineas on desertion; and I recommended the offer of a title to Washington, even the viceroyalty of all the colonies, upon a peace being made; thus I effaced myself for the good of both my countries. But all was in vain. I had not the ear of my King, and the Americans would listen to no reason. I was only complimented by the offer (in my friend the *Packet*) of £100,000 to any one who would bring me in dead or alive—just twenty fold what Clinton esteemed my worth in the latter condition. It even charged me with an understanding with my special abhorrence, Charles Lee! I resolved again upon active service—my neck in the noose.

I was soon cheered by the arrival of my dear wife—enraged to hear what she had gone through—and determined to meet Aaron Burr upon the field of

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battle. She was in tears at this resolve; hysterical; her health had suffered terribly in those six weeks. Among her papers seized had been several reflecting on the French Minister; but I later heard that he had burned them unread. Very decent for a Frenchman. Under the new experience of a genteel life and sympathetic friends Peggy soon recovered her color and spirits; though still deploring her separation from her beloved father, who had brought her as far as Paulus Hook; she arrived on November the 13th. Her distressed and dejected air was observable to all at first and this I largely attributed to the humiliation she had received at the hands of the villain Burr; but soon she shone in society "as a star of the first magnitude." Anna Rawle—one of our few correspondents outside the family in Philadelphia—wrote to her that her mother (Mrs. Shoemaker, then in New York) had written that she was not "so much admired here for her Beauty as we expected; all allow she has great Sweetness in her countenance but wants Animation and Sprightliness"—the old fool! What did she expect?

Our infant son was with us; I was anxious for another. The others, that we later grew to call my American children, were with my sister Hannah in New Haven. About this time I heard of Varick's acquittal, and Jo Smith's trial and acquittal—followed by his escape in women's clothes—he fled to England, where he tried, years later, to force himself upon my intimacy.

But it soon became evident that I had no favor with Sir Henry. My action in beseeching him to march to attack Washington and Rochambeau, the day after André's execution, and offering to do it

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myself with six or even five thousand men, had ruined me forever in that gentleman's estimation. The most he would do was to give me command of a predatory expedition to Virginia, to destroy stores which had been collected for Greene; though even here he secretly gave dormant commissions to Colonel Simcoe and Lieutenant Colonel Dundas who went with me as chief officers, to supersede me if necessary. I penetrated to Richmond which I captured and burned; making a feint at the arsenal at Westham, I descended the river to Portsmouth, where the militia were collected in great number, but did not attack me.

I was of course continually exposed to ambuscades and kidnapping expeditions. The great Jefferson did not think it beneath him to engage with the Prussian Steuben in such an attempt. He hired some wild mountaineers, from West of the range, and flattered them to make the attempt and offered them five thousand guineas reward: their names, he said, "would be recorded in history with those of Paulding, Van Wart and Williams"—just about, I should say; for these were the three peasants that had taken André and his watch and boots and then given him up for want of a ready money bribe. George Rogers Clark headed this conspiracy, and made the ambuscade, but they never got me. I took one of them prisoner, and asked him what they would do if they caught me.

"They would cut off that leg, wounded at Quebec, and Saratoga, and bury it with all the honours of war; the rest of you hang on a gibbet."

I presume your Majesty will bury that leg, and inter the rest of me in Westminster Abbey.

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CHAPTER LIV

NEW LONDON

AGAIN the greatest of misfortunes has come to me; George the Third—in loyalty to whom I sacrificed my all, even, almost, to my good name—a second time has lost his reason; this time, it appears, irremediably. There is even talk of a regency. To whom shall I address this memoir now? The years that I have devoted to its penning seem well nigh wasted. We are living in St. John in the remote province of New Brunswick—our neighbors a wretched lot, poor exiled loyalists from New England. My wife too, feels the exile; and our fortunes are none too good. I have not the heart to go on. Yet, for Peggy's sake . . . and my good name. . . .

We are in London again. The King is no better. Since his illness I have met with much coldness from former friends, even insult, from my enemies. The latter—here as well as at home—embolden me to go on with my Story; though I have now to chronicle the most hateful episode of my life.

When I returned from Richmond to Portsmouth, General Phillips—the same against whom I had fought at Saratoga—was sent to reinforce me; and being my superior in rank—for I had been reduced to a Brigadier Generalship—he took command. I chafed at the time; but it was a lucky turn for me as events proved; for in hardly six months time he was sur-

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rendered, with Lord Cornwallis and all his command to Washington at Yorktown. Thereupon I returned to New York and passed a horrid winter there. My wife was gay in what they called society, and for once discord almost rose between us. But the cloud was quickly dispelled; for Peggy soon was able to announce to me the expected birth of another child—it came, another son, in August. The next month Clinton sent me on another punitive expedition; it was to destroy the fort and stores at New London, near my native place where I had spent my childhood. I demurred; he insisted. Washington was already on his way to the South, in chase of Cornwallis; I was to divert him from his purpose. I did conscientiously all that I could; but New England was barren of troops; I had no army to destroy. To capture Boston was out of the question; nothing else counted. We took Fort Griswold, at Groton, and burned New London and the vessels there. Unfortunately, the garrison made undue resistance, and my landing party, that finally took the fort, was nearly cut to pieces. Spears were used, after the surrender; probably, I believe, on both sides; but certain it is that the American commander, Col. Ledyard, was run through by his own sword. This was known as the "Groton Massacre," and I have been blamed for it; I was not even on that side of the Thames, being at New London opposite. My report to Clinton expressly deplores the burning of the town, and the destruction of private buildings, and commends Captain Stapleton for trying to prevent it. But one sickens at the details. Private soldiers, their arms thrown, were chased down to the water front, and slaughtered as they ran. War is a bitter thing, and fratricidal war

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the worst of all. Anyhow, the very stones of my native Norwich might have cried with the Golden Dog at Quebec whose legend I had copied:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os
En le rongeant, je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra, qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu."

But I never met my fellow-countrymen in the field. I never was given a chance to regild my bays. And when I got back to New York, I learned that Cornwallis had surrendered! My sacrifice had been in vain.

My countrymen—I write this not for Peggy—my countrymen will believe me, that if I had commanded at Yorktown there ne'er had been surrender. Thus the Fates themselves worked for America.

Lafayette took Cornwallis' sword, that I might have taken. And the British Army filed out to stack their arms, singing "The World Turned Upside Down":

"Since now the world's turned upside down
And all things changed in nature
As if a doubt were newly born
We had the same creator.
Of ancient modes and former Ways
I'll teach you, Sirs, the manner;
In good Queen Bess's golden days
When I was a Dame of Honor. . . ."*

When I read this, I sighed. Only Peggy seemed glad; for she was soon to go to England; the dearest

* The music and words have recently been discovered in the Boston Public Library, and are as follows:

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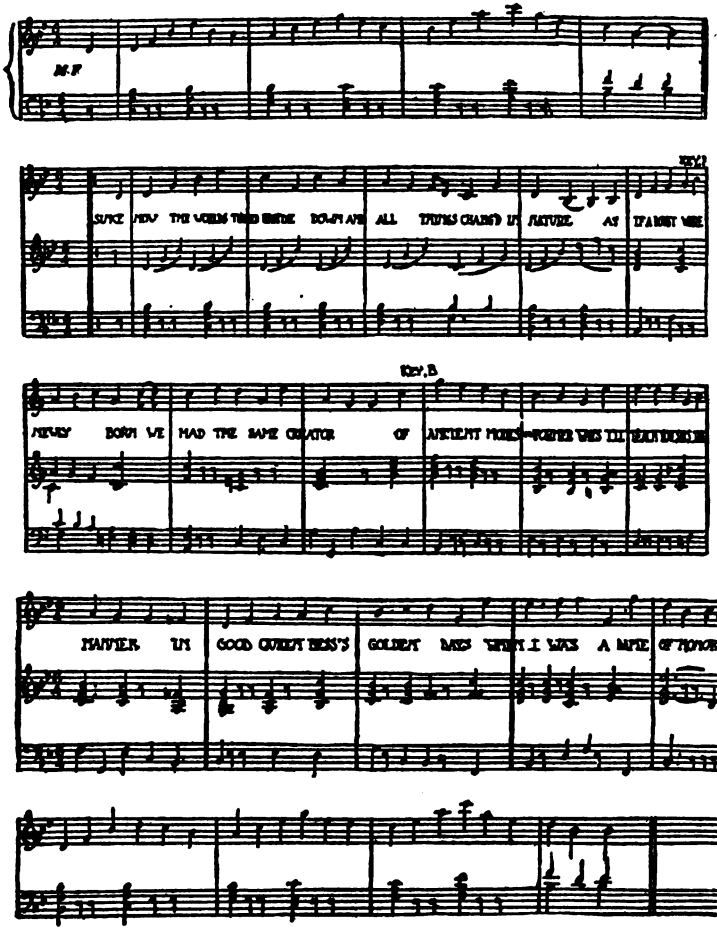
object of her life. My status was uncertain. Peace was already expected; and I hated Peace. . . . War to the bitter end was now my sole desire. Cornwallis was coming home. I resolved myself to take ship with him and urge upon His Majesty a more vigorous

M.F
SUCH HOW THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN ALL THINGS CHANGED IT NATURE AS TIMES WERE
REV.B
NEVER BORN WE HAD THE SAME CREATOR OF ANCIENT TIMES WHEN THIS
MANNER US GOOD QUEEN BESS'S GOLDEN DAYS WHEN I WAS A MAID OF HONOR

"THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN."
Forgotten Song Sung by British at Yorktown and Rediscovered in the Boston Public Library.

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prosecution of the war. Let not my American reader blame me. Union was my only hope. Cornwallis's mission was to confer with the British ministers; mine to confer with the King. On the 15th of December I sailed, with Lord Cornwallis in the *Robuste;* Peggy with the two children in a private ship, for which I paid 300 guineas for the cabin.

We had little to complain of our reception. We were presented by Sir Walter Stirling leaning on the arm of the noble Guy Carleton. I was received with open arms by the King, and my wife called by him the handsomest woman in London. At His Majesty's request, I prepared a paper in 1782, "Thoughts on the American War"—it is but waste paper now.* Cornwallis became a close friend, as did Burgoyne and Carleton later—they who had reason to know me best—and as my New Haven house had been confiscated and given to the dictionary-maker Noah Webster, and all her own property (Mount Pleasant) seized, the King graciously conferred upon her a pension of £500 per annum, with £100 to each of my (her) children. Thus I was enabled to send money to Hannah for my American children and General Warren's boys.

The war ended in 1783, and I had to engage in trade. The French had sailed, from Boston, and Rochambeau and Chastellux from Baltimore; only

* This document is printed in Isaac N. Arnold's *Life of Benedict Arnold*, and is very long. It gave an historical review of the causes of the Revolution, urged the restoration of the civil authority; discussed the military position; urged again a new peace commission (of which, of course, he expected to be a member); and opposed the plan of yielding independence to New England and the Northern Colonies, and retaining those of the South.

The fact that such a plan was even discussed may be unwelcome news to Southern readers; but it is no imputation upon their loyalty. It was merely that they were sparsely settled and had recently been overrun, and were still at that time held by British forces.—Ed.

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Clinton remained in New York, the last foothold of King George in English America. And now even he sailed; for on April 19, 1783, the eighth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Washington issued a proclamation announcing peace. On that day eight years agone I had made the first muster of Yale students upon the New Haven common. Now independence was granted and my head was forfeit there. My life was ended, though I strove to know it not.

André's brother has been made a baronet.

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CHAPTER LV

ST. JOHN AND AN OLD LOVE

My enemies pursued me, even in England. Franklin was there, and doubtless did what he could against me; his was the calumny that I had sold myself for £7000—"30 pieces of silver." Such is the peacemaker's lot on earth; but I have never claimed to be meek, and I never took much interest in my share of heaven.

I had hardly got to England when, in February, 1782, one R. Morris published a letter in the *General Advertiser* in which he said that I had been transported from England to America for horsestealing! and that I had left André to hang to spare myself the risk of sending him back as he came. But this lie was too gross; and a Captain James Battersby (unknown to me) who had sailed in the expedition for the relief of Quebec in 1776, and been captured with Burgoyne and four years a prisoner, replied, in the *Morning Herald* that he verily believed that I had offered to Clinton to surrender myself for André. Morris insolently replying, Captain Battersby answered that I would not notice such a low fellow—"were he disposed to resent audacious and unprovoked insolence, there are a few braying asses of rank whom he would first chastise" (this referred to Lord Surrey who when I visited the House of Commons for the first time had sent me word that he would move the House to be cleared unless I withdrew.) And the

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captain closed by saying he had ordered one of his negro drum-boys to whip Morris. Thereupon the man Morris announced a challenge to me, and sent a friend to Battersby, whom, he observed, "I should have no objection to see killed by any other hand instead of my own, while there was a chance of General Arnold giving me the meeting." A duel was arranged. Major Stanhope (brother to Lord Harrington) was the good Captain's second; but a reconciliation was arranged, Burgoyne properly remarking of Morris's rhyme, "I'll fight him, I'll beat him, I'll roast him, I'll eat him," that it reminded him of two dogs quarrelling for a bone—or two gentlemen quarrelling about a ——. Then an "Ode" appeared (doubtless because I had asked for service in the navy) attacking Lord George Germaine, Galloway, Cockburn, Denbigh, Carleton, Amherst, Stormont, Abingdon, Burgoyne and Wedderburne for being my friends (the list well shows what friends I had) and urging that Paul Jones be bribed to come over and we both be given peerages.

But the whigs were always my enemies. I asked in vain for active service. My financial affairs were in a bad way; although I had been granted a pension of £1000, this was not sufficient to live on, and I pressed in vain my suit before the Board of Loyalist Claims—. The pension was the last official act of the Ministry; Fox's friends came in—Fox who would not even gamble with me at Brooks's Club. I saw that I must go into trade again; and, to economize, I withdrew into the country. In 1785 I went to America, to Halifax, with a ship and cargo of my own. On July 28th my daughter Sophia was born. That month Peggy's estate of Mount Pleasant was sold, for the benefit

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of creditors. Peggy was unconcernedly buying china for Mrs. Burd's, her sister's, present. Burke and Fox both opposed my commanding British troops, and I saw that I never should get active service in the army. I plunged into speculation, trading with the West Indies and Nova Scotia, later privateering of all sorts. This business in 1787 took me to New Brunswick. I had Peggy write her father of our lost ships, our law suits, but she got no aid from him. For in 1786 one of my ships had been captured, myself on board, by the French; I had ultimately escaped, and with valuable information; but Peggy had had no news of me for months, and writes her father, "Separated from, and anxious for the fate of the best of Husbands, and feeling that I am in a strange country, without a creature near me that is really interested in my fate, you will not wonder if I am unhappy. . . ."*

I got home safe in June 1786, and soon after took her to New Brunswick, but she was no happier in St. John. The place was the end of the earth; the inhabitants were a poor lot, mostly Tory refugees from Massachusetts, who one night did me the honor to burn me in effigy all the same. The reason given for this, which was bravely done while I was absent in England, was that one of my warehouses burned down while it was insured in a local company. And my two sons were sleeping there at the time! If I entertained the Bluenoses, they complained of my style of living. If I did not, I kept myself "haughty and aloof."† The insurers did indeed refuse to pay;

* *Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, XXV, 452.—Ed.

† These stories are indeed repeated in Sparks's mendacious history. He adds that there was another warehouse, uninsured, which did not burn.—Ed.

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but soon struck colors when I threatened suit; and I got full value. So I was hanged in effigy, it appears, by an outraged Bluenose populace for arson committed in St. John by me in London. And American writers have the audacity to add that my effigy labelled "The Traitor," was hung before my (St. John's) windows and seen by me (in London)!

It was true that these occurrences greatly troubled Peggy. And she could make nothing of our New Brunswick neighbors—Apthorps, Cradocks, Vassals, from Boston, who still blamed me for Crown Point and Saratoga—and among them also, my oldest friend, Elizabeth de B——, now at last married to Martin Brimmer, a mercantile factor or agent there of my old acquaintance, Tracy of Newburyport. I was a General in the British army. My wife was ever a proud woman, and would suffer little intercourse between us. And what tender affections I still retained for my early love were blunted by her last reception of them. Yet had she accepted me, how different my career had been!

Margaret did not get on with her; and there was little other society. She sighed for London; though she had thought otherwise at Bryanstone Square. "Favorable circumstances," she wrote, "will fix me forever in England;" and she wrote to her sister commending "her prudent resolution not to increase her family" and promising to do the same; but these things rest with Providence, and my son George was born in September 1788, named after my gracious sovereign, whose health then gave every promise of a long reign; and Peggy wrote her sister that she must reside in England "while his Majesty's bounty continues." Peggy was a good business woman and

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wrote continually about her money affairs, advising against investment in St. John, but urging her father to draw upon her for £2000 "should bills of exchange in London continue to rise" and "if his Philadelphia Bank still paid seven per cent and was secure, to invest it in that stock." She also urged me to invest the money I had recovered in annuities for my three younger children, to equalize the half-pay his Majesty had granted to the three older ones. She was ever just and fair between my two families, and I have made her sole executrix of my will. That year, for the first and only time, she paid her family a visit in Philadelphia. An excellent packet plied between St. John and New York, and she took the whole cabin. But the visit was not a success. She took a maid and little George with her; her friends were kind enough, but there were disagreeable things in the papers. "The affectionate attention of my friends," she wrote on her return, "has greatly increased my love for them, and of course my regret at this cruel dreadful separation." She disliked the climate at St. John; the summer fogs, and continual need of fires and blankets to keep warm. There my wife twice suffered from the influenza—in July! But as we seemed to be settled there for some time I sent out for the two boys from England, in the hope that they would cheer her.

I made frequent voyages to the West Indies, in one of which I was again captured; I only escaped by swimming from the French ship. I was 48 years old; I doubt whether Clinton or Burgoyne could have done as much. Washington having refused to be king, was this year inaugurated as "President"; though the war was over, my offense was now ranked as High

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Treason, though at the time I had no Sovereign but King George; captured, I should doubtless have lost my head.

Peggy wrote her sister at this time that she had given up hopes of going home (England) this fall. "There has been a succession of disappointments and mortifications in collecting our debts. . . . If my Brother's circumstances are as easy as you represent, I would not wish the Money to be made use of for him." But the next year, war with France being again in prospect, I at once returned to England. The Revolution in France made a change to the world; and I again sniffed the battle. Our only anxiety was for the children—now seven in all—and from London Peggy wrote to her father, (June 1792):

We had agreed to leave the product of my Pension untouched, during our residence in St Johns, for the purpose of buying an Annuity for my children; we have ever since our arrival here been endeavouring to purchase well secured Annuities, but without success; good annuities will not bear more than six per cent, and the Funds produce only 4. . . . The greatest part of our income being dependent upon our lives, would make our deaths severely felt by our children. . . . Should the public Papers of a few days back reach you, you will observe a paragraph mentioning that General Arnold is killed in a duel with the Earl of Lauderdale. This was for some time so generally believed that our friends were flocking to the house to condole with and make me offers of service. This circumstance has given me a great deal of pain, as it has made known to General A. what I had hoped he would not hear; which was that Lord Lauderdale had cast some reflections on his political character in the House of Lords. I am not without strong fears that he will think it necessary to demand an apology, and resent being refused one. But this is a subject upon which of course he is, to me, silent, and all that I can obtain from him are Assurances that he will do nothing rashly, and without the advice of his friends. You may readily conceive that my situation

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must be a very unhappy one, till the Affair is settled; but I call all my fortitude to my Aid, to prevent my sinking under it, which would unman him, and prevent his acting himself—I am perfectly silent on the subject; for weak woman as I am, I would not wish to prevent what would be deemed necessary to preserve his honour.

I leave it to American readers if anything appears in this letter of the "weak, hysterical" woman described by the egregious Varick.

But the duel took place; and as I write now for posterity, I will state the exact facts as they occurred.

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CHAPTER LVI

MY DUEL WITH LAUDERDALE

I HAD been opposed to Lauderdale in Burgoyne's campaign, and of course must have met him at the surrender, though I took little note of him. Carleton was my friend; of Burgoyne, as a general, I had little opinion, and perhaps with my rough nature had hardly disguised it; but he was less of a fool than Clinton and Howe.

For months I had been kicking my heels in the King's antechamber, seeking in vain for active service which alone—as I had found in ten years experience not otherwise too dull (I had been twice a prisoner, four times across the Atlantic, and many times to the Spanish main, meantime leading the life of a man of fashion in London)—war alone could soothe my unquiet spirit; a victory, or even death at the hands of the hated French, would round out my career.

King George the Third had little tact, and was too blunt in impressing his will on others equal in blood to himself—his manners, in short, were Prussian. One day when I was seeking audience, I found him in the park; with him, among others, was this Lauderdale. His Majesty was gracious enough to call to me; I of course ran up. "General Arnold," said he, "I want you to know the Earl of Lauderdale. Lauderdale, give your hand to General Arnold—one of my most trusted servants."

"Your Majesty," said Lauderdale, formally, and

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placing his right hand behind his back, "My hand is at Your Majesty's orders for any service but this."

"What—what—what!" sputtered King George. Fortunately the courtiers had fallen back, or I had perhaps killed Lauderdale in the royal presence. My duty was to save the situation.

"I have known his Lordship"—when he was my prisoner,—at Saratoga,—I was about to say,—but remembered that that name was not grateful to the King. And I turned on my heel and went away. The King sent after me; told me he had duly punished the earl, and made me promise that I would pursue the matter no further. I had to promise; and I seized the occasion to press for a command. His Majesty hem'd and ha'd and said something about my seeing Howe or Clinton—Lauderdale was prominent in the opposition and had had the audacity alone to vote against the Address of Thanks to the King in the House of Lords—the Duke of Richmond stood with him—perhaps Cornwallis.

I went to Cornwallis and he told me frankly that the junior generals would not serve under me—an American, as he put it.

Well, I was an American. The sea was free to me, and I resolved to build a Frigate of my own.

But the very next day, in the House of Lords, Lauderdale, in an attack upon the Duke of Richmond for deserting his party on the Reform Bill, used these words:

"That he did not know any instance of Political Apostacy equal to the Duke of Richmond's except General Arnold's . . . that the intended Encampment was designed to overawe the inhabitants of the Kingdom and the Metropolis in particular to

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prevent a Reform in Parliament, and that the Duke of Richmond was the most proper person he knew of to command it, General Arnold first struck off the list."

Twice. And the second offense not covered by the King's amnesty. I demanded an apology. Lauderdale denied having urged that I be "struck off the list" but admitted his comparison with Richmond. I thereupon drew up a form of apology, which he refused to sign. Lord Hawke thereupon offered his services as my second; and a place was named for a meeting—Sunday morning the 4th of July, 1792. The time appointed was 7 o'clock. What was my amazement to see no *less* a personage than fat Charles Fox his Lordship's second!

It was agreed that we should fire at the same time, which I did, without effect. Whereupon My Lord refused to fire, saying that he "had no enmity with me." But at the same time he refused to make an apology, saying that I might fire again if I chose. This was impossible; and I desired Lord Hawke to tell Mr. Fox that I would not leave the field without satisfaction, and that if Lord Lauderdale persisted in his refusal to give it me, I should be under the necessity of using such expressions to him as would oblige him to. Thereupon the seconds had a conference, and I had a word with Lauderdale. I told him that I had not come there to convince the world that I dared fight, but for satisfaction for the injury done my character, and that I certainly could not quit the field without it. Lauderdale and Fox conferred. Then the Peer came forward and said that he had no enmity to me, that he had not meant to asperse my character or wound my feelings, and that he was sorry for what

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he had said. The seconds insisted that I should be satisfied with this. What could I do?

Lauderdale then begged my leave to call on my wife and make apology for the anxiety he had caused her.

But I think it should be a rule of honor that a man who accepts the duello should not refuse to fire, for that leaves a man in a worse situation than if the challenge be refused.

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CHAPTER LVII

THE JOTTINGS OF AN OLD MAN . . .

My eldest sons with Hannah had gone to Canada, she finding life at New Haven impossible; the gentlemen had in great part left the province—"Republic of Connecticut" they now called it—and the government was in the hands of pettifogging attorneys. Massachusetts, and shortly after Pennsylvania, was in active revolution. No debts were paid, no man's property was safe. Yet the country was "free"; I did not deceive myself that there was any prospect of reunion.

In Canada things were better; and shortly after, as if in recompense for his inability to promote me, my gracious sovereign granted me 13400 acres of land in that colony, humorously remarking that it would have been impossible had I succeeded in taking Quebec. Now my eldest boy, Richard, wanted to marry, and wrote to Peggy, beseeching her intercession with me; for they all loved and trusted her as an own mother.

In France the hydra of democracy had shown itself insatiable; the King and Queen were beheaded; Lafayette himself—vain conjurer of the tempest—was soon to be driven to exile; we were already at war with the regicides. Not being able to serve in the regular navy, I again engaged in privateering; was again taken prisoner at Point-a-Pitre in Guadalupe when the French captured that place. I was engaged

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in furnishing supplies (from the Americans they came!) to the British fleet. Fearful of foul treatment at the hands of the French, I assumed the name of Anderson, and was put aboard a prison-ship in the harbor. A friendly sentinel there told me that my identity was known and my neck in danger.—I had still concealed about my person much money of the King's—this I placed in an empty cask and choosing the right tide, sent it adrift to float ashore.—In the cask was a letter stating it to be my property—but this was not necessary, for in the night I got ashore myself on a raft by the same tide, secured a boat, and safely reached the English fleet! A fair adventure for a man well over 50. Ben, my second son by my first wife, was a prisoner in France; Henry also in the West Indies. Peggy's sons, Edward, James and George, all at school in England; Sophia—my only daughter—inheriting her mother's beauty, was in a fair way to make a successful marriage. But although I had escaped again from the French, my ships were taken; we had to give up our London House and Peggy went to live near Chigwile in Essex. For the first and only time she had to write to her father for pecuniary aid; saying (as was the truth) that while it was absolutely necessary in England to keep up an appearance "if one was to bring up a young family, a thousand a year was only equal to six hundred the year before," and she was almost sick of the struggle. He sent her a remittance—£140—at the same time advising her that she need expect nothing from her brother's debt to her, and for two years entirely ceased to write. In 1796 I laid before Pitt, Prime Minister, a plan for the capture of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies. I pledged myself to

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do it with 5000 men and a covering fleet. Nothing came of it.

My son Ben remained unheard of, and we had to suppose that he had perished in the war or died a prisoner. I returned to London broken in health and fortune. What wonder that I took an evil course at times to drown my thoughts in drink or dissipation? Any or all were my companions—Burgoyne, the Duke of York—it was returning one morning from a supper party at the notorious Mrs. Coghlan's—she that had been Margaret Moncrieffe—that I had my only serious quarrel with Peggy. Yet I had dallied after the others —I was nearly sixty—only to learn what the Moncrieffe had to tell me of Aaron Burr.

Washington had finished his career and retired to private life in the tranquil solace of Mount Vernon. For me private life was intolerable; there was no Mount Vernon. I had no hope for the future, no rest in the present; my mind began to dwell longingly upon the past. It was then that I conceived the idea of writing these memoirs. At first for my King—I began them in 1792, just after the duel with Lauderdale—then for Peggy. I have now brought them to the present time. They are finished. Peggy says she will never read them—she hates to think of the past —I on the contrary, can think of nothing else.

May, 1797. I have been reading them all over carefully. I have not changed a word. My sons will read them, if Peggy does not.

Things are in shocking condition in this country. The King out of his mind, a revolution is feared; Peggy is already anxious about our pensions; there is a mutiny at the Nore. Would they would let me

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quell it! Twenty years ago I had a mutiny on Lake Champlain; it did not last long.

They say America too is going to war with France. I wish I could fight with her.—Why not? the common enemy. . . . I offered my services to Earl Spencer (June 1st). All in vain.

Peggy is principally interested in a silver Cup that was given to her ancestor Shippen by the Duke of Buckingham and Normandy in the reign of George I.—She wants me to buy it!

October 1797. The Battle of Valcour Island was this day 21 years. . . .

These memoirs now are but a scant Diary. I suppose I should destroy them. . . .

Peggy is ever plotting and scheming for her sons—I have no doubt they will come to preferment—I take little interest in their new career——

I had a very long illness this summer. I have not been able to write. I have been reading again of that summer on Lake Champlain—I would change but a very few words now—I am also reading all that other writers have to say—. One Chastellux (the young marquis of old time) has published a book of travels in America—I never met him, but he has a few outrageous misstatements about me. I have had to reply to them in some Remarks, published anonymously. Today (October 11th) is the very anniversary of the battle—I sometimes wish my enemies had not prevailed—. But Gates, and Charles Lee and Aaron Burr were busy twenty years ago. . . . two traitors and a coward. And I am in the King's councils. . . .

February 6th, 1798. I have been ill all winter. Today I have been reading Washington's letter to

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me of this same date in 1777,—condoling with me on being left a brigadier-general. A brigadier general I still am.

April 22nd. I have again offered my services—to the Duke of York this time. All in vain. I may neither fight with England nor against France.

I have been reading all of Washington's letters to me—I behaved well under every provocation to the contrary. How often he tells me this! It was only when he got me full confidence, in the highest place after his, that I madly, blindly, sought to take the reins into my own hands. . . .

June 25th, 1798. This day four years ago my son, William Fitch, was born. In rummaging over an old trunk for a ribbon, I found the swordknots that Washington gave me after Ridgefield. These shall go to my American sons. . . . We spend the summer in the country. Sage is acting as my valet and nurse both.

September 7th. I have been too idle to write—even were there anything to say—but I have been reading all that has been written about the Saratoga campaign. Burgoyne comes sometimes and we talk it over. But I am not well. I doze in the garden most of the day—dreaming of the great North woods—this time of the year came Fort Stanwix—this is a stifling little country; I miss the air of Saratoga—and the blue mountains of Vermont.

October. It is dull and damp here. We have not now so much anxiety for our children. Richard is married, Edward has gone to India. I am little good

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but to drowse by the fireside. Shall I ever be strong again? To sit a horse, to sail a boat, to paddle a canoe. . . . Ah, most of all, perhaps, I dream of that October in the Maine woods—the blue lakes, the brown forests, the white rapids. . . . It is going to be a long and dreary winter.

I am getting to my second childhood—and think of nothing but my first—the boat I used to sail through Fisher's sound—to run to Newport Harbor, and Elizabeth. . . . A man's first love should not go wrong. . . .

June 1799. Just twenty one years ago I was made Governor of Philadelphia. They say the King is quite mad, and a regency must come. . . .

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CHAPTER LVIII

AND LAST . . .

WASHINGTON is dead. The news came to us in a letter from Mr. Shippen. He died at Mount Vernon, in his own estate, looking over the great river to the country he had created, to the Capital that is to bear his name; and the flag of the nation above it bears the blazon of his private coat-of-arms. Washington was the best friend I ever had. I suppose he died believing me his basest enemy.

They all speak well of him here. It is only ten years since the peace; but personal rancor seems to have evaporated.

Peggy wrote her father, (and asked if I minded!)

I am sincerely sorry to hear of the death of General Washington. I admired his public, and revered his private, character. I fear that America will sustain an irreparable loss in him, as he appeared to possess the happy talent of uniting all Parties.

February 28th, 1800. We are in our house at Gloucester Place; but I have been ill nearly all winter. I think active service, against Bonaparte, might restore me. I have nothing to think of. Our boys are doing well. Edward is in India in the engineering service; Lord Cornwallis has assured me his rapid promotion. James is doing well at Gibraltar, and is a favorite of General O'Hara; my wife hears from our friends the Grinfields. Sophia is better again. Even Richard is getting on in Canada. But I have nothing to do by day, nor can I sleep at night.

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April 19th. Another anniversary—twenty-five years! Lexington.

After all, I did much to rear the fabric of the American nation. I left—I despaired of the work before it was completed—but *manet opus!* Only I—I shall vanish—my name is written in the sand. . . .

I have been thinking about my will. I shall divide my property among all my children alike; she will naturally leave hers among her own children. But I shall leave my personal relics—Washington's sword-knots, my belt and sword, my Continental uniform, to my children who stay in America. Perhaps they will go back some day; or Canada may join the Union. I have had Sage get the uniform out to look at. Cornwallis nearly surprised me at it one day. Sage's sister is with Richard in Canada. I must leave her child something in my will. We are going to Margate for the summer.

August 2. A strange thing has happened. Walking by the sands today we met J. Warren of Boston and his family! They were pleasant enough, as indeed they were bound to be; though my bounty to the boys has long since ceased. But it is hard to meet Americans—friends harder than enemies. Their minister, John Adams, of course, never recognizes me. But then he always was my enemy. . . .

The next day. I had a most extraordinary dream. It is my custom to leave my window open at night; thence I can hear the sea breaking on the sands. Tonight, in my dream, I thought it was the Rapids on the river Chaudière. We were going down in canoes,

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and could not see around the rocks; but the heavy roar made me think a greater fall was coming, and I cried out to Sage, and woke up.

My health at Margate is little better; my wife is not strong enough, and only by leaning on Sage's arm can I get occasionally to the sands.

August 31st. I was anxious to return to London to make my will. This I have just accomplished. I gave Hannah £40 a year; £730 to Richard and Henry for their farm in Canada; and the rest to my wife to be disposed of among all my children at her Death as she shall think proper, not doubting her doing them all equal justice. To John Sage, (now a boy of fourteen) 1200 acres of my land in Canada, £20 a year, and £50 when he shall reach twenty-one. If my wife should die intestate, my estate to be divided into 12 shares, of which four to Sophia, being a girl, two shares each to William and George, (the two youngest) and one share each to Richard, Henry, Edward and James.

October 1800. My privateer ship has been lost or captured. I suppose I am ruined. . . . Peggy has even been writing to her father for financial assistance. . . . We are still in the house in Gloucester Place, but must move to cheaper lodgings. . . .

January 1801. I have been ill these three months—worrying about my debts, but the Doctors call it lung trouble or Dropsy, induced by gout. . . . The best they can promise me is a demise *secundum artem*, and I wish that I had bled to death in that trench at Saratoga. . . .

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Peggy encourages me, and promises she will pay my debts. . . .

April 19th. I have been very ill again—at death's door, they tell me, and out of my mind. . . . I have called for these memoirs again, to dedicate them to the American people. . . . But I cannot change them much. . . .

June 12th. I have made a private memorandum for my personal belongings—the sword-knots, etc.,—and I have called Sage to get them with the Continental uniform. . . .

"The old blue and buff one?" said the stupid English fool. . . . I said, Yes, and I looked at it a long time; it had one rip in the skirt I got at Ridgefield. . . . James, thinking it too shabby, was for getting a smart scarlet one. I told him No. I fell asleep, and he must have put it away. . . .

June 13th. It is the only uniform I have ever worn with honor, and I would be buried in it. . . . Sage has left me. . . .

June 14th, 1801. (Note by an unknown hand, probably Miss Fitch):—General Arnold expired at half past six this morning. His last moments were unconscious, but at dawn he was heard calling to his body-servant, Sage. He lay across the bed, half dressed, his lame leg in the buff breeches, the other still unclothed, as if he had fainted while drawing it on; on his body an old blue coat they told me had been his American uniform.

THE END

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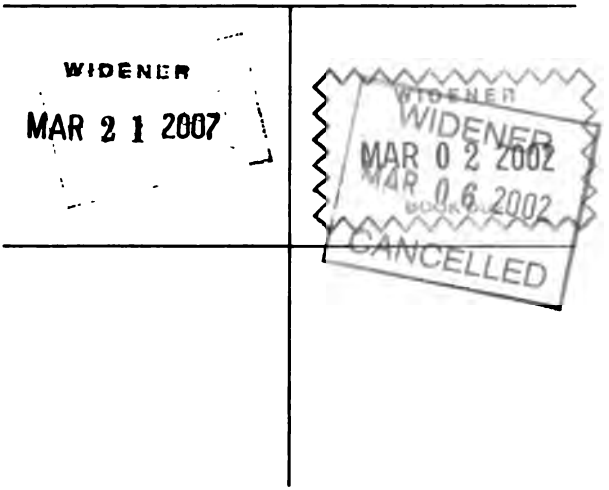

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